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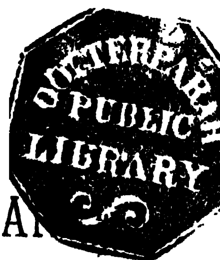
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THE

ORIENTAL MISCELLA

A Monthly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.



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GOSSIP ABOUT PHILOSOPHY.

By Mutti Lall Singh.

II.

THE skull is the bony covering which encloses our most important organ of sense, the brain. The general conformation of the skull corresponds, on the whole, with the development of the brain. Its inner surface gives an approximate idea of the outer surface of the brain. In this correspondence lies the only sound kernel of the fancies of phrenology. The comparative study of the skulls of various vertebrate animals excited the liveliest interest of naturalists before the conclusion of the last century. Recent investigation and discovery have proved that the mind cannot be truly mapped out into a score or so of individual organs, and that these organs cannot be truly located in particular portions of the brain, as the phrenologists assert. Even if it were so, the varieties of the skull itself, in structure, thickness, and cavities, would prevent our arguing accurately about the shape of the brain, from the external conformation of the skull. Some general truths as to the locality of animal desires, muscular vigor, and intellectual capacities, the phrenologists unquestionably found out, but their mapping out of the head was absurd.

This however has been accurately determined, that the skull is nothing more or less than the modified foremost end of the vertebral column, and that the separate groups of the bones which lie behind one another in the human skull, as in that of all the higher vertebrata, answer to the separate modified vertebræ.

Most of the parts of man are double, he is in fact nearly a double being in himself. The two sides of the skull do not always correspond exactly with each other, but there is a general similarity, more or less striking. It seems certain that mind, or the conditions essential to its action, are evolved from the grey vesicular matter which forms the external layer, over the convolutions of the brain, and exists also in certain other parts where a supply of power may be requisite. There is a division between the two halves of the cerebrum to a considerable depth, and numerous convolutions of the brain on the sides of these dividing surfaces, and beneath those which appear on the surface. Under these, again, is the arch of nerve fibres joining the halves of the cerebrum, not unlike the reservoirs, machinery and cross lines intersecting each other at a great railway terminus. There all seems confusion to the ignorant observer, but not so to the intelligent engineer. If it be true that the external surface of the brain shows mental powers, feelings, sentiments, and passions, why not also the surfaces remote from our observation, those at the base of the skull, those at the division of the cerebrum in the middle, and those lower convolutions that do not reach the skull at all? Yet all the mental powers are mapped out in Phrenology on the outside! In that deep fissure called the Silvian fissure, there are brain convolutions which do not manifest themselves at all at the surface. Are no organs to be located there? There is a separation between the upper and the under half of the convoluted surface of the cerebellum. Are no organs to be located there? Yet all these are inaccessible to us during life, quite concealed from our observation and inspection.

These two brains are united by cords of nervous matter, and both brains communicate down the spinal cord, with the marrow it contains, and of which the whole brain appears to be but a final development. Sir Charles Bell discovered that each nerve has its own special function, and that no nerve has two distinct functions, and that there are distinct nerves, for instance, for motion and sensation.

The action of the nervous centres, and of the predominant sentiments active in the brain, may often be observed in men's actions. The proud man throws his head back; the firm man carries his head erect; vanity draws the head on one side, often the hat too; the intellect presses the head forward; the affections throw it back upon the shoulders, and so with the rest. All these indications of feelings and emotions show that the action of the brain influences the gait and actions; and that there is a general truth in the division phrenology maps out between the intellect in the forehead, the moral emotions on the crown, and the passions at the base, but this will not justify or authorize the division and mapping out of the skull into twenty or thirty organs, as distinct mental powers, when many of these are plainly not simple, but compound.

Of Sir Charles Bell's great discovery of the different functions of the motory and sensory nerves, there have been a thousand proofs since one kind of nerve active in the cataleptic patient, whilst the other is paralyzed, and the patient is utterly unable to move; and another kind available for motion only, by which a patient may be frightfully convulsed, yet incapable of feeling or perceiving any thing. Miss Martineau tells us of a friend of hers who was in the first of those two states—her sentience, or sensation, acute, whilst she remained utterly incapable of motion. She was in a state of exhaustion, after severe illness, and tried to persuade herself she was dead. Her mother stooped over her bed, and then told her sister that all was over. And this, every word of it, the patient heard, without having the power to speak a word, to move a limb, to

show by a glance that she was alive! Feeling their warm tears on her face, she could not express by a word, a sign, a sigh, that she was alive, and heard them! It sometimes presented itself to her mind, that perhaps this state was really death, and that she was really dead. But this she argued against, asking herself how long it would last. When, in the afternoon, her mother began swathing her body in a sheet, from the feet upwards, she thought with extreme dislike of her head being thus bound up. As the sheet came higher and higher, rolled round her, she made a desperate, despairing effort, and opened her eyes. Her mother started back from the bed in astonishment and terror, nor did she come near her daughter again, till the latter said "don't smother me," still thinking of the winding-sheet. Evidently the nerves of sensation were active here, and those of motion paralyzed.

Such cases as this and the phenomena of Mesmerism naturally lead to the practice of illusions, false prophecies, and the interpretation of dreams. We must be on our guard against hasty assents, generalization from a few remarkable instances, and incomplete experiments. We must restrain enthusiasm by caution, and doubts by wisdom. We shall win Nature only by waiting for her, and conquer her only by submission. Somnambulists there are, with one set of nerves fast shut up, and the other open and active—sensation dead, and power of motion all alive. They dream for us. They see worlds of spirits. They hear prophetic voices. And on such foundations faith and religion are often built up. Wesley's Journals are full of such. Floating impressions become realities to many, for such power has imagination. Who has not felt the sensation of flying in a dream, that of being carried along helpless or falling over a precipice, incapable of voluntary motion, or the least active exertion? All who have felt these sensations have had feelings akin to those of the somnambulist, and how easily do we pass from the region of wonder and of awe to that of faith and credulity!

There is a compensating power in nature towards the completion of individual growths. A branch of an orange-tree broken nearly off will often flower, and bear fruit more abundantly than before. And so it is with the higher functions and fruits of the brain. By partial paralyzing of one set, another set become more active and powerful. Roots will appear from the stems of trees. Even leaves, under favorable conditions, will take root. Flower-buds may be changed into leaf-buds, and stamens take the form of leaves in double flowers. The lost leader of a young pine tree may be supplied by one of the side branches turning upwards. Nay, the prevailing winds on one side will cause the roots of a tree to take a firmer hold of the ground in opposition to the wind! And shall we then be surprised at the complicated nature of man? Shall we be incredulous when we find compensations and intuitive powers evolved under abnormal conditions, and in the stress of disease? The visions may be self-delusions. The prophetic voices true to the hearer, the interpretation of dreams a reality to the suffering dreamer. But that we should make these articles of faith, or allow our lives to be guided by these ecstatic visions, is quite another thing. We must bring them all to the test of reason.

Women are more given to this condition of abnormal mental action than men, just as they are more given to *hysteria*, a disease of the nerves, which affects all the physical and mental powers. The faculty of admiration and wonder seems naturally more developed in women than in men. They reverence power more, and this makes them greater enthusiasts both in politics and religion. The man who dogmatizes bravely—"Here is the truth, there is not a shadow of doubt in all this, you will be lost body and soul if you don't believe *this*, and walk in *this* way." That is the kind of teaching they like. The emotion of awe in them, aroused by contemplating whatever suggests transcendent force or capacity is strongest in women. And this constitutes religious feeling. From the time of the early Greeks many centuries before the

Christian era, we find this the characteristic of the female mind. And so it has always been in India. Nor is it less so in China and Japan. Of the pilgrims to Juggernaut fivesixths are females.

If we trace the genesis of human character, by considering the conditions of existence, through which the human race passed in early barbaric times, and during civilization, we shall see that the weaker sex has naturally acquired certain mental traits by its dealings with the stronger. In the course of the struggle for existence amongst wild tribes, those tribes survived in which the men were not only powerful and courageous, comparatively speaking, but aggressive, unscrupulous, and intensely egotistic. Necessarily then, the men of the conquering tribes which gave origin to the civilized races, were men in whom the brutal characteristics were dominant. The women of such tribes, having to deal with brutal men, prospered in proportion as they possessed or acquired fit adjustments of nature. They could not protect themselves and their little ones by force. They acquired instead the art of pleasing, and the concomitant love of approbation. Those women who succeeded most in pleasing were the most likely to survive, and to leave posterity behind them. This, acting on successive generations, tended to establish, as a feminine trait, a special solicitude to be approved, and an aptitude of manner to this end. They acquired too a power of disguising their feelings. Those, in a savage state of society, who betrayed the natural antagonism roused in them by ill treatment, would be less likely to survive, and to leave offspring.

In addition to all this, the habit of quickly distinguishing the passing feelings of others, was acquired, as necessary to their own safety. In barbarous times a woman who could, from a movement, the tone of a voice, or the expression of the face, instantly detect the rising passion in her savage husband, would be likely to escape dangers to which her less acute sister would succumb. From the perpetual exercise of such powers, and the

survival of such as exercised them, we may infer their establishment as feminine faculties. And these faculties have become intuitions in women, such as an aptitude for guessing a certain state of mind from slight external signs, a certain skill in psychological analysis, inferring the nature of the mind itself from trifling indications, and their admiration of power. These women are born with now; and too often also with that abnormal development of nerves, which we call *hysteria*, and which is treated in this country as if it were demoniacal possession.

Combined with all these mental traits there is also in woman a sympathy with sorrow, suffering, weakness, and distress, which exists in man in a very inferior degree. She responds more readily, when appeals are made to her pity, and she allows her judgment too often to be prejudiced by her emotions. The maternal instinct delights in yielding benefits, apart altogether from desert, and she carries into social action this preference of generosity to justice. She delights to dwell on the concrete and the present, rather than on the abstract and the remote. The personal, the special, and the immediate impress her strongly. She grasps less readily the general and the impersonal. A vivid imagination of simple direct consequences shuts her mind to the consideration of consequences more complex and indirect. The mother thinks most of the *present* effects on her children of any proposed line of conduct, and disregards or ignores the father's arguments relative to the more distant effects. Faith in whatever presents itself with imposing accompaniments is especially strong in woman—faith in physical strength or courage, in governments and in hierarchies, in priests and prelates. Doubt, criticism, and the calling in question of things established are rare amongst them. Freedom is a small matter to them, compared with reverence for power.

And as these characteristics of the female mind are evidently the result of generations of descent, in which they

were necessary to existence, so are the characteristics of the mind of each nation, the result of generations of toilers, moulded according to their circumstances and climate, the influences acting on them, and the position they have held in the history of the world.

But enough of this subject for the present. One reflection more and I have done. Without some knowledge of the human mind there can be no accurate or extensive knowledge of human nature, and those who study human nature most successfully, will find, that the beliefs of the great majority of mankind have been made for them by circumstances, by doubtful evidence generalized, by hap-hazard deductions from a narrow experience; or by the teaching of parents, friends, creed, class or party, rather than by observation and reasoning. Is it wonderful then that so little or so few of these beliefs are true? Would it not rather be wonderful if, under such circumstances, any considerable portion of them *were* true?

LITERARY GOSSIP.

From a Correspondent in London.

TELEGRAMS from Palermo, in Sicily, state that a rich proprietor, named Raimondo Terrana, had been carried off by brigands from near Toppolo. The aggressors were six men on horseback, and disguised as guards of public security. Terrana is a poet of some distinction, as well as a landed proprietor. A ransom of sixty-five thousand lire has been demanded for his release, with a threat of killing him if not paid. He had to pay on a former occasion three thousand five hundred rupees, and now they value him at twenty seven thousand! Poets are rising in value in Sicily.

To the Cemetery at Milan, near the Crematorium, (where the bodies are burned) which was erected a few years ago, a Cinerarium, for preserving the ashes of those cremated, is to be erected. It is to be in the Etruscan style, about 36 ft. high,

and 18 ft. wide, and will contain 1250 inches in which the mortuary urns will be deposited. There will also be catacombs for urns of various shapes and dimensions. This is a step in the right direction. Europe is beginning to learn from the East how the dead ought to be disposed of. She may learn in time how to treat the living also.

A correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, says Cyprus satin often occurs in old inventories and account books. The church-wardens' accounts of Leverton, near Boston, Lincolnshire, have the following under the year 1528 : "For a yard of green Sattyn of Sypryse viii d." It was probably purchased to be used in the repair of the vestments. In an inventory of the goods belonging to the Abbey of Peterborough in 1539 we find, "One vestment of red, coarse satten of Cyprus with harts and knots." Cyprus gold is mentioned in the *Archæologia.* It seems to have been a textile fabric.

Dr. Schleimann's forthcoming work on "Ilios," or Troy, will appear simultaneously in English and German. It will embody an account of the excavations made by Dr. Schleimann at Hissarlik and in other parts of the Troad, including those made last year, as well as an exhaustive review of the history, geography, ethnology, botany, and other matters connected with the district. A bibliography will be added, giving an account of the works on Troy, and the volume will be profusely illustrated, thus enabling scholars to judge for themselves, as to the age and character of the objects discovered. There are several appendices ; amongst them two by Brugsch Bey, the Turkish antiquary, in which he announces some recent discoveries of great interest. The preface was written by Herr Professor Virchow.

In the excavations commenced a short time ago at Villagrande (Sardinia) there have come to light some instruments which are very remarkable if, as believed by competent persons, they belong to the bronze epoch, which, it is asserted, was exceptionally prolonged in this part of the island. The instruments in question are two bronze

saws and a four-pronged fork, all said to be found in the same repository. Near Taranto, in some new excavations opened in the vicinity of former ones, there have been found 22 skeletons, each in its respective tomb, not far below the surface of the ground. The tombs are all dug in the rock, disposed in various positions, and covered with square slabs of stone. Some of them were capable of holding two corpses. In one of these was found a Panatenaican amphora, with the figure of Minerva, and three other painted figures, one of which was represented playing on the cithern.

In his advocacy of the claims of the Aborigines of Southern Africa, Bishop Colenso has no more zealous or competent ally than his own daughter. Captain Parr, secretary to Sir Bartle Frere, wrote a book upholding the views of his party on Zulu affairs. But the author is probably more expert with the sword than the pen. Not having the literary skill to hide his own imperfections, and not having sufficient exactness of knowledge to save him from blundering, he laid himself open to attack almost at every page. His book "A sketch of the Zulu War" fell into Miss Colenso's hands, and she has cleverly and unsparingly exposed the shortcomings of the Captain. Both the work and its author have been cut up mercilessly by the young lady.

An expedition, which promises to be rich in results, has been organised by the French Government for the exploration of a portion of the Dark Continent. It is of a twofold character—military and geographical—and has for its aim to unite, by rail, the French possessions in Senegal with the basin of the Niger, and afterwards with the Soudan. To the MINISTER of MARINE, who conceived the project, and by whose help it is undertaken, credit is due; and as the resources of his department are to be placed at the disposal of the travellers, there is good prospect that their scheme may be attended with success. The leader of the band is Commandant DESBORDES, of the Marine Artillery, who has under his orders a detachment of the amphibious corps, soldiers and artificers, which is adequate to assure the safety of the column, and to build and guard the small forts which are to sentinel the route between the Senegal and the Niger. To this column, whose

functions are purely military, is added a scientific mission recruited mostly from officers of the land service. They will be charged to take astronomical and geological observations, and to execute, under the protection of the column, but independently from a technical point of view, a topographical reconnaissance of the country. From St. Louis, on the West Coast of Africa, the starting point of the expedition, it will ascend the Senegal by boat to Medine, and will then march by the left bank of the river to Bafoulabe, the confluence of the Bafing with the Bakhory. Here, some three hundred leagues from the coast, the first fort is to be erected and the escorts and convoy organised. A second fort is to be thrown up at Fangalla, at the junction of the two streams which form the Bakhory, and it is only in this region that natural obstacles to the tracing of the line are anticipated. The tribes in the district are friendly and have placed themselves under the protection of France; but it remains for the mission to ascertain if the soil is inimical to their enterprise. The Niger once reached and the railway completed, the intention is to descend the river to Timbuctoo on well-armed gun-boats, solidly to establish there a commercial station, and gradually to extend its influence towards the interior. This is a big undertaking, and would, doubtless, open immense tracts to civilisation—that is to say, would make a market for European products; but the mention of forts and gun-boats lends the enlightened and humanising prospectus a suspicious aspect of invasion. It is to be trusted "villainous saltpetre" will not be too freely used in educating the African.

Contracts for conveying the London Circus to England from New York, under the management of Mr. P. T. Barnum, were completed early last month. The contracts are for the transportation of sixty first class passengers, twenty second class, in charge of the stock, ten elephants, including the baby, ten camels, eighty horses, fifteen ponies, and six tableau cars. Ten agents are to leave early next year with pictorial printing, all of which is to be done in America, and the show will open in Liverpool, to make the round of England, early in the ensuing spring.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Mr. John Gayer, a London merchant, was travelling in Africa. He got separated from the caravan by some accident—his horse threw him and scampered off—he was quite alone. In this position he saw a lion coming towards him. He knelt down and prayed to God. The lion turned away from him, and left him alone. Gayer got up, and followed his horse as fast as he could, and as the night fell, he saw the camp fires of the caravan in the distance, and joined it. Some years afterwards he was knighted by Charles I., and as Sir John Gayer Sheriff of London, he left a sum of money in order that a sermon might every year be preached in a London Church in commemoration of his escape. It is called the "lion sermon" and was preached last month as usual in St. Mary's.

Plymouth is just now discussing a proposal to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the return to that port of Drake and his companions, from their famous three years voyage, in the course of which they circumnavigated the world. Their tiny ships were of 120, 80, 50, 30, and 15 tons respectively. It was for his exploits on this voyage that Queen Elizabeth honored herself by knighting Drake—the famous Sir Francis.

The Russian expedition, under Professor Wagner, in the White Sea, has been actively engaged, during the past summer, in studying the fanna and flora of the coast and adjacent islands. Some of the party have also devoted attention to the manners and customs, traditions, history and general condition of the inhabitants.

One of the journals of Alsace announces an interesting discovery in Berlin. An old trunk, full of papers, which had not been touched for seventy years, was recently discovered and opened. It was found to contain, amongst documents of Marsal Berthier, different papers in the handwriting of the first Napoleon. One of them is his famous appeal to the Saxons written in 1806.

At the present time there are 9723 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States. Of these 1239 come from New York. Califorina, eleventh in the order of journalistic fertility, issues 316. The rapid increase of the press and periodical literature is shown by the fact that New York in 1878 published 1174 and Califorina 286 peri odicals. Even in the thinly populated districts of the far West journalism is active—Dakota publishes 42, Nebraska 140, Mon tana 11, Idaho 8, and New Mexico 12 papers.

In a sermon on the parable of Lazarus and Dives Mr. Smith, the popular London preacher, declared that the sins of Dives were rather those of omission than of commission. "He was not a bad-hearted, or a cruel man" said Mr. Smith. "On the contrary we might infer that he was kindly-disposed, for we learn that he deprecated the introduction of his brethren into that unpleasant locality where it was his own unhappy doom to abide." This is modern Euphuism.

Early in November Lord Northbrook inaugurated the session of the Midland Institute at Birmingham, of which he is President. He devoted his remarks to India, and advocated the association of the nobles and educated classes in the government of that country; he thought too that the native officers in the army and soldiers should be promoted, cherished, and rewarded, that the people should be ruled with patience, that changes in their habits and institutions should be made with caution, and that above all India should be kept at peace for the development of its material advantages, its commerce, its arts, and education.

"WHY DOST THOU MOURN?"

I.

Why dost thou mourn, afflicted one?
Why from thy troubled breast that anguish-speaking sigh?-
Why that pale cheek—coldly contrasting
With the blank burning horror of thy tearless eye?

II.

Why dost thou mourn, afflicted one?
Is it the desolating monster's sudden stroke—
Riving the loveliest and the last
Of all thy prattlers?——morning ne'er on lovelier broke!

III.

Why dost thou mourn, afflicted one?
Sorrowest thou for him,—to thee more dear than life—
The husband of thy youth, on whom
Long thou hast leaned, heedless of this world's bitter strife?

IV.

Gone to the grave?—The sunny world
To thy lone spirit is a bleak and dreary scene;
The confines of Despair thy dwelling—
Terrestrial joy may never reach thy heart again!

V.

Why dost thou mourn, afflicted one?—
Night's gloom the star of promise serves but to reveal;
Listen!—'tis MERCY's soft still voice—
"*Earth has no sorrow that* GOD *cannot —will not heal!*"

S. G. W.

THE CONDITION OF NATIONS.

SUCH is the title of a vast and comprehensive work by Baron G. F. Kolb, a most industrious German, who has brought together a mass of useful information, relative to the various nations of the world, and the condition of their inhabitants, not to be met with elsewhere.

The British Empire, he states, contains 8,888,000 square miles, and 174,000,000 of inhabitants. Of English-speaking people on the earth's surface, there are about eighty millions, and they are increasing in number more rapidly than any other people in the world. More than 35,000 vessels are employed in carrying on the commerce of the British Empire, with a tonnage of more than four millions. This is far in excess of the mercantile marine of any other empire.

The Russian Empire contains 6,006,000 square miles, with a population of nearly seventy millions, of whom less than fifty millions speak the Russian language. Eleven thousand vessels are employed in carrying on the commerce of Russia, with a tonnage nearly amounting to two millions. Nearly half of the export trade of Russia is with the British Empire, and carried by English vessels.

The United States of North America have an area of nearly three millions and a half of square miles, and a population of forty six millions. The mercantile marine of the United States is estimated at 22,000 vessels, with a tonnage of nearly three millions and a half. More than 20,000 miles of railroads have been opened in the United States at an average cost of £8,000 per mile, whilst the railways of France have cost £21,000, and those of England £35,000, on an average, per mile.

The figures and details which form so large a portion of Baron Kolb's book seem intended to afford trustworthy evidence of the conditions and elements of national wealth and prosperity in each country and to point out the dangers to the stability and progress of nations, which lurk in their social condition. A certain lustre often veils the misery of a people. Of this we have had but too much proof in India. Many curious facts are thus brought to light in the Baron's book.

Statistical observations, for instance, show that whilst Frenchmen in their native France in 1840, died at the rate of 246 per 1000, in Algeria they died at the rate of 525 out of the same number, within the same period. Vital statistics and sanitary measures taken in consequence have had a wonderful effect in diminishing the death rate. At present there is little difference between the death rate in France and in Algeria. In 1876 there were 353,000 Europeans in Algeria, and it is a curious fact that the birth-rate amongst these Europeans is much higher than in France, 26 in a thousand in the latter country and 38 in a thousand in the Colony. It has evidently been stimulated by the conditions of existence. Spaniards,

Italians and Maltese settled in Algiers hardly change their climate. It is not to be expected therefore that there should be any marked differences in their birth and death rate than in their native lands. But with Germans it is different. The death-rate amongst the Germans which was at first 550 is now 370, to the French 254, whilst the birth-rate amongst Germans is lower than in Germany and much lower than the French in Algeria. All this goes to prove that whilst the Latin races flourish in Northern Africa, that is, the French, Spaniards and Italians, the climate is not suitable for Germanic immigrants.

The same lesson relative to the importance of sanitary measures is plainly proved by the statistics of the Latin race in South America, and the Hindu immigrants in the West Indies and Guiana. Where all sanitary considerations are disregarded the death rate is high, and the birth rate low. Nor is there any element of national wealth so hard to reproduce in a country as human life when once it has been squandered away by carelessness, improvidence, or the rapacity and injustice of lawless rulers. Paraguay in South America is a striking instance. When Dr. Francia became Dictator in Paraguay, with absolute power, the country was prosperous, its commerce improving, its population increasing, its revenue gradually becoming larger and less of a burden to its inhabitants. He waged wars of ambition with Brazil and Buenos Ayres, and in ten years squandered the lives of five hundred thousand men, ruined the commerce, destroyed the prosperity of the country, and left it at his death a prey to anarchy, poverty and devastation. All the lessons taught by statistics and sanitary science were alike disregarded, and ruin was the consequence.

These lessons, and the measures taken in consequence, have reduced the death-rate of British troops serving abroad, from 48·58 per 1000, to 24·20. Tuberculous consumption, we are assured, carries off a tenth of mankind, and causes half the deaths between the ages of fifteen and thirty. Yet this destructive malady is capable of being dealt with by careful ob-

servations of the vital statistics of the localities where it most prevails, and by judicious measures, chiefly sanitary, taken as a result. The result of close investigations, relative to the situations and conditions unfavorable to infant life, are excellently illustrated by examples taken from Bavaria. Of the three provinces, the Palatinate, Swabia, and Upper Bavaria, there died in the first year of life 19 per cent., 41 per cent., and 42 per cent., respectively. More boys are born in all three, and yet girls preponderate in all, the mortality amongst boys being greater. 106 boys are born to 100 girls, and yet in the first year of life so many more boys die, that the relative proportions are reversed. In all countries in which an accurate census has been taken, that is, old established countries, there are always more females living than males. In the first day of life 78 boys die to 63 girls! In the first week of life 168 boys to 153 girls. It would be very interesting if we get accurate statistics on these subjects from the various provinces of India. Baron Kolb's are evidently taken chiefly from Germany.

In Prussia the mortality amongst females is greatest from 10 to 14 years of age. From the twenty-fifth to the fortieth year it is in excess of the decades before and after, but in all periods of life females are less likely to die than males. In England 8 men were alive, between 90 and 100 years, to 15 women. Only one person in a thousand lives beyond 90 years, and of those who survive that age, 15 women to 8 men!

Of the Continental languages of Europe, between fifty and sixty millions of people speak German; forty to fifty millions speak French; forty millions Spanish, including many millions in America; thirty millions Italian, and nearly fifty millions Russian; whilst nearly twenty millions speak Portuguese, chiefly in America.

Brazil is a striking example of a country in which no one appears to know what race is to do the hard work. There are nearly twelve millions of inhabitants to an area of more than

three millions of square miles! The ruling race, Portuguese Creoles and European settlers, do the work of ruling, of exploration and of engineering, but steadily refuse to do the work of tilling the soil, constructing roads, hewing timber and drawing water. Local affairs are in the hands of provincial or municipal councils more nearly resembling the republican institutions of the United States than the monarchical governments of Europe or Asia. The negroes work only because they are compelled. Freedom, when it comes, will unquestionably sink them to the level of the negroes of Jamaica. The native Indians are wild and lawless. They will die rather than work continuously. It would be a great blessing for Brazil if millions of Hindus or Chinese could be poured into the country. There is inexhaustible natural wealth, and the country that now scantily nurtures twelve millions might abundantly nurture hundreds of millions, if properly cultivated.

The general condition of the masses of a nation is the most valuable element in considering their natural progress or degeneracy. The reproductive capital existing in the living generation far exceeds the value of all other capital. There was a time when teeming millions of inhabitants peopled the provinces of Turkey. Mesopotamia was a garden of fertility, and was once one of the most densely peopled regions of the earth. Asia Minor is as large as France, and richer in soil and natural capabilities. Yet what a contrast! European Turkey is one of the richest countries of Europe, that is, as far as natural capabilities go, and it is now miserable, poor, thinly peopled, and declining. And what is the explanation of all this? Bad Government. No justice. Insecurity for life and property. Under such conditions no country can thrive, whatever its capabilities. Anything which tends to deteriorate the condition of the people, Baron Kolb proves conclusively, is a squandering of a nation's wealth. Turkey has been squandering her wealth for centuries, to keep a Court and a few Pashas in Constantinople in luxury.

Every advance made by a people in morality, in profitable and healthy employment, and in useful knowledge improves its health, wealth, and well-being; and brings it nearer to the Baron's ideal, the greatest, natural tenure of life—the highest average of age. Domestic virtue tells favorably on the health and wealth of the people, and this there cannot be when the rulers prey like harpies on the ruled, when justice is bought and sold, when marauders are common, and security for life and property unattainable. To prove the superior advantages of domestic life, Baron Kolb brings statistics to bear. Out of a thousand legitimate European children, 248 boys and 212 girls die in infancy; but, of illegitimate children 361 boys and 342 girls! Of a hundred children suckled by their mothers 18.2 die during the first year of life, of the same number suckled by hired nurses 29.33 died in the same period! and of those artificially fed 60 died! Can any proof of nature's great law be plainer? Violate its dictates, and death is the result, unsparing and inevitable.

Again, of the influence of prosperity and poverty, Baron Kolb gives some curious *data.* Take a thousand well-to-do people, and a thousand poor and struggling. In five years 940 of the former will be alive, and 650 of the latter. In fifty years 550 of the superior class and only 280 of the inferior! At seventy 235 of the comfortable well-to-do classes will be still alive out of the original thousand, and only 65 of the poor! The average length of life amongst the well-to-do classes is 50 years, and amongst the poor and struggling 32 years.

One of the most potent shortness of life is the anxiety of providing for bare subsistence, for ourselves, and those dependent on us. This and the deficiency of sanitary arrangements are the most potent shorteners of life. Idleness is less conducive to longevity than active and healthy employment.

Suicides, like marriages, would appear to be dependent entirely upon will, yet they too follow certain definite laws. Out of a population of a million in England there will be a

certain definite number of suicides in each January, in each February, in each March, and so on, with wonderful regularity, month by month. In France it is the same, and there the number of suicides, in proportion to the population, is greater than in England, although this is contrary to general belief. Another vulgar error is that suicides are most common in dismal foggy months. On the contrary there are in May 96 men and 92 women, in June 106 men and 110 women, suicides; to 61 men and 68 women, in November, 67 men and 63 women in December. In the same way with regard to marriages. The greatest steadiness and regularity prevail. In three periods of five years each the following were the statistical results :—

Bachelors married to widows ...	351.	354.	371.
Widowers to spinsters	982.	937.	934.
Widowers to widows	320.	323.	340.

The rapid improvement in the well-being of the people of Great Britain and Ireland is proved by the following facts. The property subject to taxation in 1842-43 was stated to be worth £192,500,000. In 1874, it had risen to £543,250,000, and in 1877 to £670,300,000. In 1851 there were in the United Kingdom 563 public journals, and in 1877, 1,744. In 1851 the value of the books exported was £530,000, and in 1877 it was £881,000.

It is a great pity that we cannot get reliable statistics to illustrate the progress of India; commercially there are certain *data* available, but socially and intellectually there are none.

Indirect taxes may be demoralizing to a people, and a real source of danger to a Government, as appears from the study of the statistics of the *vodka* duty in Russia, which, for the last forty years, has formed one third of the total revenue of the state. *Vodka* is the species of alcoholic liquor in most common use in Russia—its *arrak*. Twenty nine districts treated the sale as a monopoly, and in the others it was farmed. In 1858 the farming of the sale of *vodka* was made general. Under the Czar Nicholas, temperance unions, which were

springing up in various districts, were absolutely forbidden by an Ukase. But, as the peasants began to realize the evils of drunkenness, they silently took vows, in their own homes, to use *vodka* only in cases of illness. The farmers of the spirit, seeing the sale decline, sold it at a cheaper rate to increase the consumption, whilst the police persecuted and even chastised the abstainers from strong drink! By this means the sale was restored to its former thriving condition, drunkenness reigned again, and the revenue prospered. A few years later the whole system was altered. A duty, similar to the Russian malt-tax, was introduced, taking the place of the farming. In 1871 the revenue from this source alone rose to £23,750,000. The estimate is now £33,700,000. These facts seem almost incredible, but I am sure Baron Kolb would not gravely assert them, if he did not believe them to be true.

Whilst drinking has thus made such gigantic strides in Russia, education is very backward. The more ignorant the peasant, the more obedient is he to the Czar and the Church. As a material result, crimes of all kinds are far in excess of those that are committed amongst people who are educated and this is proved by statistical tables.

The lines of railways in the five divisions of the earth cost £3,198,574,939, and would, according to Baron Kolb, reach eight times round the globe, although it is but little over half a century since the first railway worked by steam was opened between Darlington and Stockton, Sept. 27, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool, Sept. 15, 1830. It is shown that in France, previous to the existence of railways, there was one passenger in every 335,000 killed, and one out of every 30,000 wounded, whereas between 1835 and 1875 there was but one in 5,178,890 killed, and one to 580,450 wounded, so that we may infer that the tendency to accidents is yearly diminishing. Railway travelling in England is attended with greater risk than in any other country in Europe. A French statistician observes that if a person were to live continually in a railway

carriage and spend all his time in railway travelling, the chances in favour of his dying from a railway accident would not occur till he was 960 years old. As the Baron himself says in one part of his work, time would fail us were we to try and make out à list of the different departments of life and action on which statistics cast a new and bright light.

When railways began to spread in England people said, that is, the croakers and alarmists said, that horses would degenerate—there would be little use more for them, and England would soon lose her superiority in everything depending upon the horse. Facts however are stubborn things. There are more horses now in the British Empire than in any other empire in the world except Russia. The British Empire has 12,250,000 horses, the majority of which are in Canada and Australia. Russia has 21,470,000—Austria 3,500,000—Germany 3,350,000—France 3,000,000—Turkey 1,000,000—the United States 9,500,000—Brazil 5,470,000—and the Argentine Republic, in South America, 4,000,000. Again we look in vain for statistics of India.

Two great empires, says the Baron, threaten to dominate the world, the Anglo-Saxon, fortunately divided into two, the British and the American, and the Slav, of which Russia is the head. It was a fortunate thing for humanity when the United States separated themselves from the British Empire, otherwise it would be irresistible. As it is, federation of the British Empire, uniting half of North America, the whole of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India, into one mighty nation, would be fraught with danger to the liberties of mankind. The Slav is too barbarous to give laws to civilized Europe. The Slav groans under a despotism, which, wielded by an Alexander or a Napoleon, might be dangerous, but which cannot be long enduring. But the enlightenment and free institutions of England render her infinitely more threatening. The union of the British States of North America in a Confederation, called the Dominion, was but the beginning of an attempt to

federalize the entire empire. And now a similar attempt is being made in South Africa, where territories, as extensive as all Germany and Austria put together, are being welded into one. The Australian states will follow next. And then will come representation in the Parliament at London, so that a fifth of the human race, and one seventh of the habitable globe may be ruled from St. Stephens'. The globe would then be covered by a community of British states, bound together by a common race, language and government, forming a great political and commercial Zollverein, able to dictate its will to the world. The liberal institutions of England are the best guarantee that this mighty power would not be abused. A Parliament, such as that which sits in Westminster, could never be induced to pursue those reckless schemes of conquest that a despotism might nurture. But fortunately for mankind, says the Baron, dreams of federation to stretch, like a huge octopus over the world, from Canada to New Zealand, from India to South Africa, from England to Jamaica, are not likely to be realized. The process of disintegration began with the United States. Colony after colony will probably slip away from the mother country to establish an empire of its own—republics most, if not all of them.

The Baron's book is full of interesting matter, combining the romance of statistics with the profoundest problems of political enquiry and speculation. He is not always right, what man is?—but he appears to be always honest.

PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICISM.

THE appointment of Lord Ripon to the Indian Viceroyalty has called forth an outburst of Protestant bigotry such as has rarely been witnessed since the days of the Catholic Emancipation. Instead of discussing the merits of an appointment which can have only a temporary interest, let us attempt to take a dispassionate view of the rival creeds which divide

Christendom. Indian readers whose estimate of Catholicism is derived almost entirely from Protestant sources are apt to take a prejudiced view of the services which the Church of Rome has rendered to Humanity. In their minds Catholicism is so inseparably associated with the Bloody Mary and Guy Fawkes that they transfer to Catholicism no small portion of the hatred which is justly due to a bad Catholic sovereign and a still worse Catholic conspirator. We believe Hallam is the only Protestant historian who has given a strictly impartial account of the Reformation in England, but unfortunately Hallam is very little read in our Schools and Colleges. Now what is the impression left by a perusal of Hallam? It is this, that if Mary was a bloody persecutor, her more renowned sister, the great pillar of the Protestant Church, was scarcely less so. "Being herself an Adiaphorist", says Macaulay, "having no scruple about conforming to the Romish Church when conformity was necessary to her own safety, retaining to the last moment of her life a fondness for much of the doctrine and much of the ceremonial of that Church, she yet subjected that Church to a persecution even more odious than the persecution with which her sister had harassed the Protestants. We say more odious. For Mary had at least the plea of fanaticism. She did nothing for her religion which she was not prepared to suffer for it. She had held it firmly under persecution. She fully believed it to be essential to salvation. If she burned the bodies of her subjects, it was in order to rescue their souls. Elizabeth had no such pretext. In opinion she was little more than half a Protestant. She had professed, when it suited her, to be wholly a Catholic. There is an excuse, a wretched excuse, for the massacres of Piedmont and the *Autos-de-fe* of Spain. But what can be said in defence of a ruler who is at once indifferent and intolerant."—"Essay on Burleigh and his times."

Referring to the murder of Cardinal Beaton by James Melvin, John Knox, the great Scottish Reformer says—"These things we write merrily, but we would that the reader should

observe God's just judgments, and how that he can deprehend the wordly-wise in their own wisdom, make their table to be a snare to trap their own feet, and their own presupposed strength to be their own destruction. These are the works of our God, whereby he would admonish the tyrants of this earth, that in the end he will be revenged of their cruelty, what strength soever they make on the contrary."

When the Spanish physician Servetus was tried at Geneva for blasphemy (in other words for professing a creed akin to that of our Revd. friend Mr. Dall) the great French Reformer John Calvin stood forth as his accuser, and when the Genevis tribunal disgraced itself by a judicial murder as bad as any ever committed by the Inquisition, a portion of the infamy must be held to attach to the man who is honoured as one of the fathers of the Protestant Church. It may be admitted that no Protestant sovereign ever persecuted his Catholic subjects on so extensive a scale as Innocent III. or Simon de Montfort persecuted the Albigenses, as Philip II. persecuted the Dutch, or as Louis XIV. persecuted the Haguenots, but the difference is simply one of degree. Those who think otherwise ought to recollect how English sovereigns from Elizabeth to George III. treated their Catholic subjects in Ireland.

Let us see how a great Protestant prelate speaks of Protestant intolerance: "Now that principle (that of persecution) was not renounced by most of the earliest Reformers. They complained indeed of the persecutions they themselves were exposed to. But this was not from any doubt that heretics ought to be punished, but because they denied that they were heretics. Persecution they considered as consisting in penalties inflicted on those who profess the true faith, which, of course, they held theirs to be. To put to death such as are really heretics, was, in their view, no persecution."——Whately's Dissertation on the rise, progress and corruptions of Christianity.

Jerome of Prague was one of the earliest martyrs of the Protestant Church. He was at least as ready to inflict mar-

tyrdom on others as to suffer it himself. Whilst arguing with a monk he was so heated by the discussion that he flung his opponent into the Maldou. His biographer naively remarks "the monk had lost the thread of his argument when he reached the bank."

We will not refer here to the excesses committed by the Anabaptists and Antinomians in the name of the reformed faith. Luther justly said to Thomas Munzer, the Anabaptist leader, "The spirit which moves thee must be an evil one for it brings forth nothing but pillage of Convents and Churches; the greatest robbers of the earth could do no more." If bigoted Catholics are wrong in imputing to Protestantism the sins and errors of the sect headed by Munzer and Matthias, bigoted Protestants are equally wrong in imputing to Catholicism the vagaries and something worse of some of the casuists of the Society of Jesus. The moral sense of mankind is with Pascal, not with Juarez and Escobar; but we beg leave to say a word on the famous Jesuit maxim, that the end justifies the means.* Much as this maxim has been decried by moralists and perverted as it often has been by all classes of society, truth compels us to admit that this maxim governs the world. Is it not an evil to deprive a fellow-creature of his liberty or life? Yet this evil is committed every day by some of the best men in the world in order to prevent the increase of thieves and murderers. Now what is this but the commission of evil in order that good may come out of it.

Protestant bigots who see nothing but evil in Jesuitism ought to recollect that the great and good St. Xavier was a Jesuit. A nobler heart never animated the human breast. We do not believe all father Maffei has written about his great Saint, such as the miracle of restoring a dead man to life, but we do believe that of all Christian Missionaries he made the nearest approach to the Apostle Paul. Goodness of the most exalted type so beamed from his countenance that to see him

* Cui finis licet ei et media permissa sunt.

was to become his convert. We should like to see a Protestant Missionary who is worthy of unloosing the latchet of St. Xavier's shoes. In Paraguay and Brazil the Jesuits proved the earliest and best protectors of the aborigines and the only Protestant sect which rivals them in this respect is the Society of Friends. In the New World the glory which attaches to the name of the philanthropic LasCasas must be shared by the Jesuits as a body. We are not blind to the errors and vices of the order, but Protestant writers are so fond of presenting only the dark side of the picture that we have thought it our duty to give prominence to the brighter side.

Lord Macaulay after dwelling on the prominent part played by the Catholic Church in extinguishing villainage in England, proceeds to remark that in the Catholic states of South America slavery is far milder than in the United States of North America, of which the population is chiefly Protestant. Since Macaulay made this remark, slavery has been happily extinguished in the United States; but it is impossible to deny that Mrs. Stowe drew the most harrowing scenes of her masterwork from what she had seen of slavery in the Southern States of the Union.

The most illustrious divine of the Anglican Church, Jeremy Taylor, has said "Theology is rather a divine knowlege. In heaven indeed we shall first see and then love, but here on earth we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts; and we shall then see, perceive and understand." Tried by this test men of all creeds will be found alike to have failed. Protestants are certainly more prosperous than their Catholic neighbours, but are they better men? It is scarcely fair to compare a Catholic country like Portugal with a Protestant country like England. Compare the Protestant cantons of Switzerland with its Catholic cantons, the Protestant States of Germany with its Catholic States, and then tell us, if Protestant men are, on the whole, more honest, and the Protestant women more chaste than their Catholic neighbours. Mr.

Hallam once made such a comparison and he could find very little difference in favor of Protestantism. Protestants boast of their Miss Carpenter and Miss Nightingale. In Catholic countries every Sister of Mercy is a Miss Nightingale; only she has no body to blow her trumpet.

To the bigots who have assailed the conscientious nobleman now at the head of the Indian Government we should say that this is no time for sectarian squabbles and that men of all creeds should make common cause against the increasing number of men formidable from their talents and intellectual attainments who do not believe either in God or in morality and whose creed may be summed up in three words "Sugar is sweet."

"For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

DACCA MUSLINS.

ONE of the finest qualities of Dacca muslin is that known as *Shaugati.* The word means "presentation" or "gift." *Sharbati* and *Malmal Khas* are other designations applied to the finest qualities. *Malmal khas* (i. e. *King's muslin*) is also used as a generic name for all the finest webs. The second and third qualities are called respectively *Ab-rawan* (running water) and *Shabnam* (dew.) The chief differences in the manufacture of these consist in the number of threads in the warp; the finest has more than 1,800, the second qualities 1,400, and so on, the threads being finer in proportion to their greater number. There are more threads in the warp than in the woof—the proportion between them being generally as 9 to 11. The trade in these celebrated fabrics has, for some time past, been steadily declining, owing to their costliness and the introduction of English goods. The finest Dacca Muslins are, consequently, now very difficult to procure. There are still, however, a few families at Nawabpur capable of producing these exquisite tissues, but they must be specially ordered, and generally either the material or the capital for its purchase has to be supplied. A

half piece (10 yards) of the highest quality of "*Malmal khas*" cannot be made in less than 4 or 5 months. The prices of the finest textures range from Rs. 100 to Rs. 300 per piece of 20 yards (about a yard in width), *Ab-rawan* and *Shabnam* are now much more in use than the finest qualities. A whole piece of the finest quality can be made to pass through an ordinary sized finger-ring. Tavernier relates that a Persian ambassador on his return home from India presented to his Shah a small cocoanut shell, not larger than an Ostrich egg, studded with pearls; the contents consisted of a Dacca muslin turban, 30 yards long.

The thread used for the finest Muslins is made at Dhamrai, 20 miles north of Dacca; it is spun by women, by the fingers only, and direct from the finest cotton; it is so costly that an ounce will fetch from Rs. 20 to Rs. 50.

It has been a disputed question whether even the very finest Dacca webs have not been equalled by the highest qualities of European machine-made muslins. Dr. Forbes Watson, in his work on the Textile Manufactures of India, gives an exceedingly interesting account of a series of experiments, (by count of threads, by weighment, and by microscopic determination of the diameter of the thread, the number of filaments in it, and the diameter of the filaments themselves), and the result was altogether in favour of the Dacca fabrics. Dr. Watson concludes his account thus:—*However viewed, therefore, our manufacturers have something still to do. With all our machinery and wondrous appliances, we have hitherto been unable to produce a fabric which for fineness or utility can equal the 'woven-air' of Dacca—the product of arrangements which appear rude and primitive, but which in reality are admirably adapted for their purpose.*"

A Lover of Art.

YADAVA-NANDINI KAVYA.

THE review of *Yadava-nandini Kavya* in the last number of the *Oriental Miscellany* is a fair specimen of the sort of criticism which has long been the scourge of Bengali authors. The writer evidently belongs to the class of reviewers whom Hazlitt has so

faithfully described in his essay on Criticism:—" *A writer of this class,* as the essayist remarks, looks upon his literary protegé (much as Peter Pounce looked upon Parson Adams) as a kind of humble companion or unnecessary interloper in the vehicle of fame, whom he has taken up purely to oblige him, and whom he may treat with neglect or insult, or set down in the common foot-path, whenever it suits his humour or convenience. He naturally grows arbitrary with the exercise of power. He by degrees wants to have a clear stage to himself, and would be thought to have purchased a monopoly of wit, learning and wisdom—

'Assumes the rod, affects the God
And seems to shake the spheres' &c."

The reviewer, as appears from his article, looking upon the poor author as a beggar for a pittance of praise, has denied him even the ordinary language of courtesy. If he thinks that his article is a master-piece of criticism, *we must plainly tell him that what he has written comes nowhere near his mark.* His tone is highly objectionable and the sentiment predominant in his article is malignity. We would condemn his tone, even if we could be convinced that the Kavya is, as he thinks, a descriptive poem of a very inferior order. Let us, however, examine his arguments and see whether they are conformable to the positive canons of reasoning. He says "This is certainly a very ambitious work." Why is this work an ambitious one? Does the poet say that he has attempted what is unattempted yet in prose or rhyme? Does he even introduce himself as a child of the *Goddess* and say :—

"রচ মধুচক্র গৌর জন যাহে
আনন্দে করিবে পান সুধা নিরবধি।

We are at a loss to make out how the writer in the *Miscellany* could come to this conclusion. The reviewer then plainly tells the poet that *if he intends his work to be taken in the light of a great epic poem,* he *must plainly tell him that what he has written comes nowhere near his mark.* Does the poet say that his work is a great epic poem? This is, indeed, criticism *par excellence!!* To suppose what one has not said and then to find fault with one on that score is charity indeed, if not sound criticism!!! The lines quoted in the article evidently to ridicule the author and not to discuss the merits of the

book, are not the best in the *Kavya* as every reader will judge for himself. We cannot make out why the critic considers it inconsistent with the moral heroism of Arjuna, whom the poet describes as an exemplary character, to suffer the thought of his wife to steal into his mind in the dead of night, rendering him uneasy. Errors and weaknesses may creep into the mind of God or man, but greatness lies in controlling the actions. The critic's ideal of moral heroism must be very high indeed!!! One cannot help marking here with regret the sneering tone of the critic when he makes mention of Draupadi whose name has been held sacred by several generations of Hindus. The conversation between Arjuna and Satyabhama, we agree with the critic to say, is not agreeable to the tastes of modern times, though the poet may say that he did not think of the tastes of modern times when he was describing the affairs of *Dvapara Yuga.* The following lines from the *Kavya* have confounded the critic as to the extraction of *Satyabhama:*

"ঔষধ করেছে তোমা, পাঞ্চালী বিলাসি
পাঞ্চাল দুহিতা, তেঁই আচর এমন।

The critic is, perhaps, prepared to say that his confusion is owing to his knowledge of Guzerati women of Dvapara Yuga but the following lines from the Mahabharat of *Kasiramdas* whom the author has evidently followed, will show that he is not responsible for the words quoted above :—

দেবী বলিলেন ইহা করিবে কেমনে।
মন বাঁধিয়াছে কৃষ্ণা ঔষধের গুনে॥
পাঞ্চালের কন্যা জানে মহৌষধি গাছ, ইত্যাদি।

Now we leave to our readers to judge as to the merits of the article in the *Miscellany.* We should now, in all fairness, enable our readers to form an estimate of the book. It is a narrative poem in seven books, written in blank verse. The subject is the marriage of Arjuna with *Subhadra.* The first book treats of the pleasure-excursion of Krishna and Balaram to Raivat with the ladies, accompanied by their friends and relatives, the unexpected appearance of Arjuna, and the love which the sight of Arjuna germinated in the mind of Arjuna. The second, of the clandestine marriage of Arjuna with Subhadra, effected by the artifices of

Subhadra, with the secret consent of Krishna. The third, of the meeting which Balaram holds, to discuss the subject of his sister's marriage. The fourth, of the carrying off of *Subhadra* with the secret consent and assistance of Krishna; when preparations were being made for her marriage with *Duryoadhana* with great *eclat.* The fifth, of the bloody battle which resulted, when *Subhadra's* escape with Arjuna reached the ears of Balaram, and how Arjuna came off victorious, by the help of Krishna. The sixth, of the 'happy day' when the happy pair were publicly married and the affairs of the *Night* (Vasar). The seventh, of the return of Arjuna to Indraprastra with his bride, and the rejoicings of Kunti and other things. This is the plan of the work.

We were really pleased to go through the work. The descriptions are often vivid, consistent with mythology and natural. The events described, very happily spring up, consistently with the general plan of the work. You will hardly meet with conflicting sentiments in this book. Compare the following extracts:

"সরলা ছিলেলো বটে," বলে লালাময়ী
কুটিল কন্দর্প কিন্তু করেছে কুটিল ও হৃদয় খানি তব"।

"প্রেমের প্রসঙ্গে কভু, গোপিনী মোহন
মি[illegible]বেনা মম মত, তোমার সহিত"।

যাদব নন্দিনী কাব্য।

"ইন্দ্রজিত মেঘনাদ অজেয় জগতে
উর্ম্মিলাবিলাসী নাশি, ইন্দ্রে নিশঙ্কিলা।
"অশ্রুময় আঁখি, পুনঃ কহিলা রাবন,
মন্দোদরী মনোহর"।

মেঘনাদ বধ কাব্য।

There is much in the book that appears to us to be original. There are also many things that appear to be borrowed. The following quotations side by side with their originals, perhaps, will serve for specimens.

বিহরে আনন্দে
যদুকুল বালা গনে ভ্রমি ফুলে ফুলে
চারুতর ফুল রূপে।

যাদবনন্দিনী

Like Proserpine gathering flowers
Herself a fairer flower.——*Milton.*

শুধু জাগিছে যামিনী
ঝিম ২ ঝিম ২ অপূর্ব্ব নিক্কনে।

যাদবনন্দিনী

When the night makes a weird sound
Of its own stillness.——*Shelly.*

কিম্বা বাক অর্থ দোঁহা জড়িত বিরাজে

যাদবনন্দিনী

বাগর্থাবিব সম্পৃক্তৌ বাগর্থ প্রতিপত্তয়ে।

রঘুবংশ।

The characters depicted in the poem, do not come short of our ideas of them. We could quote several passages from the book to show this, but we fear we can hardly afford to do that now. You will find here, Krishna with his deep policies, warm friendship and great love; Balaram with his impetuosity, his love for his disciple and his ultimate submission to the irresistible plan of Krishna; Arjuna, with his uprightness, his warm devotion to Krishna, his pride as a warrior and his loyalty to Draupadi; Durjadhana with his malignity and his consequent confusion, brought about by the friend of the oppressed and scourge of the wicked; Satyabhama, with her loveliness, her devotion to Krishna, her love frolics and her arch smiles; and Subhadra, with her charming simplicity, bursting out even when she is in earnest to conceal herself, and her deep love for Arjuna. The conference held by Bolaram, the battle and the Vasar will not defeat the expectations of readers. We wish we could quote the many beautiful passages we came across when we went through the book. The language, though not disagreeable, falls far short of the language of *Megnadh* and *Virangana.* This book, on the whole, though far short of the works mentioned above, is superior to Tilottamah in some respects. We dare say it is an addition to our literature in its present state. As the author of Tilattama lived to write a work which many calculate will immortalize his name, we hope our author will live to be no unworthy successor of that illustrious poet.

A Reader.

"POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS."

THE most interesting paper in the *Fortnightly* this month (November) is Mr. Herbert Spencer's, on "Political Institutions," which, though only introductory, is full of incidental suggestions. He states, but does not explain, the very strange fact that there exist savage races which seem better in many moral qualities—truthfulness, for example, and honesty—than civilised races, and races which seem to obtain from civilisation no trace of the milder qualities. The Sonthal never lies, the Lepcha never steals, while the Roman at the height of his grandeur found no spectacle so delightful as human slaughter in the Arena. He supposes, therefore, that while ferocity helps in the great struggle for survival, when it has done its work it need not itself survive :—

"Mark, now, however, that while this merciless discipline of Nature, 'red in tooth and claw,' has been essential to the evolution of sentient life, its persistence through all time with all creatures must not be inferred. The high organisation evolved by and for this universal conflict, is not necessarily for ever employed to like ends; the resulting power and intelligence admit of being far otherwise employed. Not for offence and defence only are the inherited structures useful, but for various other purposes; and these various other purposes may finally become the exclusive purposes. The myriads of years of warfare which have developed the powers of all lower types of creatures, have bequeathed to the highest type of creature the powers now used by him for countless objects besides those of killing and avoiding being killed. His teeth and nails are but little employed in fight; and his mind is not ordinarily occupied in devising ways of destroying other creatures, or guarding himself from injury by them."

Bismarck, in Mr. Spencer's eyes, is clearly not the highest product, though a useful one. He even ventures to imagine that, although powerful communities have been evolved by battle, the time may arrive when, battle being needless, the brutality which produces it will disappear. That is not as yet the teaching of history, nor are we clear, considering that the Athenian has gone and the Chinese remains, that the most competent races do survive; but Mr. Spencer, letting his mind enjoy its faculty of generalisation, is always worthy study.—*Spectator.*

MR. JOHN RUSKIN ON LOCOMOTIVES.

AT A DISTRIBUTION of prizes to the Art classes at Chesterfield the other day, a letter was read from Mr. John Ruskin, in answer to a request that he would come to deliver a lecture. Mr. Ruskin said, "I could not if I would go to Chesterfield, and doubt whether I would if I could. I do not hire myself out, like brainless, long-tongued poppies, for filthy ducats. You want me to make money for you; then you will tolerate advice. Hath not Chesterfield a steeple abomination, and is it not the home of that arch-abomination-creator Stephenson? To him we are indebted for the screeching, howling, shrieking fiends, fit for Pandemonium, called locomotives, that disfigure the loveliest spots of God's land." After giving the students some advice, Mr. Ruskin continued, "My good young people, this is pre-eminently the foolishest notion you can get into your empty little egg-shells of heads, that you can be a Titian, a Raphael, or a Phidias. But because you cannot be great, that is no reason why you should not aspire to greatness. Don't study art because it will pay, and don't ask for pay because you study art. Art will make you all wiser and happier, and is worth paying for. This advice is better than money." In the latter part of this letter, Mr. Ruskin, though grotesquely savage, after his favourite mannerism of the moment, is at least rational. But in the earlier part he is both irrational and, as we think, impious too. Who ever heard of dogs, long-tongued or otherwise, *hiring themselves out?* And why is it worse to take money, if a man finds it needful to do so, for delivering a lecture, than for writing in the *Nineteenth Century?* If George Stephenson is an enemy of mankind for discovering the locomotive, what shall we call Providence for giving us George Stephenson? Mr. Ruskin should cultivate sobriety of mind.

SHORT STORIES.

AS far as our memory serves, there are few great English novelists who have been successful in writing short tales. In this art Frenchmen have been more fortunate than our countrymen, and the

Germans, who rarely produce a first-class novel, can tell a story, especially if it be one of the weirdly imaginative class, with admirable effect. Our masters of fiction seem to require ample space, and some of them have evinced a total forgetfulness of the brevity of life, and a royal disregard of claims that press upon their readers. What mattered it to Richardson that men and women have a thousand objects of daily pursuit, duties and pleasures, exacting cares and society claims, so long as he could hold them spell-bound at the protracted woes of his incomparable Clarissa, or amuse them with the stilted politeness of that model gentleman, Sir Charles Grandison? De Foe, Fielding, and Smollett, too, are never distinguished for brevity; and even Sir Walter Scott, the finest, the wisest, the richest in poetical gifts of all novelists, failed palpably and fell to common-place level attempting to write a novelette. We do not know that Lytton-Bulwer ever wrote a short tale that was worth reading. Thackeray's greatness is displayed on a broad canvas, and so, in spite of his Christmas Stories, is that of Charles Dickens. It may be a pleasant occupation to read *Bleak House*, *Dombey and Son*, *Esmond*, or *The Newcomes*, but it is an occupation exacting a very considerable amount of leisure. Some of our prolific living novelists, too, write as if the wish of the poet Gray could be realised, and we could lie upon sofas through the livelong day, and indulge in a continued feast of novel-reading. Mr. Trollope, Mr. Charles Reade, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Yonge, to mention but four names out of fifty, have written fiction enough to fill up the leisure moments of several years of a reader's life. These writers, by the way, though chiefly famous for novels in three or even in four volumes, have managed occasionally to tell a good story in a few chapters, and Mr. Reade's success in so doing—witness his *Christie Johnstone*—is beyond cavil; but we suspect there is not one of these novelists who would not prefer planning out a novel that will occupy the conventional number of volumes, to writing a story which, like the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*, can be read through in an hour or two. That some writers of fiction are amply justified in occupying a considerable space, is a statement too obvious to be questioned. Men of genius must take their own road, and the docile reader is but too happy to follow wherever they may please to lead him. Novelists who have talent and not genius may be also excused, perhaps, for writing long fictions, since they are generally

supposed to be of greater commercial value; but the reviewer, and, we suspect, the reader also, will be disposed to look with especial favour on stories which..............make the most modest of demands upon his patience and his time.—*Spectator.*

LORD NORTHBROOK ON THE NATIVES OF INDIA.

HIS vivid description of the progress of education among the natives, with their shrewd remarks upon English politics, is a strong proof of the benefits of British rule, and a reminder, as His Lordship remarked, that the way in which Indian questions are treated in Parliament and the Press is thoroughly undestood by the educated natives. His allusions to Indian gentlemen who have given valuable assistance in the government of the country shows how desirable it is to obtain the confidence of the people, and to govern them, not for our own profit and advantage, but for their own benefit. "Above all, we must keep India at peace." That is the moral of Lord Northbrook's valuable and instructive address. In India, as elsewhere, the good old motto of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform" is the best. His Lordship asks every English citizen to give some attention to the affairs, and to beware of those who constantly advocate the extension of our Indian Empire. "Believe me," says Lord Northbrook, "it is large enough, and carries with it responsibilities serious enough now to task to the utmost the powers of its rulers." He very adroitly quotes Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury against their own Afghan policy, and his remark respecting the loyalty of the Mooltan Pathans is a strong argument against agression. These natives mainly guarded our north-western frontier when the troops were withdrawn from it for the siege of Delhi, and the frontier was never more quiet than during that anxious time. If these natives form so trustworthy and so powerful a bulwark, what need have we to go beyond them in search of a "scientific frontier"? Lord Northbrook, like Sir James Outram, has loved the people of India; and if his deep regard for their interests be maintained as a feature of our government, we may hope long to rule over a peaceful, an industrious, and a loyal people. His Lordship has followed many eminent men in delivering the annual inaugural

address at the Midland Institute, but perhaps of the many able addresses delivered his is the most interesting. It deals with a great subject, it glances at ancient and modern history, it pictures a people of whom the vast majority of English householders know comparatively little though practically electing their governors, and it tells of deeds of heroism, of military power, of wise statesmanship, of the progress of education, and of the growth of Christianity. The sympathies roused by such an address are wide and deep. Not only at home, but also in India, its perusal cannot fail to have a great and beneficial effect.—*The Northern Echo.*

AMUSING.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

Inquisitor.—Good morning, madam, is the head of the family at home?

Mrs. Touchwood—Yes, Sir; I am at home.

Inq.—Hav'n't you a husband?

Mrs. T.—Yes, Sir; but he a'n't at the head of the family, I'd have you know.

Inq.—How many persons have you in your family?

Mrs. T.—Why, bless me, what's that to you? You are mighty inquisitive, I think.

Inq.—I am the man that takes the census.

Mrs. T.—If you was a man in your senses you would not ax such impertinent questions.

Inq.—Don't be offended, old lady, but answer my questions as I ask them.

Mrs. T.—Answer a fool according to his folly;—you know what Scripter says. Old lady, indeed!

Inq.—I beg your pardon, madam? but I don't care about hearing Scripture just at this moment. I am bound to go according to gospel.

Mrs. T—I should think you went neither according to law nor gospel. What business is it to you to enquire into folk's affairs, Mr. Thingumbob?

Inq.—The law makes it my business, Good woman, and if you don't wish to expose yourself to its penalties, you must answer my questions.'

Mrs. T—Oh, its the law, is it? That alters the case. But I should like to know what business the law has with other people's household matters?

Inq.—Parliament made the law, and if it don't please you, you must talk to them.

Mrs. T—Talk to a fiddle-stick! Why Parliament is a fool, and you're another.

——:O:——

The rain falls on the just and the unjust, but not on the man who has just stolen an umbrella.

"Physic," says an old surgeon, "is the art of amusing the patient, while Nature cures the disease."

General Butler tells of a civil service candidate writing against the question, "What is the distance of the sun from the earth?" that he couldn't tell the exact distance, but he didn't think it was near enough to interfere with his duties as post-office clerk.

Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being that you dye your whiskers. Wind up your conduct like your watch, once every day, minutely examining whether you are fast or slow. Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there is no knowing how soon you may be in his power.

A very respectable-looking gentleman called on Henri Rochefort one day. "Excuse my troubling you," he said, "but there is in your neighbourhood a poor woman in the last extremity of misery. If she has not the necessary sum to pay her rent to-day, she will be turned into the street." "How much is needed?" asked Rochefort. "Seventy-five francs." Rochefort took from his pocket the seventy-five francs, and asked the poor woman's address. "You can give the money to me," the gentleman replied, taking and putting the francs into his pocket. "I am her landlord. Here is the receipt for the rent. How joyful she will be when you give it to her!"

PROFESSOR of Arithmetic to a by no means promising young scholar—"Three from six, how many?"

"Dunno."

"Come, now, suppose you had six apples"—the pupil's face brightens—"and I said to you, 'Give me three;' how many would you have left?"

"Six"

"No, no; you forget that I had told you to give me three."

"I wouldn't give 'em to you."

"TELL ME what you know about the cuckoo, Johnny" said a school teacher to a little boy.—"Nuffin"; 'cept he don't lay his eggs hisself."

HUNDREDS of fat people are made lean without using "anti-fat." They use whisky, and it makes them lean—against the lamp-posts, houses, and things—in less than one-half the time it takes patent medicine to effect the same result.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.—It may not be generally known that a hornet cannot sting a person if the person fills his lungs with air and retains it while the hornet is on his flesh. This is a theory promulgated by a philosopher of New York. We don't know how he made the discovery, but it is his own and he deserves all the credit due to so important a principle in science. He demonstrated it lately in presence of a select circle of sceptical friends. He held a hornet by its back in his right hand. The experiment was made on the back of his left hand. First he inflated his lungs until he swelled up like a toad, and the fearful strain of his face showed the pressure he was carrying. Then he applied the hornet. Then the great volume of air in his lungs shot out in one grand discharge, accompanied by a yell that made each sceptic leap clear from the ground, while the hornet sailed heavenward with one eye closed reflectively. It is not known what produced this miscarriage of the experiment, but it is likely the experimenter did not have the right kind of air.

SOMETHING IN THAT.—Smith: "Harder up than ever, old man? So am I." Jones: "Seen Spifkins lately?" Smith: "No; that small sum I borrowed of him has estranged us." Jones: "Ah, there's one comfort, dear boy: *I* and *U* will never be separated by an *O*."—*Fun.*

ALL-OPATHY.—The trouble about taking a medicine warranted to cure all diseases is that it may not know exactly what is wanted of it, and in that case it will go fooling around in the system trying to cure you of some disease that you have not got.

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GOSSIP ABOUT PHILOSOPHY.

BY MUTTI LALL SINGH.

III.

WE MIGHT have expected that the nerves from the organs of sense would pass directly to the perceptive faculties, as mapped out for us by Phrenology in the brain, if that pretended science were true. They do not. They pass on to masses of grey matter, at the back of the brain, communicating with the cerebellum, and these masses of grey matter appear to be the seat of power, energy, will and intelligence.

Many men, who have studied this subject attentively, think that the nervous system, as it now exists, is a very different thing from the nervous system which existed in man a couple of thousand years ago. New powers appear to be added to it, or else dormant powers have been awakened into activity and grown with exercise. This is quite in accordance with what we might expect from the theory of development. All history abounds with traces of pretended mysteries, which science proves, sooner or later, to be no mysteries at all. The miracu-

lous cures of diseases by sorcerers and charms, by pretended prophets and priests, by witches and wizards; the oracles and hazy prophecies; the love-charms, ghosts, ghouls, second-sights, and incantations—all tricks upon the nerves or upon the understanding. The more ignorant man is, the more gross and palpable the impositions practised on him. When he becomes educated and cautious, elaborate machinery is introduced to deceive him. We must not wonder then that the mysteries of one age are childish superstitions to another.

Man himself is constantly changing. Nature never rests. All is action around us, growth, change and decay. Apparent rest is but the balance of powers and motives restrained. In the death of the animal or the plant there is change only, no destruction. Every thing is taking another form. When the diamond is burnt into charcoal, nothing is lost. The substance is changed, and has assumed a new form. The rotting carcase is but a transmutation to other forms of beauty, gaseous, liquid and material.

That individuals suffer for the general good is a law of nature and of life. But good and evil are only to the part not the whole. There is no mistaking—no short-coming in nature. Whatever is, is right. This axiom, so untrue in morals, is absolutely true in philosophy. Whatever is, is essential to the whole, and could not be otherwise than as it is. The deeper our study of nature, the clearer does this fact become; the more clearly is it recognized as being as fundamental and necessary as law itself. Whatever we understand in nature, we perceive clearly could not be otherwise than as it is, just as three and one could never be five, but must eternally, and under all conditions, be four, and four only.

Thought seems to have a measure or passage in time, but like light, has no fixedness, and can have none. Time seems to have its proportions and harmonies, equally with colors, sounds and forms. Thought being only a phenomenon or effect, as motion is, has no locality in space, occupies none. Bacon

thought that all bodies contained a material essence or spirit, which in the case of plants and animals, was called soul. Thus it is that the philosophy of the West comes round, in its developments, to the first teachings of oriental philosophy, so often laughed at by the ignorant. The whole world which surrounded man in early times was assimilated and digested by the philosophers of Benares centuries ago. They discovered everywhere in nature acts similar to their own acts, and transferred the sounds originally accompanying those acts to the surrounding agents. Thus it is that we have figurism, animism, anthropomorphism. The moon in her daily path measured the sky, and in so doing helped man to measure also. Hence was the moon called the measurer, from *mâ* to measure, *mâs* the measurer, and so the Latin *mensis* and the English *moon*.

Bacon says that "Plato supposed forms were the true objects of knowledge, but lost the real fruit of his opinions by considering forms as absolutely abstracted from matter, and not as confined and determined by matter; and so he turned his opinions upon theology, wherewith all his natural philosophy is infected." Now we know that nature presents to us a system of forces acting upon matter. Faraday represented matter itself as simply a collection of forces. But we cannot conceive of force as abstracted from matter, or as being, of itself, matter. It is a difficult question to answer—what is force? And I doubt very much if any of the Western philosophers have given a satisfactory answer. We have our five senses and we have the external world around us. How do we arrive at the knowledge of it? That which we perceive by our senses, we call real or manifest. We see a tree. We see there is life in it. It grows, it puts forth branches, leaves, fruit. It is cut down and killed. That undefinable something, life, has been destroyed. The tree was a tangible object. But the mountains afar off were no less real and manifest, although distant. And the sky, moon, sun and dawn equally real and manifest, although intangible. These were deities to the first philosophers, and force is the deity of many of the philosophers of our own time.

As a man sees himself reflected in a stream, so Nature is reflected in the mind of man—"with what distortion strange, Heaven only knows." But the distortion is the result of our own prejudices, superstitions, and absurdities. Theologians have taught man in all ages that he is superior to, and independent of, nature. Whereas his own common sense tells him that he is the minister and servant of nature, and interpreter of that law to which he is himself subject. The more he examines, the more he reflects, the more he will be certain that on earth all is change, eternal change. Motion is fundamental to the constitution of nature, and the forms of matter, and the condition of mind are all passing phenomena, fleeting and varying as the wind, equally determined by law as wind itself is, and all encircled by an adamantine chain of Necessity, which it cannot pass. It is the extreme of folly to imagine absolute freedom, or that there is inertness in matter, or any chance-work in nature, or in mind, which is the reflection of nature. There is nothing stable in all this, but that which is fundamental to all these forms and changes, but which is far beyond all sense impressions. The naming of this something, this principle, the unknown, has been the great difficulty of man in all ages. Amongst us in India its thousand forms of action produced a thousand titles, broken fragments of the Eternal One. "He is indeed Lakshmi, Saraswati, and other aspects all at one and the same time. He who is Saraswati, is also Lakshmi." "In the same God there are innumerable forms and qualities manifesting themselves through all eternity." So says the Minister and the highest teachings of philosophy coincide with this teaching of his, at the Brahma Mandir.

Men are not satisfied with a mystery, or content to suspend their judgment. In the conceit of their ignorance they anticipate nature, and prejudge every novelty. Even the *Novum Organum* was ridiculed when it appeared, notwithstanding the great repute and high position of the Chancellor, Sir Francis Bacon. "It is like the love of God" said James the First

"which passeth all understanding." Hence it is that the history of man is a history of the persecutions of the world's benefactors—often of the bravest, best, and wisest of men.

With regard to the future we experience consciousness at rest in sleep—annihilation for the time being. Waking we contemplate all nature changing, and every species of form fading away into something new, even the eternal hills themselves are constantly and for ever changing. Stones, plants, animals all are passing away. Man forms no exception.

Sleep is ever suggesting to us the idea of rest and we become accustomed to it. An old man is pleased to contemplate the image of a sleeping child, and is quite ready to welcome eternal rest when it comes. "All that is past is but as a dream" says Bacon "and he that hopes or depends upon time coming is but a waking dreamer." There is nothing more impressive than the idea of the infinite and omnipresent law, the principle of nature, that man is of the dust and returns to it. What is there more noble and glorious than a calm and joyful indifference about self and the future, merging the individual in the general good—the good of universal nature? The follies of superstition have been false props and stays that have cramped and spoiled the natural body, hindering its development in vigorous growth, preventing it from sustaining itself in true simplicity and dignity.

When men have become accustomed to false and pernicious stimulants it is difficult to persuade them to return to the use of pure water. It is only the knowledge of true philosophy that will change the opinions and habits of thought, and temper man's passions and prejudices, when biassed by superstition.

The power of giving up what in our best, our most honest moments we know to be no longer true, the power of replacing the less perfect by the more perfect, however dear that less perfect to us, is only to be acquired by mental training, and after a struggle. This is the true self-surrender, the true self-sacrifice, the truest faith. Some of the best of men

have been called atheists, not because they denied that there existed anything beyond the visible and the finite, not because they denied God's existence, but only because they differed from the traditional conception of the Deity prevalent in their time and country. Some of them were in truth yearning after a higher and truer conception of God, than that which they had learned in their childhood.

In the eyes of the Brahmans, Buddha was an atheist. But his denial of the popular Devas certainly did not make him such. In the eyes of his Athenian judges Socrates was an atheist. Yet Socrâtes only claimed the right to believe and teach something higher and nobler about God than the vulgar ideas of Vulcan and Venus. In the eyes of the Jews, Jesus Christ was a blasphemer and an atheist, whilst amongst the Greeks and Romans his followers were called *atheoi*, atheists.

The same recklessness of accusation has continued through more recent times. "All state religions" says Macciavelli "princes and rulers must maintain, *even though they hold them to be false.* They must favour and assist them, and this they will do the more, the more they are prudent and politic." And a Popè said of Macciávelli and his writings "the man is quite right, if only he would avoid scandal." Giordano Bruno in the sixteenth century was not a man of this stamp. He threw off his Dominican frock, and would seek the Deity for himself, without the intervention of Popes, Confessors, or Abbots. He was safe in Paris and in London, but, in an evil hour for himself, he returned to Italy. In Venice the Inquisition seized him. After many years' imprisonment he was condemned to the flames. "You pronounce the sentence with more fear than I receive it" said he, and so in February 1,600, one of the noblest and honestest men of Italy was burnt alive in Rome, whilst Popes and Cardinals, that believed in nothing that they taught, were worshipped and adored by the ignorant multitude!

One more illustration and I have done for the present. Vanini in 1619 was condemned as an atheist. He who wrote

"You ask me what God is. If I knew this thoroughly I should be as God, for none knows Him, but Himself. It is possible, in a certain way to discover Him in His works, just as the sun may be seen through the clouds. Yet who can say that he understands Him? He is the greatest Good, the first Being, the holy, just, compassionate and blessed One; the creator and preserver, omnipotent and omniscient; the father, king, and ruler; the beginning, end, middle, eternal; the author, life-giver and benefactor. He alone is all in all."

The man who wrote *thus* of God was condemned as an atheist, by men whose whole lives proved that they believed in nothing but their own personal enjoyment. His tongue was first torn out, and then he was burnt alive!

ACROSS THE ZODIAC.

SUCH IS the title of an extraordinary book by Mr. Percy Greg. It somewhat resembles those wonderful mixtures of science and the wildest romance, written by M. Jules Verne, and now so popular all over Europe—His "Voyage to the Moon"—His "Journey to the centre of the Earth"—His "Twenty thousand leagues under the Sea"—and so forth.

"Across the Zodiac" describes a journey to the planet Mars in a vessel called the Astronaut, propelled by a new force of fearful power—the Apergic force, which enabled the vessel to make its voyage through space at the rate of a million miles a day! In forty days Mars was reached—not by Mr. Greg himself, but by the explorer whose manuscript he has discovered and deciphered, and who appears to have been destroyed by the Apergic force on his return to Earth.

The mathematical and astronomical details of the voyage are worked out with wonderful minuteness, and evidently with considerable knowledge of the subject.

The voyager, whose name has not been deciphered, leaves his vessel on a mountain four thousand feet high and descends into the valley, where he finds seas, continents, islands, rivers, and all the superficial characteristics of this our terraqueous globe, but the *flora* and *fanna*—the vegetable and the animal creation of Mars, he found quite different from those on Earth.

It is not however to enter minutely into these flights of imagination that we have directed our reader's attention to this remarkable book, but rather to consider its human interest. He finds there a race of human beings somewhat smaller in stature than the average Aryan races on our Earth but who have advanced much further in scientific research, and in the employment of electrical machinery to all the common domestic usages of life.

It is in this that the chief interest of the book lies. He endeavours to describe a people and a state of society,—as in Lytton Bulwer's "Coming Race"—such as may be developed on Earth by the influences at present pervading in the most civilized nations. Universal suffrage is the rule of Government, women having votes as well as men. Marriages are contracted for any number of years mutually agreed upon, and the most rigorous means are taken to prevent over-population, by the painless destruction of all children, likely to be weak, deformed, or deficient in moral or intellectual power. Science reigns supreme. Religion, as it is understood on earth, has been destroyed by science. Electrical machines of all kinds perform the necessary labors of cultivation and locomotion both by sea and land.

But one large and powerful Society, the brotherhood of the Star, retains its belief in the Deity—a future state—and spiritual existences. Our voyager is initiated into this Society by his father-in-law Esmo, one of the chiefs of the brotherhood, the rites of initiation being evidently described from those prevalent among the Freemasons. From a chamber lit up with the ordinary light of earth, he is plunged at once in

a vaulted passage hewn out of the solid rock into total darkness. This evidently represents death. When light returns he sees before him a chasm over which he is conducted by a sliding bridge. The hall of light into which he emerges evidently typifies the future life. He now stands amongst THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT and what he saw we will give in his own words abridged. A bright mist of various colors intermixed in inextricable confusion, an image of chaos but for the dim light reflected from all the particles, filled a great part of the space before us, but the triple mysterious cord was still discernible in the back-ground. Presently a bright rose-colored point of light, taking gradually the form of an eye, appeared above the cord, and beyond the mist; and emanating from it, a ray of similar light entered the motionless vapor. Then a movement whose character it was not easy to discern, but which constantly became more and more evidently rhythmical and regular, commenced in the mist. Within a few moments the latter had dissolved, leaving in its place the semblance of stars, star-clusters, and golden nebulæ, as dim and confused as that in the sword-belt of Orion, or as well defined as any of those called by astronomers planetary.

"What seest thou!" said a voice whose very direction I could not recognise.

"Cosmos evolved out of confusion by Law, Law emanating from Supreme Wisdom and Irresistible Will"

"And in the triple band?"

"The continuity of Time and Space preserved by the "continuity of Law, and controlled by the Will that gave Law."

While I spoke a single nebula grew larger, brighter, and filled the entire space given throughout, to the pictures presented to us; stars and star-clusters gradually fading away to remoter distance. This nebula of spherical shape—formed of coarser particles than the previous mist and reflecting or radiating a more brilliant effulgence—was in rapid whirling

motion. It flattened into the form of a disc, apparently almost circular, of considerable depth or thickness, visibly denser in the centre, and thinner towards the rounded edge. Presently it condensed, and contracted, leaving at each of the several intervals, a severed ring. Most of these rings broke up, their fragments conglomerated and forming a sphere, one in particular separating into a multitude of minuter spheres, others assuming a highly elliptical form, condensing here, and thinning out there, while the central mass grew brighter and denser as it contracted; till there lay before me a perfect miniature of the solar system with planets, satellites, asteroids and meteoric rings.

"What seest thou?" again I heard.

"Intelligence directing Will, and Will by Law developing the microcosm of which this world is one of the smallest parts."

The orb which represented Mars, stood still in the centre of the space, and this orb soon occupied the whole area. It assumed at first the form of a vast vaporous globe; then contracted to a comparatively small sphere, glowing as if more than red hot, and leaving as it contracted two tiny balls revolving round their primary. The latter gradually faded till it gave out no light but that which from some unseen source was cast upon it, one half consequently contrasting in darkness the reflected brightness of the other. Ere long it presented the appearance of sea and land, of cloud, of snow, and ice and became a perfect image of the martial sphere. Then it gave place to a globe of water alone, within which the processes of crystallisation as exhibited first in its simpler, then in its more complicated forms, were beautifully represented. Then there appeared I knew not how, but seemingly developed by the same agency, and in the same manner as the crystals, a small transparent sphere, within the watery globe, containing itself a spherical nucleus. From this were evolved gradually two distinct forms, one resembling very much some of the simplest of those transparent creatures which the microscope exhibits to us

in the water-drop, active, fierce, destructive in their scale of size and life, as the most powerful animals of the Sea and Land. The other was a tiny fragment of tissue, gradually shaping itself into the simplest and smallest specimens of vegetable life. The watery globe disappeared and these two were left alone. From each gradually emerged, growing in size, complexity, and distinctness, one form after another of higher organization.

"What seest thou?"

"Life, called out of lifelessness by Law"

again, so gradually that no step of the process could be separately distinguished, formed a panorama of vegetable and animal life; a landscape in which appeared some dozen primal shapes of either kingdom. Each of these gradually dissolved, passing by slow degrees, into several higher or more perfect shapes, till there stood before our eyes a picture of life as it exists at present; and man in the midst, more obviously even than on Earth, dominating and subduing the fellow-creatures of whom he is lord. From which of the innumerable animal forms that had been presented to us in the course of these transmutations this supreme form had arisen, I did not note or cannot remember. But that no true ape appeared among them I do distinctly recollect, having been on the watch for the representation of such an epoch in the pictured history.

What was now especially note-worthy was that, solid as they appeared, each form was in some way transparent. From the Emblem before mentioned a rose-colored light pervaded the scene, scarcely discernible in the general atmosphere, faintly, but distinctly, traceable in every herb, shrub, and tree, more distinguishable and concentrated in each animal. But in plant or animal the condensed light was never separated and individualized, never parted from, though obviously gathered and agglomerated out of the generally diffused rosy sheen that tinged the entire landscape. It was as though the rose-colored light formed an atmosphere which entered and passed freely through the tissues of each animal and plant, but brightened

and deepened in those portions which at any moment pervaded any organized shape, while it flowed freely in and out of all. The concentration was most marked, the connection with the diffused atmosphere least perceptible, in those most intelligent creatures, like the *Amba* and *Carre* which in the service of man appear to have acquired a portion of human intelligence.

But turning to the type of man himself the light within his body had assumed the shape of the frame it filled and appeared to animate. In him the rose-colored image which exactly corresponded to the body that encased it, was perfectly individualized, and had no other connection with the remainder of the light than that it appeared to emanate and to be fed from the original source. As I looked, the outward body dissolved, the image of rosy light stood alone, as human and far more beautiful than before, rose upward and passed away.

"What seest thou?" was uttered in an even more earnest and solemn tone than heretofore.

"Life," I said, "physical and spiritual, the one sustained by the other, the spiritual emanating from the Source of Life, pervading all living forms, affording to each the degree of individuality and of intelligence needful to it, but in none forming an individual entity apart from the race, save in man himself; and in man forming the individual being, whereof the flesh is but the clothing and the instrument."

By such rites he became one of the Brotherhood of the Star, one of the Children of Light. He was initiated into their mysteries.

The picture of absolute selfishness, combined with abject fear of pain and death, which prevail amongst the other inhabitants of Mars is painful to contemplate. This is the result, says our author, of their denial of all religion and all future life—the supremacy of science. Equally painful is the destruction of all the ties of family—boys and girls being brought up at public nurseries, ignorant of their parents and relatives—marriage an open matter of barter, sale and purchase, without

feeling, sentiment, or affection. All this is painful to read of. We pass on to his account of the solar system as seen from Mars, abridging a somewhat lengthened chapter on the subject.

Warned to stand at such a distance from the central machinery, that in a whole revolution, no part of it could by any possibility touch us, we were placed near an opening looking into a dark chamber, with our backs to the objects of observation. In this chamber, not upon a screen, but suspended in the air, presently appeared an image several thousand times larger than that of the crescent Moon as seen through a tube small enough to correct the exaggeration of visual instinct. It appeared however not flat, as does the Moon to the naked eye, but evidently as part of a sphere. At some distance was shewn another crescent belonging to a sphere whose diameter was a little more than one-fourth that of the former. The light reflected from their surfaces was of silver radiance, rather than the golden hue of the Moon or of Venus as seen through a small telescope. The smaller crescent I could recognise at once as belonging to our own satellite, the larger was of course the world I had quitted. So exactly is the clock-work or its substitute adapted to counteract both the rotation and revolution of Mars, that the two images underwent no other change of place than that caused by their own proper motion in space; a movement which, notwithstanding the immense magnifying power employed, was of course scarcely perceptible. But the rotation of the larger sphere was visible as we watched it. It so happened that the part which was at once lighted by the rays of the Sun, and exposed to our observation was but little clouded. The atmosphere of course, prevented its presenting the clear, sharply-defined, outlines of lunar landscapes; but sea, and land, ice, and snow, were so clearly defined and easily distinguishable that my companions exclaimed with eagerness, as they observed features unmistakeably resembling on the grand scale those with which they were themselves familiar. The Arctic ice was scarcely visible in the North. The vast steppes of Russia, the boundary line of the Ural Mountains,

the grey-ish blue of the Euxine, Western Asia, Arabia, and the Red Sea joining the long water-line of the Southern Ocean, were defined by the slanting rays. The Antarctic ice-continent was almost equally clear, with its stupendous glacier-masses, radiating apparently from an elevated extensive land, chiefly consisting of a deeply scooped, and scored plateau of rock, around the Pole itself. The terminator or boundary between light and shade, was not as in the Moon, pretty sharply defined, and broken only by the mountainous masses, rings, and sea-beds, if such they are, characteristic of the latter. On the image of the Moon there intervened between bright light, and utter darkness, but the narrow belt to which only part of the Sun was as yet visible, and which, therefore received but comparatively few rays. The twilight to North and South extended on the image of the earth deep on to that part on which as yet the Sun was below the horizon and consequently daylight faded into darkness all but imperceptibly, save between the tropics. We watched long and intently as league by league new portions of Europe and Africa, the Mediterranean and even the Baltic came into view, and I was able to point out to Eveena lands in which I had travelled, seas I had crossed, and even the isles of the Ægean, and bays in which my vessel had lain at anchor. This personal introduction to each part of the image, now presented to her for the first time, enabled her to realize more forcibly than a lengthened experience of astronomical observation might have done the likeness to her own world of that which was passing under her eyes, and at once intensified her wonder, heightened her pleasure, and sharpened her intellectual apprehension of the scene.

When we had satisfied our eyes with this spectacle, or rather when I remembered that we could spare no more time to this the most interesting exhibition of the evening, a turn of the machinery brought Venus under view. Here however the cloud-envelope baffled us altogether, and her close approach to the horizon soon obliged the director to turn his apparatus in another direction. Two or three of the Asteroids were in view.

Pallas especially presented a very interesting spectacle. Not that the difference of the distance would have rendered the definition much more perfect than from a Terrestrial stand-point, but that the marvellous perfection of Martial instruments, and in some measure also the rarity of the atmosphere at such a height, rendered possible the use of far higher magnifying powers than our astronomers can employ. I am inclined to agree, from what I saw on this occasion, with those who imagine the Asteroids to be—if not fragments of a broken planet which once existed as a whole—yet in another sense fragmentary spheres, less perfect, and with surfaces of much greater proportionate irregularity than those of the larger planets. Next was presented to our view on a somewhat smaller scale, because the area of the chamber employed would not otherwise have given room for the system, the enormous disc and the four satellites of Jupiter. The difference between 400 and 360 millions of miles' distance is of course wholly important; but the definition and enlargement were such that the image was perfect and the details minute, and distinct, beyond anything that earthly observation had led me to conceive as possible. The satellites were no longer mere points or tiny discs, but distinct moons with surfaces marked like that of our own satellite, though far less mountainous, and broken, and it seemed to me, possessing a distinct atmosphere. I am not sure that there is not a visible difference of brightness among them not due to their size, but to some difference in the reflecting power of their surfaces, since the distance of all from the sun is practically equal. That Jupiter gives out some light of his own, a portion of which they may possibly reflect in differing amount, according to their varying distance, is believed by Martial astronomers, and I thought it not impossible. The brilliant and various coloring of the bands, which cross the face of the giant planet was wonderfully brought out, the blue-ish-grey around the poles, the clear yellowish-white light of the light bands, probably belts of white cloud, contrasted signally the hues varying from deep orange brown to what was almost crimson or rose-pink on the one

hand, and bright yellow on the other—of different zones of the so-called dark belts. On the latter, markings and streaks of strange variety suggested, if they failed to prove, the existence of frequent spiral storms, disturbing, probably at an immense height above the surface, clouds, which must be utterly unlike the clouds of Mars, and the earth in material as well as in form and mass. These markings enabled us to follow with clear ocular appreciation the rapid rotation of this planet. In the course of half an hour, several distinct spots on different belts, had moved in a direct line across a tenth of the face presented to us—a distance, upon the scale of the gigantic image so great, that the motion required no pains-taking observation, but forced itself upon the notice of the least pains-taking observer. The belief of Martial astronomers is that Jupiter is not by any means so much less dense than the minor planets, as his proportionately lesser weight would imply. They hold that his visible surface is that of an enormously deep atmosphere, within which lies, they suppose, a central ball, not merely hot, but more than white hot, and probably from its temperature, not yet possessing a solid crust. One writer argues that since all worlds must, by analogy, be supposed to be inhabited, and since the satellites of Jupiter more resemble worlds than the planet itself, which may be regarded as a kind of secondary sun, it is not improbable that the former are the scenes of life as varied as Mars itself; and that infinite ages hence, when these have become too cold for habitation, their giant primary may have gone, through those processes, which according to the received theory, have fitted the interior planets to be the home of plants, animals, and in two cases at least, of human beings.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

'Twas night, and busy to and fro
On earth God's angels ran;
Life entered this low door,—and there
Death cut life's little span.

'Twas night: I dreamed with opened eyes,
  I saw what spirits can.

I saw two souls set free shoot up
  Into the awful blue,—
Nowhere in that strange flight they paused,
  No lingering glance they threw;
But as some arrow to its goal,
  To the Far Gates they drew.

Not then they paused, but entered in,
  And I, too, entered there,
And straightway heard upon the wind,
  Whose very breath was prayer,
A voice that called those new-born souls
  Across the quiet air.

"Go thou and serve!" the sentence came,
  "The name of Jesu tell,
Preserve from death some dying soul!"
  —Athwart one face there fell
A lengthening shadow, and I heard
  A muttered groan, of "*Hell!*"

"Go thou and serve!" the soft voice said,
  "Make noon of life's dark even;
Guide frail ones through Earth's storms, and bring
  Again the souls God-given!"
I saw a rapturous, upturned face,
  Too blessed to answer,—"*Heaven!*"

Spectator.

ONE DAY AT COLLEGE.

The Debating Club.

IT WAS Wednesday evening and the large hall at the College was a scene of bustle. Spruce young men were moving about, some nervously, others otherwise. Some held rolls of papers in their hands, others held cigars; some were smoking only, while others were both smoking and silently gazing on the various groups about the room. The well known forms of the portly President and the little Secretary were seen in a corner in solemn council. It was evidently a discussion, the

portly President wanted this or that to be done and his diminutive colleague would not hear of it. There was a slight sprinkle of the University element one specimen of the Calcutta Graduate being especially conspicuous. It was spouting but only a few drops reached us in the shape of "Descartes" "Kant" "Darwin" and such like, and these were given out with a decided tone and with great gusto. Seven struck, the bell rung and the members slowly took their seats. The President stroked his mostache, the little Secretary pinched his big assistant and Boyd threw away his cigar. All rose as the learned Director entered and all took their seats as the learned Director took his seat. The Director looked complacently around and settled his "Choker," the President coughed and looked at the little Secretary, and the little Secretary passed the look on to his big Assistant, but the big Assistant still smarting under the pinch, returned his little superior's look by a savage stare.

The business of the evening began, the minutes of the last meeting were read; members were proposed, and members were seconded; members were elected and members were rejected, members coughed and members sneezed, members questioned and were questioned, members answered and were answered, in fact quite a variety of things happened to members.

The Calcutta graduate rose to speak, Boyd cried "Hear Hear" and immediately cat cries, donkey cries and all manner of farmyard cries assailed our inoffensive ears. The President cried "Order," the little Secretary, with evident delight, rung the big bell, and the tumult slightly subsided, and the concluding words of the graduate's address "the rights of humanity" having reached us, another scene ensued, the various farmyard cries again arose, the bell again rang, the President again cried "Order" and the noise again vanished. Up jumped Boyd and with a knowing look on his face proposed that "this meeting do adjourn." Then came a scene, but Boyd had a majority and the meeting *did* adjourn; poor Mr. Atheist Nogod did *not* read his paper on the "Origin of Man." Boyd and Carlisle d d *not* remark that Darwin was right, the learned Director did *not*.

awake at these remarks and settle his choker and ultimately however a "vote of thanks to the learned lecturer" was *not* resolved on. No! nothing like this happpened. Mr. Nogod was disappointed, the Director was robbed of his nap, and amid much noise dissolved the meeting of the Debating Club, greatly to the pleasure of the big Assistant Secretary who not forgetful of the pinch was anxious to meet his little superior in an unofficial capacity.

A FEW MINUTES WITH THE HON'BLE RAI KRISTODAS PAL, BAHADUR, C. I. E.

WE WERE ushered into the presence of a middle aged, intellectual looking, gentleman, about the middle size, and if anything rather stout. His hair was short and inclined to curl, a broad forehead, a most intelligent pair of eyes, and a slight mostache completed the picture. He sat at a large table covered with books and papers, local and mofussil journals with parts, thickly marked with blue pencil lay before him, the writing materials consisted of an enormous inkstand and about three or four inches of a quill pen, and at one and the same time he was dictating to a Secretary and reading some dusty deed. He rose as we entered, advanced to the door, and having shook us warmly by both hands, and enquiring after our health led us to a seat. Having finished the business of our visit we proceeded to talk of general matters. The cosmopolitan knowledge, the rapidity of ideas, the liberality of views and the fluency of speech of this remarkable man took us by surprise and won our admiration. Drainage schemes, Rent Bills, Afghan wars, Naga disturbances, Water rates, Budgets, Famines were evidently things he had made his particular study, while to hear him talk of science, one would fancy he was a bookworm, and of the money market and trade, that he was a frequenter of the Stock Exchange. Having been there a little over quarter of an hour we rose to depart observing that he must be very busy, and before he could answer, quietly

adding "of course Legislators always are." The smile on his face shewed us that the well merited and well deserved compliment was not unpleasing.

To see this man, this great man, so unassuming in both dress and manner one would not imagine him to be any one of consequence. Yet he is a power in the land, the Honorary adviser of the Bengal Government, the terror of erring and "*Bahadooring*" officials, the champion of rights and the vindicator of wrongs, the Secretary of the greatest Political Association in the Empire, and the Editor of the leading weekly journal in the Presidency, if not in India.

M.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

(1.)

In the quiet evening hour,
When hushed in deep repose
The wind blows all gently,
And the day draws near its close.

(2.)

When on the lawn and lea
A mellow softness spreads,
And the stars send forth their light
Like tiny silver threads.

(3.)

Then the loves of the young,
The mem'ries of old men,
The cares of life forgot,
Resume their silent reign.

(4.)

Then, the thoughts of poets,
The spirits of good men,
Their mortal chains unbound,
To heav'n-ward soar again.

(5.)

Then too, thy thoughts, my love,
My fond youth's cherished dream,
Revive their latent flames,
And feed my life's cold stream.

M. M. D.

SILVER FILAGREE WORK.

CUTTACK IS well-known for its silver filagree work. An outline of the processes employed by the Sonars (silver-smiths) in making the work is given below :—

Purification of silver:—One part of lead and sixteen parts of silver are melted together in a small earthen cup, which is placed in a large earthen pot or furnace filled with burning charcoal. The pure silver is then extracted and placed in another earthen vessel in a furnace, and again melted. When the quantity of silver is small, the melting is performed in a simple earthen pot filled with burning charcoal, the heat of which is sustained at high pitch by being blown upon through a bamboo tube; in melting a large quantity a furnace, blown by bellows, is employed.

Casting into bars :—The molten silver is formed into small bars or sticks by being run into moulds made by hollowing out channels in bricks, oil being poured into the matrix before the silver is run in.

Beating into plates :—While the stick of cast silver is still somewhat soft, it is hammered upon an anvil; then smeared with an acid, heated, and beaten again and again : a stick of silver weighing a tola is heated and re-heated, during the process of beating, at least ten times before it attains the required tenuity for drawing into wire.

Drawing into wire :—This is effected by the use of a draw-plate called a *janta* (a plate of iron pierced with holes of different sizes). One end of the piece of silver being carefully beaten to a point small enough to be passed through the largest of the holes in the *janta*, is seized by a pair of pincers, and the hole is pulled through. The end is again beaten to a point for insertion into the next-sized hole in the plate, and the wire is then pulled through it in like manner, and so on until the required degree of fineness is obtained. The largest-sized wire, used for the main lines of the design, is, after being drawn through the *janta*, slightly flattened by the hammer; the thinner wire for the more delicate details is twisted in the following manner: one end of the wire is fastened to an instrument

like a very large needle, which is held between the feet; the other end is attached to a piece of stout thread, which, being rolled in the hands, communicates the motion to the wire and produces in it a slight helical twist, the minute play of light and shade upon which adds considerable lustre and beauty to the filagree work. The wire is heated and twisted alternately some three or four times, if too great a degree of twisting be attempted at once, without this frequent heating, the wire would break.

Formation of the pattern:—The main lines (formed of the thicker flattened wire) are laid down upon a sheet of *abrak* (mica) and flattened to it by a peculiar cement.* Within the main lines of the design, the smaller filagree details, which have been separately made, out of various thicknesses of the twisted wire (slightly flattened by the hammer), are carefully arranged in their place and cemented to the mica. Thus held together, the permanent soldering is effected. The solder used is silver with an alloy of pewter. A small quantity of this is put upon the parts to be joined, and the whole is placed over a fire until the solder is melted and the union of the several pieces secured. For soldering the most minute portions a lamp and blow-pipe are used, the filagree work being held beneath the lamp in a small tray. The whole process of forming the pattern consists in making up the minute component forms (which are first bent and fashioned by pliers and pincers into the required shapes) into larger sections of the design, joining these up again into still larger portions, again uniting these into greater groups, and so on until the work is completed. A large object thus consists of many hundreds of separate pieces which have in this way been fitted together.

Cleaning and finishing:—The delicate snowy appearance which a finished piece of silver filagree work presents is produced by heating, and steeping in acid—a process which is thrice repeated; after this the object is rubbed with burnt borax, again dipped in acid, and then brushed over with *ritha*† water. Finally, certain

* Which is thus made: a gum is obtained from the kernel of a small fruit called *kainch;* this is wetted and rubbed on a stone, then mixed with a little burnt borax.

† *Ritha,* the vernacular name for the plant *Sapindus saponaria,* the outer part of the pulpy fruit of which is well known for its detergent qualities, the name *Sapindus* being merely a contraction of *Sapo Indicus.*

parts of the design are polished by burnishing, and the work is completed.

A Lover of Art.

LOVE AND FAME.

(A SONNET.)

I waked from the sleep of my life and beheld
A starry region girt with golden fires
A stranger crossed my path with face unveiled
And a heart welling out with soft desires
I read in her dark eyes and sadd'ning smile
And brow whose rosy tinge no art could match
A record of sweet thoughts, heart without guile
An Angel sent my mortal course to watch
I turned mine eyes and heard a murm'rous sound
Like the breathings of the cool Autumnal air
Strewing the leaves in eddied whirls all round
Or morning breeze that sweeps thro' gay parterre
And rapt I stood for they both typified
Love and Fame things for which I oft have sighed.

M. M. Datta.

NOTES ON THE TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE noblest kind of courage is that which despising popular clamour upholds the cause of right and justice, and meets a charge of cowardice with pity for the accuser. Will the English Liberals be able to show the world an example of this rare kind of courage? Will they be able to defy the Conservatives and those illiberal Liberals, who believe that the great mission of England is to bully the world, by immediately withdrawing the army from Afghanistan?

——:-oo-:——

The situation in Europe continues to be as alarming as ever. The Emperor of Germany opens the Reichstag with a speech which begins with a solemn declaration of the most pacific intentions and ends with asking for a vote for increasing

the military strength of the Empire. "When these great "personages," says the Revue des deux Mondes, "promise "peace to the world, we are bound to believe them. It is true "that Prince Bismark indulges in diatribes more or less violent "against France and Russia; but that is only a way of giving "a zest to his pacific declarations. At any rate, we are per- "mitted to watch the *denouement* of these pacific intentions." The delicious irony with which France assails "peace-loving" Germany is unsurpassed. We have seen nothing of the kind in English literature except a few passages in Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro vita sua.* Mr. Kingsley has received from this great master of the English language some admirable stocks of what Bengalis call *mistijuta* (মিষ্টিজুতা).

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THE WORLD HAS produced several great and good men whose lot it was to be persecuted in life; but who have received almost divine honours after death. Lord Northbrook is not dead; but it was not until his official life in India was over that the Indian people came to know what a good ruler they had lost. Lord Northbrook is now doing a great service to India by his lectures, and we presume by his inflence in the Cabinet. There can be no such thing as good government in India until the English people learn to take an interest in Indian affairs, and Lord Northbrook is teaching them to take such interest. Lord Northbrook is not one of those who cannot look at a rose without thinking of its thorns. He can see good qualities even in the despised Bengali.

FOR its senseless attacks on Lord Northbrook on the Baroda Question, the Native press is now paying a severe penalty in the shape of a partial loss of liberty. Baroda is to be congratulated on having got rid of a tyrant like Mulhar Rao and secured the services of one of the ablest and most upright of native statesmen.

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DR. HUNTER IS ably co-operating with Lord Northbrook in making Indian questions attractive to Englishmen. In his

earlier lectures, he assumed the role of a special pleader for the Indian Government; but we don't think he made out his case. There is the ugly fact of famines occurring at short intervals—a fact which casts a great blot on the fair picture drawn by Dr. Hunter. It is of no use talking of the material prosperity of Calcutta, Madras or Bombay when millions die of famine in Orissa, Rajputana, the Deccan and the North-West Provinces. Tried by the great test of the greatest good of the greatest number—which after all is the only infallible test in politics—the British Government in India must be said to have failed. The greatest blessing that the British Government has conferred on India is the diffusion of Western knowledge; the greatest curse which it has inflicted on India is intemperance. Its greatest failure is in dealing with epidemic diseases; its greatest success has been in putting down organised crime like dacoity and thuggee.

Some of Dr. Hunter's facts are questionable; but he has enunciated one great truth. The state can do very little until the people learn prudential restraint. In a country where every beggar must have his brat, where marriage is regarded as a religious duty irrespective of the circumstances of the couple, great and extensive poverty must exist.

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LORD RIPON'S RECOVERY has caused general rejoicing as His Excellency's illness had called forth deep and general sympathy. What is the reason? As Viceroy, he has been unable to undo any of the worst measures of his predecessor, but people respect and even revere him as a good man. His simple, honest utterances have a charm which the most elaborate orations never had. The reason is, that he studies no theatrical effect and that whatever he says proceeds from his heart.

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THE WHOLE TOWN talks of nothing but the Moseley-Atul Scandal. Mr. Moseley earned great notoriety at Maldah in the embankment case; but in his treatment of the Deputy Magistrate of Jungypore, he has surpassed himself. We

wonder that Mr. Monro had thought fit to back Mr. Moseley. We are glad that the Lieutenant Governor, after a careful perusal of the papers submitted, has not concurred in the view taken by Mr. Monro. Mr. Moseley has been directed to apologise to the Deputy Magistrate.

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ALL INDIA HAS been startled by the discovery of a conspiracy at Kolapur for the overthrow of the British Government. Rambhut weighed the British raj in the balance and found it wanting. Of carnal weapons, he had nothing but six rusty swords; but his chief trust was in magical incantations performed with the help of owls' eyes, which were to have the effect of making himself and his followers invulnerable. The plot is far more ridiculous than the Irish plot of 1848. Mr. Smith O'Brien had at least the consolation of making an isosceles triangle of himself in the cabbage garden, when pursued by the forces of Government; but to Rambhut such consolation has been denied. His plot was overthrown before it could be hatched. It would be a pity to hang such a patriot. The State ought to make some provision for him in an asylum like that of Dallunda where he may be usefully employed in making good oil for his fellow-creatures, though cruel Fate has grudged him the loftier duty of giving them a good government. To be serious, one result of this plot will be that the Tories will congratulate themselves on their own wisdom in passing the Arms' Act and the Vernacular Press Act, and the prospect of getting these Acts repealed will be as uncertain as ever.

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THE GREATEST NOVELIST of our time, and as some will hold of the century, George Eliot, died suddenly on the 22nd December last. She was in her usual health till the evening of the 19th idem, when she was seized by a sudden chill. "Next day, Dr. Anderson was called in, and foresaw immediately that the attack must terminate fatally. The death of Mr. G. H. Lewes a year ago was a severe blow to her. But

it was thought she had recovered from the shock, and her recent marriage with Mr. Cross, an old friend, promised to be the beginning of a new life."

THE LITERARY CHARLEMAGNE.

"MAN LIVES to see" is an old saying the truth of which never came home to our minds so forcibly as it is doing at the present moment. We have indeed seen many strange and remarkable things in our time—things so strange and remarkable that the generation that has seen them may well consider itself ten times more prodigious than 50 preceding generations taken together. We have seen quite an ideal statesmanship in the Orissa famine of 1866; we have seen politicalism in excelsis in the Imperial Assemblage; we have seen financiering in extremis in Sir John Strachey's poetical surplus. The experience of three such splendid superlatives would make the biography of any generation voluminous and vast. We, the members of the present generation, lay exclusive claim to this experience; for we are quite sure that such experience was not the privilege of any generation that has passed away and will not fall to the lot of any generation that may yet come into existence inorder to eat, drink and be merry. Squeamish critics will probably consider this an exaggerated statement of our own case inasmuch as the two sets of generations with which we compare ourselves are not present to file possible cross-pleas in their own behalf. We do not fully admit the force of such an objection. The generations that have passed away have said all that they had to say in history and chronicle, and history and chronicle do not disclose any such experience as the living generation has gained. And if the said generations ever rise from their graves, as the scriptures of certain fanciful peoples say that they will, it will be solely for the purpose of being admitted into high heaven or consigned to deepest hell. As to the generations that have

yet to be born, it is certain that, if they be born at all, they will be born of us the members of the present generation, and their bump of veneration, which in the natural course of development will go on increasing, will prevent them from opposing the claims of their respected and respectable ancestors. But though safe against the Past and the Future, we cannot help fearing the Present. Living man is a very inconvenient reality. He has a tongue which may scatter foul abuse; he has a hand which may fling ponderous blows. We therefore think it prudent to humour squeamish critics and concede for the sake of personal safety that our superlative experience may be rivalled by future generations of men and that the world may witness another edition of Chapman, Beadon, Disraeli, Lytton and Strachey. But "thus far and no farther," no, not even if fifty Canuts were to appear before us with admonishing faces. Canuts could not command the waves of the sea. But what does that matter? It may be impracticable to command the sea. But it is not, we say, impracticable to command futurity. And we boldly assert that no future generation of man shall witness a phenomenon more strange or singular than the Roman *Akshara* movement. The final aim of this movement is to destroy all alphabetical variety in the world by writing all languages in the Roman character. But this, we cannot help observing, is a most preposterous aim. *Destroy variety*—the very thought, we say, is madness. One might as well think of destroying the many varieties of elementary substances in the world and replace them by a single elementary body. One might as well think of having a whole planet made only of gold or iron or copper or mercury. *Destroy variety*—ah, but variety is the whole meaning of Creation—the inmost import of created or phenomenal existence. Without variety means unbroken unity, Ego and non-Ego fused and blended, want of consciousness, existence undefined and undefinable. *Destroy variety*—well, does not that mean destroying botany, zoology, history, geography, all things, all existences? *Destroy variety*—but variety is a necessary condition of earthly

existence; it is, in fact, the inmost meaning and inexplicable cause of the human idea of existence. And is one man exactly like all other men? And is one nation exactly like all other nations? No——

> "No compound of this earthly ball
> Is like another all in all."

Can one alphabet then serve for all men and all nations? It could, if all men formed one man and all nations one nation. And what *is* an alphabet? Why, an alphabet means the marks or symbols by which vocal power is expressed. But have all men and all nations equal vocal power? No more than they have equal fighting power, or eating power, or drinking power, or acting power, or thinking power, or quarreling power. How then can one alphabet express their varying vocal powers? By the help of diacritical marks—say the supporters of the new Imperial idea. But a diacritical mark will not, certainly, cure defects in a man's vocal organism. A supporter of the new Imperial idea might reply that a *letter* will not cure them either. Quite true. And that is just why we say that it is perfectly useless and unnecessary to levy an army of letters with a formidable reserve of diacritical marks. A diacritical mark will not certainly give the organic power of uttering a particular sound to one who has it not; whilst to the man who has that power, it will be perfectly useless.

But, furthermore, the supporters of the new Imperial idea argue that the adoption of the Roman alphabet would save a man the trouble of learning many different alphabets. This, we say, is a view which ought to be examined in a practical spirit. In the first place, if a man can undergo the labour of learning many *languages*, the labour of learning many *alphabets* will count for nothing in his estimation. Secondly, how many are they in number who learn more than one language or feel the necessity of doing so? Thirdly, so far as the people of India are concerned, there is no necessity for the adoption of the Roman Alphabet. The principal Indian languages—Bengali,

Hindi, Marhatti, &c.—are written in alphabets possessing more or less resemblance in form with the Sanscrit alphabet. And the labour of mastering the small differences existing between them would be, we are quite sure, considerably less than the labour of mastering the Roman alphabet with its formidable magazine of diacritical marks.

But if the world and India in particular do not require the Roman *Akshara* system, what is the reason that Mr. Browne is so earnest about its adoption? One reason is that, like his great namesake, he wants to have One in the place of Many. The philosopher Brown, as the reader knows, endeavoured to explain all mental phenomena by the single principle of suggestion. But the fate of the philosopher ought to serve as a warning for his living namesake. There is however a grander reason still. The great Charlemagne endeavoured to resuscitate the Roman empire, but failed. Mr. Browne intends to resuscitate the Roman Empire by universalising the Roman alphabet. This endeavour will fail as surely as did that of the great soldier-king. But Mr. Browne will earn something in the bargain. People will call him THE LITERARY CHARLEMAGNE. And it is no small satisfaction to be called CHARLEMAGNE even in jest. But jest apart, Mr. Browne *is* a literary Charlemagne with a splendid Court about him. It is a pity, however, that though Charlemagne is remembered as an unsuccessful renovator of the idea of the Empire, none cares to know the names of his courtiers with the single exception of Alcuin!

B. N. C.

THE PHOTOPHONE.

THE WORLD cannot keep pace with the scientific surprise of this age. Before sufficient time has elapsed to make one startling invention familiar, another equally astonishing is already the subject of lectures and newspaper articles. Before the telephone, the microphone, and the phonograph have found their way into common use, a still more extraordinary instrument is announced,—one of

which the results are as unexpected by the scientific as they are incredible to the ordinary mind. We hear of conversation being carried on by means of a trembling beam of light, and incredulity reaches its climax when it is whispered that the Photophone may enable us to hear the rise and fall of those gigantic storms that are constantly sweeping over the sun's surface. Is it possible that the revelations of modern science—condemned as materialistic and prosaic—can thus outstrip the wildest flights of the imagination?

The Photophone is the latest development of Professor Graham Bell's ingenuity, and for its scientific novelty, if not for its practical utility, well deserves a brief description. One of the elementary bodies, named selenium, and allied to sulphur, is known to undergo certain changes in its molecular structure when light falls upon it. These changes cause the very high resistance it offers to the passage of an electric current to vary slightly, and this curious effect, hitherto believed to be unique, has lately been the subject of investigation by various English physicists. It occurred to several that this substance might be employed as a sort of telephone, a beam of light being used to replace the conducting wires of the usual forms of these instruments. Professor Graham Bell, the discoverer of the telephone, to whom amongst others, this idea occurred, has had the good-fortune to throw that thought into practical shape.

A mirror, from which is reflected a powerful beam of light, may be caused to vibrate by means of the voice. These vibrations toss the beam of light slightly to and fro, and this vibrating beam falls upon a selenium receiver, through which an electric current is passing, thereby creating slight variations in the resistances the current encounters. These tiny variations in electric resistance can be detected and rendered audible by that wonderfully sensitive little instrument, the Bell telephone. This was the conception which led Professor Bell to announce, in a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution so long ago as 1878, the "possibility of hearing a shadow fall upon a piece of selenium." Within the last few months, he has succeeded in putting this into practical execution.

In the articulating photophone, a beam of light, derived either from an artificial source or from the Sun, is thrown by a mirror on to the transmitter, which is a small disc of silvered glass, with

a tube and mouthpiece attached. The beam of light reflected from the transmitter is focussed as nearly as possible upon the distant receiver. When, therefore, words are spoken into the mouth-piece, the disc becomes agitated, alters slightly in shape, and, therefore, in its focal length, and thus affects the receiving-station, by throwing upon it a greater or less amount of light, according as the beam is in or out of focus. If absolutely accurate adjustment were possible, and all disturbing elements could be eliminated, the varying amount of illumination received at the distant end would wholly depend upon the variations in sound at the transmitting end, and an exact reproduction of the original sounds would be obtained. This we cannot expect yet but the. results already obtained lead one to hope that in time even this may be achieved.

The receiver of the photophone, as at present arranged, consists of a large concave mirror, which reflects and focusses the light upon a selenium cell; this is connected with a battery, and a couple of ordinary telephones are included in the circuit. The selenium cell is very ingeniously adapted by Professor Bell to its purpose. It consists of alternate discs of brass and mica the edges of which are coated with selenium, pared to make it as thin as possible, whilst yet exposing a sufficiently large surface to the action of the light. Any increase of light, falling upon this selenium cell, lessens its electric resistance; hence the vibrations of the mirror (caused by the words spoken into the mouthpiece by the transmitter), altering somewhat the amount of light received upon the cell, reproduce themselves audibly, by means of the greater or less amount of electricity thereby transmitted through the telephone. Both transmitter and receiver must, of course, be so supported as to be free to move, according to the direction in which the beam has to be sent or received.

There are many difficulties in the practical working of this little instrument, but though entirely satisfactory results have not yet been obtained, the principle is beyond dispute that sound and light can act upon one another in the manner described. Articulate speech has been transmitted by means of the telephone to a distance of some 230 yards, the voice being heard sometimes almost as loudly as in talking through an ordinary telephone, though the sound varies in intensity in an unaccountable manner.

Professor Bell has arrived at many interesting results while experimenting upon this instrument. He has found that curious molecular changes take place not only in selenium, but also in thin surfaces of almost any substance; so that they respond, by audible vibrations, to the action of an intermittent beam of light. There is a great difference, however, in the sensitiveness of the different substances; vulcanite is one of the best, carbon is very good, but water is absolutely irresponsive, and glass, unsilvered, is also bad. Upon this discovery, Professor Bell has constructed a simple form of photophone for transmitting musical tones.

A beam of light is thrown upon a mirror, and focussed by a lens as before; at the focus is a disc, perforated round its circumference with numerous holes. From this disc, which can be rotated so that the beam passes through a varying number of holes, according to the speed of rotation, the light passes on to a receiving disc of ebonite, from whence the sounds are conveyed by a tube to the listener. That these musical sounds—which are much louder than the spoken words—are really due to the action of light or radiant energy of some form, may be easily proved, for when the beam is interrupted by means of a disc of some opaque body, though the perforated disc is still rotating, nothing is heard at the receiver. No wires are needed as conductors between the transmitter and the receiver; the beam of light forms the only necessary connection, and this beam of light, with the simple apparatus described, has been the means of conveying distinct musical sounds to a distance of more than a mile. Not that even this distance is a necessary limit, for there is no reason why the sound should not be carried as far as the light can be thrown. We have here, in fact, a *musical heliostat.*

The real cause of the molecular changes accompanying this action of an intermittent beam of light upon different substances is not yet certain. It appears probable, however, that the varying electric resistances of selenium are directly due to light; whilst, as with the radiometer, radiant heat is probably the real source of those molecular changes which produce the audible vibrations of vulcanite and other bodies. Whether, however, it be heat or light which is the original source of these vibrations, the wonder is equally great; for if it be heat, the molecules composing the substance must be cooled and

heated with sufficient rapidity to respond to vibrations, of which there may be many hundreds in a second. Science is every day showing us that we are only beginning to discern the subtler potencies of matter and energy, and we find that the goal of today becomes the starting-point of to-morrow, and that a barrier is sooner reached, than it becomes a gateway to new and wider views of truth.—*Spectator.*

YOUNG BENGAL AT HOME.

(Contemporary Review.)

DR. G. BIRDWOOD lately informed us of the attempt now being made in Western India to enlist the aid of poetry and religion in fighting the battle of the handicraftsman against machinery. A vain battle! The commercial spirit is too firmly implanted in our modern civilization to admit of self-denial in favor of the hand-workers. We will all buy in the cheapest accessible market, whether we live in India or in England. It is a battle fought out to the bitter end in a country of old traditions and old customs, like India. There men's lives are stereotyped. Generations of workers have used the same tools, worked with the same materials, carried out the same designs, for centuries. To change, therefore, is more difficult with them than with us, just as it is more difficult with us than with the Americans.

A manufacturer from India was going through the workshops of Sheffield lately. He saw machinery there for rolling out sheets of copper. "That is exactly what we want," said he, "for our brass manufactories. If we can get machinery to roll out the sheets of brass, it will save a very large amount of manual labor." And so it would. But this manual labor is what gives the metal work of India its value. Turn out the vases and salvers, the cups, flagons and ornaments, by machinery, and you may have a thousand, all of the same mould, mathematically perfect, and yet not one of them a work of art. They will be cheaper, and, being cheaper, they will be purchased, but their artistic value is altogether lost.

It was this cunning of the fingers, her deftness in metal work, embroidery, shawls, ornamentation, muslins, carvings, and gildings,

that gave India so high a reputation in the olden time; and with this reputation came wealth. She lives now on her former renown.

The wealth of India was due, in a very great degree, to the habitual frugality of the inhabitants. This frugality became a habit with them. Strict economy in their houses was the rule. Extravagance and waste were shunned as sins. Where custom and duty are convertible terms, as in India, the father has a great hold on the minds of his children. A new word, a new saying, any new thing, was as abomination in the olden time.

But the simple domestic habits of the olden times are now giving place to luxury and extravagance. So many innovations have been made in the lives and habits of the people by their contact with Europeans that to remain exactly as they were, has become an impossibility. Nor is this influence confined to the large towns and to the chief seats of the Presidencies and of the ruling powers. Young men, anxious to be well educated, forsake their Native villages for years in order to study at some central station. They return full of new ideas, with a profound contempt for the simplicity of their forefathers, anxious to introduce extravagance and luxury. There was always a good deal devoted to charity and religious observances in the old Hindu life, but our modern gallant sneers at all that. He has studied political and social economy. He knows that indiscriminate alms-giving is injurious, and he would put a stop to it. Feeding the poor, digging wells, constructing bathing-places at sacred spots, and erecting shrines, were the forms which charity took in the olden time. The youthful student of the Government College would substitute a stylish equipage for the modest palanquin of his father and grandfather, and he has no superfluous cash to bestow on the religious follies of his forefathers. With his fathers the choice lay between the palanquin and the covered car or *ruth*, drawn by bullocks. Our young gallant must have a buggy and a high-stepping Arab or Australian to draw it.

If the extravagance of the young men ended here, there would be but little cause for severe censure; but it does not. The garden-houses of the wealthier families lie usually outside the towns, and are little exposed to the observation of the townspeople. In these luxury and extravagance are carried to pernicious lengths.

Too often vice is super-added, and health and morality are equally outraged.

The immoderate use of ardent spirits has unfortunately become one of the crying abuses of. our time amongst the youthful scions of the wealthier Hindu families. "I shudder at the havoc which this baneful indulgence has caused in Native society," says a judicious Native reformer in Calcutta. "How many ancient and respectable families have thereby been made childless; how much has it increased the number of widows and orphans; and how many promises of a brilliant and successful career in our youth have been blighted by it, just when early manhood was dawning forth! Once under its influence" (that is, the influence of alcohol), he continues, "and the youths pay no regard to the exhortations of those by whom they are beloved; their friends and elders are neglected or despised, nor will they take warning from glaring examples of men wrecked in health and fortune."

As the growing boy in England thinks it is manly to sport a cigar or pipe, so the educated youth of India thinks it is manly and fashionable to indulge in beef and brandy—abominations to his parents. His education at the Government College has undermined the foundations of his faith. He cannot, in fact, learn geography without doubting its truth, and before he has gone through the circle of his studies he has shaken off the belief of his fathers "like a garment unsuited to the climate in which it is worn."

I was visiting in the house of a Maharajah in Sobha Bazaar, Calcutta, during the festivities of Durga Pujah. Durga, the goddess, is supposed to come as the slayer of sin, bringing with her Lakshmi (wealth), and Saraswati (learning), and Genesh (happiness and welfare), in her train. It is the greatest festival of the Hindu year, and families vie with each other in their display on such occasions.

The son of the Maharajah conducted me towards the shrine of the many-armed goddess of wisdom. We ascended three steps from the level of the court-yard in which the festivities were being held. "Here we will stop" said the young man, "they would not like you to ascend higher. They would consider it wrong." "They?" said I, in reply; "and have you no feelings on the

subject? Do you not sympathize with their convictions?" "Certainly not," was the ready answer. "I do not believe in anything of the kind, I have left all that nonsense far behind me."

Unfortunately, in leaving the superstitions of their forefathers behind them, too many of the race of Young Bengal leave all morality and restraint behind them as well and will not be trammelled by any of the old-fashioned rules of propriety. Unfortunately, also, the legislation of British India conduces to encourage the rage for alcohol, and with that is associated a whole crowd of vices. The financial authorities are too easily tempted by the prospect of increased revenue, and thus facilltate as much as possible the introduction of alcohol into the houses of the people. The general introduction of the out-still system has caused a considerable increase in the consumption of liquor, and, with that increase, drunkenness. Mr. Barlow, the Commissioner of Bhaugulpore, has called the attention of Government to the subject in his annual report. He considers that this reversion to the out-still system is having injurious moral effects upon the people, particularly tending to the spread and increase of drunkenness.

The excise revenue of one and-a-half year amounted to more than nine and a-half lacs showing an increase of more than two lacs, or 27 per cent. above the average of the past five years, and nearly a lac or 11 per cent. above the receipts from this source in 1878-79.

These facts prove unmistakably that Mr. Barlow is right. And yet, with all this shaking off of old habits and old creeds, there is a fund of credulity and superstition in Young Bengal that pours forth in a thousand odd ways. Babu Keshub Chunder Sen has endeavoured to attract this wasted energy towards a purer faith and higher ideal of life, with some little success. If the youth of Bengal would but put themselves under the Babu's teaching, great benefit would arise to them and to their country. Nay, if all Hindusim, with its teeming millions, would listen to the practical teaching, the mysticism, and the transcendental Orientalism of the New Dispensation, it would be well for India, for assuredly the old faith cannot long survive. It cannot well exist with railways, electric telegraphs, Peninsular and Oriental steamers, and the electric light. Nor will the Christianity of England and Scotland, a

Christianity in pantaloons, suffice for India. It must be more cosmopolitan and less formulated.

The spirit of credulity and superstition, still prevalent amongst the educated classes in India, disports itself sometimes in spiritualism, but more frequently in divination. One of the most popular Native books is "Kashife Asrare Khwab," or "The Discloser of the Mysteries of Dreams," a work which, though of Mahomedan origin, and originally written in Urdu, is now extensively read all over India, and by none more diligently than by Young Bengal. It teaches us that the dreams of the early night are not to be expected to be fulfilled immediately, but those of the early morning are likely to be much sooner realized. A few examples of the kind of philosophy taught by the "Kashife Asrare Khwab" may be interesting to English readers. So far as I know, the work has never been translated into English.

No dream ought to be told before the rising of the sun, or after sunset, or on a cloudy stormy day. The author of "The Discloser of the Mysteries of Dreams" seems to have taken an inveterate dislike to noisy chattering and disobedient boys. "In the presence of such," says he, "tell no dreams at all, for nothing good can come of them." If it begins with *Alif* (A), then may a horse or a mule be obtained, or safety from danger. To dream of a fig is a sign of getting payment of money due, or of great emolument or profit. There are certain dates on which dreams are fortunate and likely to come true. There are others on which all this is reversed. Nobody ever heard of a dream that was dreamt on the 13th, 20th, 21st, 28th, or 29th, of the month coming true; whilst those dreamt on the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 27th, and 30th, are considered almost certain to foreshadow the future one way or the other. The dream that the sky is covered with clouds is a forerunner of great calamity. If a journey is to be undertaken, it will be a miserable and unfortunate journey. To dream of a gold mohur, a coin worth 32*s*., is a most fortunate circumstance portending the birth of a son, or some other felicity. To dream of the taking off of a ring from the finger is an unfortunate circumstance, plainly prognosticating a wife's unfaithfulness. On the other hand, to dream of putting on a ring is a sure

foreruner of success in life, profit or prosperity. He who dreams of sucking sugarcane will certainly become a great orator or poet. He will be persuasive in speech, prosperous and rich. To see one's self killed by another in a dream is a sign of health and happiness and long life. If he dreams of flour and the eating thereof, it may be a good or a bad sign, for the dreamer, according to the attendant circumstances. If it is dry flour it betokens evil fortune, misery, calamity, or mishaps; if cooked flour, or wet, then the dream portends good fortune, happiness, or prosperity. To dream of the deceased king is a sure prelude to misery and misfortune, poverty and ruin.

Such is a sample of the divination in which Young Bengal delights, a sample of the nonsense which has taken the place of the religion of his forefathers. Portents and lucky and unlucky omens enter largely into his life, alas! and are the causes of much unhappiness. It requires a strong mind to shake off the effects of belief in these things, when they have been instilled from infancy. Young Bengal pretends to despise them in public, but in private they have a powerful influence over him.

The sons of the Native gentry of Bengal are naturally anxious to imitate the habits and customs of the ruling classes; but they forget that it is possible to imitate the follies and vices and to neglect the nobler lessons. Scions of even noble houses in England do not disdain to enter the merchants' counting-houses, the banks, or tea or coffee plantations. A minority of them get appointments under Government. But Young Bengal seems to think that Government employment is the only fitting occupation for a gentleman. Sometimes, too, the fathers are in fault. They would, in some instances, rather see their sons sink into idleness within the walls of the Zenana than earn an honest living in the fields or in a workshop. Independence is little prized in comparison with ease and comfort.

(*To be continued.*)

AMUSING.

A SPREAD-EAGLE orator, at a political meeting the other night, said, "If he had the wings of a bird he would fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, and carry the glad tidings

of victory which he was so sure of." A naughty boy in the crowd sang out, "You'd be shot for a goose before you had flied a mile."

"WHAT is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. And the new boy said, "Their scarcity."

A WIT being asked, on the failure of a certain bank, "Were you not upset?" replied, "No; I only lost my balance."

"WHAT is the first thing to be done in case of fire?" asked Professor Stearns. "Sue the insurance company," promptly answered the boy at the foot of the class, whose father had been burned out twice.

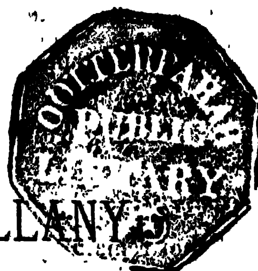
GAINING A LOSS.—Whittaker is one of the richest men in Ohio, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, when he overturned it upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Whittaker the next day and demanded payment for the loss of his cow. "Certainly," said Whittaker, "what do you think she was worth?" Well, about 10 dollars," said Jones. "How much did you get for the hide and tallow?" "Ten dollars and a half, sir," "Oh, well then, you owe me just 50 cents." Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand; and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.

PROOF OF A. Y. Z.—A gentleman travelling in a railway carriage was endeavouring, with considerable earnestness, to impress some arguments upon a fellow passenger who was seated opposite to him, and who appeared rather dull of comprehension. At length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed in a louder tone, "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C! "That may be," quietly replied the other, "but I am D E F!"

THE reasons that are given for the present State of Ireland are sometimes very curious.. Dr. Begg and Dr. Wylie, two Scottish divines of some eminence in their own country, have been delivering themselves on the subject. The first says it is because Ireland is a Sabbath-breaking country; the second accuses the Jesuits of being at the bottom of the land agitation. To the same fruitful cause he also ascribes the Crimean war, the Franco-German war, the Mexican expedition, "There was a strong suspicion," he adds, "that they had also to do with the Indian Mutiny?"

THE

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GOSSIP ABOUT PHILOSOPHY.

By Mutti Lall Singh.

IV.

It is a well known fact that the substance of our bodies is constantly changing, and that so rapidly that in seven years they say every particle of them is different from what it was seven years before. Yet this does not interfere with our sense of identity. Gopal Chunder is Gopal Chunder still, the same as he was fourteen years ago, although twice in that time every atom of his frame has been replaced by new matter. May we not learn from this the folly of trying to keep things always as they have been, the folly of being opposed to change, when we ourselves are changing every minute? Every organ of the brain amongst the rest is changing, every portion of the body is undergoing constant waste and renewal, yet the consciousness of continued identity remains the same.

Personality or individuality identifies all our thoughts and ideas with a certain frame. Similitude or sameness of impression

is presented constantly by memory; and memory is a recurrence of impressions. Thus personality, similitude and memory are all leading us up to the same point that the I is continued, preserved intact, through all changes of the body. An American story tells us of a gentleman who lost a leg, and then an arm, yet he remained William B. Carruthers through it all, and was still devotedly attached to Aurelia M. Brothhers. He did not doubt his own identity for an instant, although nearly three fourths of him were gone.

Memory, a recurrence of impressions, leads to habit, and this habit is a powerful agent in modifying our ideas. "I think therefore I am," as the French philosopher said, is a conclusion from the conscious sense, and the sense of personality. In cases of doubt or divided consciousness, there must be defect of memory. This sometimes arises from disease.

It would be difficult to identify one's self in another form bodily or mental, even with the help of memory. We find a difficulty in identifying ourselves with our condition as children, when the body was so much smaller than at present. Nay even in a calm moment we can hardly identify ourselves as the victims of passion, led to do unwise or unseemly actions by some sudden emotion which no longer influences us. Love or hate, or obstinacy, sympathy, pity or revenge may lead to do things of which reason complains subsequently, and we find a difficulty in realizing ourselves as the victims of these transient but enthralling emotions.

Some will shrink from interrogating themselves on these subjects or diving into their own inner consciousness to find an answer to such questions as philosophy suggests, but this is unwise. We must examine nature as a whole, if we would discover the fundamental principles of that wonderful frame of nature without us or that as wonderful microcom within—that little world hid from men's sight, but which is as surely subject to the laws of nature, as the sun, moon and stars.

It is only when studying without prejudice that we learn to feel that knowledge is power, and poetry and mental delight. Then only do we pass out of narrow prejudices and conventionalities, and learn the full dignity of manhood, as we advance ever surely onwards on the path of intelligence and reason.

The renewal of the matter of the brain is of course a gradual process, and the new material naturally takes the character of that to which it joins company, in the same way as in any other vital organ. Thus the action of the brain, our thoughts, feelings, affections, passions, remain the same, although the substance of the brain has been renewed. The new material evolves wisdom or folly, health, vigor or disease, as the case may be. Each organ of the body evolves that physical condition which is the basis of its constitution, just as every portion of the brain evolves its own spirit-condition—faculties blending as colours blend, and changing with the change of the whole—or blending as sounds blend, in harmony or discord.

Each sense faculty is adapted to receive the peculiar influence or impression to which it relates, and knowledge flows in through all if we only open them to receive it, but it is quite possible for us to close them by prejudice, by habit, by long continued practice, so that no new ideas may gain admittance. Then all is sealed up. We are living mummies, antiquated living fossils, with the prejudices and feelings, the narrowness and bigotry of the past, engraven on our intellect—progress of all kinds quite excluded.

People are often restrained from casting off old errors because they have nothing ready to put in their place, no cut and dried system prepared. But there is an evil effect on the mind produced by harbouring and cherishing, through timidity or indolence, what we suspect is untrue. The mere exclusion of the truth, by presence of the error, is a prodigious evil, but far greater is the misfortune induced, the deterioration of all the powers, from the lowest faculties of perception up to the highest principles of conscience. This ensues from tam-

pering with our nature—our best nature, our conscious reverence for truth and honesty. No one can esteem himself, who is daily living out a lie, conscious of doubt or disbelief of that which he daily pretends to believe. All our higher faculties go down at once before such masquerading as this. It saps the foundation of all that is noblest and best in us.

And what a noble feeling it is, that which grows up and pervades us when we have fairly returned to our obedience to nature. What a healthful glow animates the faculties! what serenity settles upon the temper! One seems to have a new set of nerves when one has planted one's foot on the broad common of Nature, and clear daylight and bracing breezes are around us—no more pit-falls and rolling vapours of doubt and gloom and uncertainty—no more false raptures and agonies, the outcome of selfish hopes and fears—but sober certainty instead, certainty of reliance on the immutability of Nature's laws, and the lofty liberty found in obeying them.

We are all still, and mankind must long continue to be, injured and impaired in power and in peace by the operation of past ignorance, which has mournfully impaired the conditions of human life. But emancipation is possible, and it is precious beyond all estimate of treasure. Ignorant as we yet are of much, hardly able to catch a glimpse of the workings of Nature, or to form a true conception of the existence of Law, yet the freedom from tyranny and bondage which the mind feels, when it resolves to cast off all prejudice, every thing that is false and untrue, and to rely upon the truth alone, is inexpressibly grateful. It is an emancipation from the worst of tyrannies, the thraldom of the intellect.

And yet our condition at best is merely that of infant-waking upon a new world of experience. The privilege of freedom is beyond all price notwithstanding. It animates the intellect, renovates the conscience, elevates and refines the moral conceptions and conduct, and lifts us up out of the con-

dition of passionate and fretful children into the full maturity of serene intellectual enjoyment.

Shall we be content to receive all the benefits of life, delighting in the free development and beauty of nature around us, whilst we ourselves remain hidden as it were behind a mask, standing there a conscious criminal in the midst? for to disguise or to deny what we feel and know to be true, what is it but to live in a lie to be ourselves in fact a living lie? brave towards the good, the true, and the right, but cowards towards men. But there are many people; good, respectable, sometimes pious people, who have no faith in knowledge; in that faith of faiths, that rest for hope, that solace for grief: they have no faith in what so truly contributes to peace of mind, to true wisdom and every kind of good work. Such people talk of dangerous truths, as if all the danger did not come from the opposition of ignorance and error; as if any one truth could be opposed to any other truth, or to any system or faith founded on truth.

To appear respectable in the eyes of the world how many thousands are there, in all countries, who conform to many outward ceremonies, and go through ritual observances, not because they believe in their efficacy or in the faith that enjoins them, but solely to stand on a good footing with their neighbors and friends! Unworthy compromise, base tampering with truth! If all would be truthful and sincere from how much of debasing cant and hypocrisy we should be saved! and such candour and truthfulness would soon put an end to all religious and social persecution. People desire this or that to be true, irrespective of what is, but no wise person will desire one thing to be true and another to be false. He will enquire dispassionately. He will not wish nature to stand still for his special gratification. Whenever he is in error he will be thankful for correction, and receive the news as gladly as if he had discovered a new planet.

THE THREE GHOST-SEERS.

By J. Duhan Ph. D.

SHAKESPEARE, Göethe and Byron have each presented us with a picture of a ghost-seer. Hamlet, Faust, and Manfred. All three characters are pervaded by a mysterious and overwhelming anxiety relative to the invisible world. In all of them the poet probably puts into the mouth of his imaginary hero, a considerable portion of his own heart-longings after something beyond, and above himself. The opening scenes of Manfred bring forcibly before us the introduction to the scholarly Faust. Much of the reasoning in Manfred also brings us very near to the argument pursued in Hamlet, and it was probably this sympathy in thought which caused Byron to take as his text the words of Hamlet "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

In all three of these great works, shines out the invincible consciousness of immortality, the hope, the fear, the doubt of that which lies beyond mortal knowledge. In all three we have the same impulse of the soul, to link itself with spiritual affinities, and we have the inward communings that bewilder and torment, laid bare in each case by a master hand.

The three heroes are essentially distinct, and in many cases contrasted; yet there are many points of similarity between the utterances of each, leading up to the one grand idea, and that idea is, the desire of the caged soul to find a higher level, the innate and intuitive recognition of that invisible world by which all three believed themselves to be surrounded.

In these three characters, Hamlet, Faust and Manfred, we have depicted the three stages of life, youth, manhood, and age. Hamlet, the youngest and the most unlike the other two, has the fewest years to look back upon, and those years were neither blackened by crime, nor burdened with the weight of

wearisome study. There is no remorse gnawing at his heart for his own sins, but the sins of others have cast a blight upon him, which makes him bitter against the world's hollowness and deceit. He has an exaggerated view of the worthlessness of mankind and he would willingly plunge into the death-sleep, as a cure for heart-ache. Faust, the eldest of the three, has labored long in the realms of learning, but is yet unsatisfied. The study of law, medicine, divinity and philosophy, have left him a fool in his own eyes, although wise in the eyes of the world. His knowledge of himself, makes him regard his life as a failure. He meditates suicide. Manfred too, though from different causes, in the fulness of manhood, is disgusted with life and would risk self-destruction. He too, appeals to the spiritual for aid, and through the potency of unlawful spells, summons the spirits of the elements to do his bidding.

In each of these poems the author deals in a widely different way with the supernatural. Shakespeare depicts the more commonly received English idea of the return of departed spirits to the earth. As such return was once permitted, he sees nothing contrary to reason or to the received religion of his time, in supposing such re-appearance to be allowed again. Göethe depicts the mediæval idea of the supernatural as practised by Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Nostradamus, and others of that stamp. His Mephistophiles is the embodiment of the conception of the restless evil spirit, wandering up and down upon the earth, to compass man's destruction—not the devil of the Bible, but of the middle ages keen-witted, wicked, and relentless, but at the same time humorous, and jovial. Byron's supernatural machinery is of the romantic school in which gnomes, wood-nymphs, and nixies abound. Nemesis and the Destinies, add to it a classical element, and Arimanes is an oriental importation. Flashes of light from his great predecessors light up his page at every turn, yet without giving an idea of plagiarism.

Not one of these three great authors, was a religious man in the ordinary acceptation of the term, yet their poems may be

regarded as protests against rationalism, and infidelity. Not that these poems are to be regarded as the results of religious conviction, but simply as the outward expression of the immortal germ within them. Revelations come through great poets unconsciously. Manfred is the story of a soul, knowing, and acknowledging, its own sin, weakness, and misery. At the outset of the poem, Manfred has arrived at a more advanced stage than Faust. He has passed through temptation, proved the devil and measured him accurately, whilst Faust has had no such temptation to undergo. Both are sick of the pleasures, vanities and delights of tho world but Manfred has advanced a step further than Faust, like Hamlet he has discovered that the source of misery is from within. Weighing themselves in the balance of conscience they have become "their own soul's sepulchre" or as Manfred puts it

"I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself
The last infirmity of evil."

Conscience is distinctly visible at work in both characters, and Manfred is perhaps a revelation of the poet's better nature, working through the environments of outward evil.

In Manfred's breast we have the same qualms concerning futurity that had afflicted Hamlet——

"To die, to sleep
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay there's the rub
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause"

and so it is with Manfred. He doubts whether death will bestow upon him the relief he wants. The spirits can only inform him of their own condition—

"We are immortal and do not forget
We are eternal; and to us the past
Is as the future present."

Whether that sleep of death will annihilate the remembrance of that which has passed in the flesh they cannot tell

him, for "the thing which mortals call death has naught to do with them." He craves oblivion of the bitter sinful past, he craves rest for the future. He wants only that dreamless sleep—annihilation—the *nirvana* of the Buddhists, and he cannot find it.

Hamlet's suicide is prevented by his own thoughts of the future, the restraints of religion. Manfred's suicide is prevented by the Chamois hunter, but no sooner is he saved from self-destruction than his struggles begin anew and he has recourse again to the supernatural. Both Hamlet and Manfred find that from the dead alone can be wrested the secrets of that dim after world that so perplexed them. Manfred appeals to Arimanes and Astarte and from the latter he hears his doom—

"Manfred! Tomorrow ends thine earthly ills."

The character of the Abbot is creditable to Lord Byron, it shews an honest respect and deference for sincere piety, there is no sneering at holiness. The Abbot is depicted as dignified, sincere and conscientious. He rebukes the evil spirits boldly and fearlessly. His words prove that his faith has given him strength and courage in a time of spiritual danger.

The end of all three of our ghost-seers is peace.

"Light and darkness
And mind, and dust, and passions, and pure thoughts,
Mixed and contending without end."

The weird poems draw to a close. The heroes, conquerors over the last foe death, hear words of peace and comfort in the air as they die; eternal peace floats over them. And thus lifted above the earth we feel ourselves half akin to the mighty invisible world, and soaring above the materialism of the work-a-day earth re-echo once more the words of the great dramatist, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

SPRING.

(A SONNET.)

Now spring returns with all her golden train
Of buds and blossoms in their vernal bloom,
Now starts the south-wind from the distant main,
And roseate dawn succeeds to wint'ry gloom;
While all the wood is gay and all the plain
Spreads out its grassy bed, and all assume
A hue of joy: the earth, the sky, the main.
The breeze in gentle whispers blows perfume,
His thrilling notes the cuckoo sings again,
Bright beams of joy the lover's face illume,
And throbbing hopes and joys resume their reign,
Sweet spirit of spring and love my soul relume
And in my heart of hearts thy mansion make,
I alone grieve while all are gay and 'wake.

M. M. DATTA.

A WORD ABOUT INDIA.

(Communicated.)

IT IS painfully clear to every one who has given the slightest consideration to the subject of India's welfare that this country is rapidly verging towards the extreme point of misery and impoverishment. But it is not for the blessed sons of fortune to understand the hapless state of our country, nor is it for the poor, begging people who have only to seek their bread. The former buried in the lap of luxury and inglorious ease seldom think of the world without. Kingdoms may rise or fall, people may go to wreck and ruin, the universe may as well turn topsyturvy, yet they do not care a snap for it. And the latter in the hard struggle for existence can scarcely be expected to be cognisant of what is going on in the world of politics. The whole of their life is spent a-begging to satisfy the cravings of nature. Surely they cannot be aware that there is something queer in the wind. It is only the middle class population of India upon whom the burthen lies the heavi-

est that can feel their country's misery and that are often found crying for mercy through the medium of periodicals, petitions, and public speeches. It is they who of late have left no stone unturned, no measure unattempted, to awaken the sympathies of the ruling authorities of India. And failing here they have made their voices heard even in the far off England in the fond hope of stirring the chord of that fellow feeling of which we have so much read in fiction and seen examples in real life. And it is true that they have succeeded at least to a certain outward extent. Gladstone, Bright, Hartington, Fawcett and other brilliant stars of England, and so-called champions of India espoused the cause of our country. The earnestness they at first manifested in the work of rescuing us from the clutches of biting taxation and other unjustifiable modes of oppression was indeed astonishing. Willis' Rooms, the House of Commons, in fact, whole England rang with dissatisfaction at the ex-premier's administration. And in India every countenance brightened up, every heart danced with joy in the hope of witnessing once more the restoration of peace and happiness by the repeal of certain oppressive and uncalled-for legislative enactments. But when the downfall of the Tory ministry was effected, and the Liberals came into power, the bubble burst, the film from the eyes of India was removed. Large promises, solemn assurances which had hitherto cheered up the woe begone people of this country at last proved to be all sham and delusion. The Arms Act and a host of other Acts which have flooded the country will remain unchanged. The License Act will also remain unrepealed. And is that all? Nay more. The Patriotic Fund which is an ingenious contrivance for raising money has excited dissatisfaction throughout the country. It is indeed a synonym for a war tax; the difference exists in the name. The middle class people of India are made the victims of these devices. They are the greatest sufferers and have no one to appeal to for the redress of their grievances. They have, on the one hand, to maintain a numerous family and at the same time

to keep up the respectability of their social position and, on the other, to meet the incessant demands of Government in the shape of taxes and funds. Again the frequent outbreaks of famine and fever are aggravating the calamity. I may here observe in passing that the difference between the Mahomedan administration of India and that of the governing race of the present day is little or nothing. During the one, people were plundered in broad daylight, but oppression is now practised under the garb of modern enlightenment and civilisation. There is really no hope for us on this side of the grave.

Even the very hope that flickered in us of obtaining situation under Government is extinct. The doors of appointment to natives are not so wide open as they were formerly. Times are changed and have become very hard. What then, may I ask, people of India! have you gained under the *régime* of the new ministry? Surely nothing. Little did ye know when ye went about extolling the virtues of the Liberals, and expressing your joy on their accession to power, that the change of ministry would be followed by a change for the worse in the political aspect of India. Your faith in the assurances of the members of the present ministry was immense; and you consequently formed hasty opinions, grasped at shadows, and revelled in delicious hopes and pleasing expectations, without ever pausing to reflect that the very foundation of the castle-building was a mere baseless vision.

Indeed it is a pity, a thousand and one pities, to witness the grovelling condition of the poor Indians. And what is worse, the payment of taxes is not always made to answer the purposes for which they are imposed. Look at the thoroughfares of public towns and villages and you will realise the truth of this assertion. Look again at the improper conduct of the authorities when they appropriated the Famine Fund to the prosecution of an unrighteous war. Look, I say, almost any where and every where, and you will find justice perverted, oppression practised, poverty staring the people in the face and

despair opening its horrible jaws. Rulers of the country! Worthies of Merry England! Is it merry to see so much misery, so much oppression, so much sorrow, so much absence of sympathy? If you can find music in the cries that issue from the huts and the wails that flow from the shops, then may you dance long and heartily to that melody—for it never ceases. If poverty can excite any felicitous sensations within you, Heaven knows you need never be sad. If you can slake your thirst in the heart wrung tears of human agony, you need never step out of your way to look for a fountain or a spring. India is abundantly fruitful in all this. Poverty, disease, sorrow and despair have spread the land. If one hundredth part of those millions of sterling which are drained away from this country to swell the wealth of England be expended in ameliorating the condition of the people here, physically, morally and intellectually, what an invaluable blessing our Government would confer upon us. If the Mofussil *huzoors* will have an eye upon redressing the grievances complained of, by an even-handed dispensation of justice, what a glorious day it would be for India. But if unfortunately the reverse be the case, let us then band together for public weal and appeal to the Fountain-head of Justice, I mean Her Gracious Majesty the Mighty Empress of India for such redress of grievances as our country seeks. Success, I hope, may ultimately attend our endeavours.

H. C. G.

RANDOM MELODIES.

I.

NAY smile not at his dearest name
  Wild girl how can'st thou know
The pangs that rend the lover's soul,
  That melt their heart to woe.

Tho' summer gales and odours sweet
  Fan me to slumbers calm,
No comfort can my soul relume,
  No joy can prove my balm.

II.

To-
While I the path of glory tread
And thou far off from me,
O think not I am cold, my love
My heart all gay and free.

Tho' proud in foremost ranks of men,
From land to land I roam,
The heart is still the heart of love
That won thee from thy home.

M. M. Datta.

BIDRI-WARE.

IN his Statistical Account of Bengal, Volume XV., Dr. Hunter says :—

"Of the arts of Purniah District the preparation and inlaying of bidri-ware is by far the most interesting both on account of the excellence of the articles produced, the dexterity of the artisans, and the division of labour used in the different operations of manufacture, a circumstance very rare in India. *Bidri* is a compound metal, and is prepared by members of the Kansari caste, who live in Bellori, a village situated about 4 miles from the civil station of Purniah. There are at present only four families in Bellori who follow this art, and four others of the same caste who make *sarposhs* or covers for the Native tobacoo pipe or hookah. In the manufacture of the ware, the workmen are usually divided into three classes. The first melt and cast the metal, and turn it in a lathe to complete the shape, which is usually that of the ordinary *surahi* or water vessel, or of a hookah stand. The second trace the figures and other designs on the work, which is then passed on to the third class, who after doing the carving work return it to the second, who inlay it with silver, give it a final polish, and stain the metal black. At Bellori only the first of these operations, namely, that of melting, casting, and turning the metal, is performed. The two other operations are effected in the old town of Purniah. The main component of *bidri* is the metal called by the Natives of the district *jasta*, which is indentical with the *dasta* of

Bengal, or zinc, the other ingredient employed being copper. Lead is not used now as it seems to have been in the time of Buchanan Hamilton."

There seems to be much doubt as to the exact composition of this tutenague, or, at any rate, it varies at the different places in which it is made, for the proportions given by Dr. Heyne, Captain Newbolt, and Dr. Smith as quoted by Dr. Balfour (*Cyc. Ind.*), differ widely from each other, as well as from those which Dr. Hunter gives. The casting is done in a very ingenious way :—a clay core of the exact shape, and of the interior dimensions of the vessel to be made, is carefully turned on a wheel, and dried and smoothed; upon this an even coating of a composition of wax, oil, and resin is laid, to the thickness which the enclosing shell of the vessel is to be, and this is again covered with a thick coating of clay. A hole is now made in the outer covering, and the whole is exposed to the heat of a fire which bakes the clay to the required hardness, and at the same time melts the wax which is beneath the outer clay covering and which runs out through the hole provided for its escape. The molten bidri metal is poured into the space previously occupied by the wax, and, after cooling, the clay mould is broken and the metal vessel appears in its rough state. It has then to be carefully turned and smoothed in a lathe, after which patterns are traced and cut out in shallow intaglio by chisels of various shapes, and the hollows so formed are filled with thin silver plate, which is made to adhere firmly to the bidri ground by the use of hammer and punch. The work is then polished by friction, first with cakes composed of lac and powdered corundum, and finally with charcoal; after this the ground or bidri metal receives a permanent black colour by being rubbed with a paste of which the chief ingredients are sal-ammoniac and nitre. This blackening of the bidri ground not only heightens the effect of the silver inlay, but prevents the tarnish which otherwise would, in time, disfigure the ground. The industry is of Mahomedan introduction, and the ware takes its name from Bider, a town in the Deccan, about 75 miles north-west of Hyderabad, where it is said to have been first made. In Bengal, Purniah has long been celebrated for its production, and a good account of the process of manufacture is given

by Buchanan in his description of that place. It is also, or was within a few years ago, carried on to a very small extent in Dacca.

A LOVER OF ART.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE BOMBAY UNIVERSITY ON THE STUDY OF SCIENCE.

WHAT DOES the study of science mean? Well, it means that in the operations of life in which we seek to turn to account the gift of Divine providence, we should be guided by the skill which rises out of knowledge, rather than by haphazard work or groping in the dark. It is not that we should work upon theory rather than common-sense and practice, but it means that we should ground our theory and practice upon ascertained loss. It means that instead of going on blindly in the path that our fathers trod, or adopting one invention or another at haphazard, we should from our practical knowledge comprehend them and judge of their right application. It means that we should turn to good account not only the talents that are given us but the liberal gifts of Providence by which we are surrounded. In days past, when this great country was separated from rest of the world by a waste of waters, communications were slow, and when it was dependent upon itself, and its people for its supplies of manufactured material, rude and simple inventions might suffice to utilize products of the land. I do not for a moment forget the great knowledge of the science of beauty possessed by many of the inhabitants of the country, and the marvellous perfection to which certain arts were carried, but I mean in the prosecution of the industries which form the main staples of this country the arts were rude and simple, and are not calculated to compete in the present day with the science and inventions of the world. The wonderful development of steam, which has rendered the sea not a barrier but bridge to connect one land with another, has borne in upon us the manufactures of other countries to which all the inventions of science have been applied, so that they are produced with marvellous cheapness, and compete, nay, almost exclude, the simple manufactures of our people. Well, what is the moral, what is the policy to be followed under circumstances to which that is

but one illustration? Not, surely, that we should tax the people of the country to maintain their own rude, extensive, and therefore expensive, form, but that we should bring and apply to the industries of the country the science which has cheapened production and produced prosperity elsewhere. The natives of this country are surely not less capable of learning; their intellects are not less subtle, their ability to acquire knowledge not less keen than those of their brethren in the West. Sure I am that if they embraced the advantages of modern inventions they would compete successfully with the manufactures of any part of the world. It is in the right application—the prudent application of inventions which are sufficiently numerous, that scientific education will be most profitably directed. And this is but one illustration of the benefits to be derived from a study of science; because there is, as you know well, in the study of the laws of gravitation, in the right estimation of the powers by which we are surrounded, in the knowledge of the component parts of the soil, in the improvement of agriculture, and in the knowledge of chemistry, botany, and so forth, abundant exercise for inventive genius and scientific success, which cannot fail to be profitable if we only rightly turn our attention to these subjects. Again, the science of astronomy will do much to wipe away the superstition, which the best of natives of this country deplore as much as we do, to teach the people that the heavenly bodies move in a wonderful way indeed, but do not exercise malign influences on man's existence. In trying to do away with superstition we do not want to interfere with any man's religion; but simply to teach those truths which we are all seeking. You can profit by many branches of education, because in our colleges we have been aided and equipped by funds liberally given by beneficent persons, scholarships and fellowships are endowed, and professors are paid, partially indeed by the State, but in the largest proportion by private benefactions. I find in the Elphinstone College, which I suppose, occupies the most prominent place amongst our colleges there are eight well-paid professors of arts and other branches, but for physical science there is but one and he is not paid so highly as the others. Well, that shows that the sinews of war are wanted, and backing up, as I do most earnestly, the appeal not made for the first time, believe that we shall not have to appeal in vain.

STRANGE JAPAN.

MISS BIRD is a middle-aged lady of Edinburgh, who spends her time in travelling and writing an account of her travels. She has done this in many regions and far distant lands—the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific, the Rocky Mountains, the United States, and Japan. Her book "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" is full of interest. She travelled where no European had ever been before. For fifteen hundred miles she journeyed thus attended only by a Japanese Interpreter and Japanese servants without being subjected to insult, violence or robbery.

Her interpreter Ito was a youth of seventeen years of age, "whose pleasures were all vicious," and who had no reticence of tongue, but spoke of every thing with a freedom to make Miss Bird start. He would tell lies, and sulk, and cheat but he was invaluable to her, and her book shows that she wrote down all as it occurred, truly, honestly, faithfully. It is a genuine book, not a make-up of paste and scissors, of scraps borrowed and of other people's thoughts. It is all her own.

Ito saw nothing strange or wrong in men and women bathing together, and often took Miss Bird into scenes which shocked her. But where nothing evil was meant, and no harm intended, she had the good sense to make no fuss about it. "You don't say it's a devilish fine day, like other people" said Ito to Miss Bird you only say it's a very fine day. Is it right for men to say that and not for women?" And again "You don't say what the devil is it, like other people, you only say what is it?" Ito was anxious to enlarge and improve his vocabulary. In answer to a question from Miss Bird he replied "Japanese men have only one proper wife, but as many other women as they can afford, just like Englishmen"—and on another occasion—"that man is as drunk as an Englishman."

Ito's predominating feeling was patriotism. Not even in the Scotch or Americans had Miss Bird found this feeling

stronger. On one occasion she saw a Japanese woman drunk and behaving unseemly in public. Shortly after she saw Ito sitting with his hands over his face, and his face on his knees. "Are you ill Ito"? she asked. "No, only ashamed, what will you think of us after what you have seen?"

Miss Bird travelled by rail from Yokohama to Yeddo the capital, then by carriage to the north-west, right through the island, till the roads ceased, and then by horse or by cow, riding, and often walking to the extreme north, then across the straits into the island of Yesso, and so amongst the wildest inhabitants of Japan. Everywhere she met with courtesy and politeness, although in some places hundreds assembled to gaze at her. They had never seen a foreigner before.

But it is time to give some of her experiences in a condensed and abridged form. The superstitions of Northern Japan are endless. I have been gathering them all the way and could fill several sheets with them. The people are not unwilling to communicate them either though Ito laughs at them and yet wears a charm all the same. Every one wears charms, there is not a town in which charm-bags are not sold, and in Tōkiyô the shops which sell little or nothing else are quite a feature in some of the streets. These bags are all prices, from 50 *sen* to 5 *yen* (from one rupee to ten rupees) and are usually of scarlet cloth embroidered in gold and silks. Women carry their amulets in an unsuspected girdle especially made for them, and which they never part with for a moment except in the bath, either by day or night. To drop the amulet is a sign of speedy death. The practice is so universal that Ito is asked at every *yadoya*, (or rest house) what charm I wear and how I wear it. Some of the older women wear such a number that they make quite a hump under the girdle. Girls and children carry gay charm-pouches suspended from their waists. In some of the northern villages the charm is sewn into the pad, the stiff pad upon which the chignon is formed!

Men very generally wear an amulet from Isé, the cradle of Shintoism. *Bettos* (carriage runners) and many coolies wear

them round their necks, but middle-class men hide them in their tobacco-pouches or sleeves. These amulets frequently have nothing but the name of a God upon them, or a word or two of the Buddhist scriptures.

Small Buddhist idols in cases are frequently carried in the sleeve, and the rice farmers often use the same receptacle for little images of the fox, the emblem of Inari, their spécial god. Many of the charms are minute figures of different divinities and holy men sewn into minute bags and supposed to possess especial virtues and powers. Thus figures of the famous saints Nichiun and Kobodaishi carry their wearers safely to Paradise. Benten, the Japanese Venus, gives girls beauty and attractiveness, another divinity protects from snakes, of which all Japanese women have the utmost dread; another from the machinations of the fox; another gives good luck, another saves from drowning and accident, another bestows the gift of children, and makes them loveable, and so on infinitely. These amulets and figures are originally obtained from the temples and are a source of revenue to the priests. In the rice-fields of late, I have constantly seen sticks, with papers inscribed with characters, dangling from them. These are charms against a worm and are obtained from the temples. Most of the houses in Akita and Aomori *ken* (province) wear charms suspended from their necks.

The Buddhist priests sustain and foster all superstitions which they can turn to a profitable account. A rug rubbed upon the medicine god, and conveyed to a sick person is under some circumstances supposed to have the same effect as a personal application. The amulet that saves from drowning is a certain cure for choking if courageously swallowed. Certain superstitions govern the building of houses. Thus it is lucky to place the *kura* (store-house) on the north-east side, the door to the south-east. In sleeping the head must on no account be turned to the north, because that is the position of a corpse after death, and cold water must always be poured into the warm water in a vessel, not warm into cold because in washing the dead the

latter plan is adopted. It is very unlucky to use chop-sticks, of which one is bamboo, the other wood, because the tongs used to collect ashes in the cremation grounds, are made in this fashion.

Ghosts are as much believed in in Japan as elsewhere, and they are not limited to apparitions of human beings, for the she-badger and fox love to disport themselves after their departure from the body. Foxes play practical jokes and steal away people's senses and nearly always assume the shapes of beautiful women. The fox always follows his victims who are usually men, while the badger always goes before hers who are usually women befooled by her in the guise of loveable young men. A lover thinking of the girl he loved, as he passes her grave, is followed from the cemetary by a woman of great beauty carrying a lantern, but she is seen by a third person only as a hideous skeleton. Ghosts can be raised in various ways, some of which are like disused Hallowe'en practices. One way is to put into an oil-lamp an hundred rush-lights and repeat an incantation of an hundred lines. One of the rush-lights is taken out at the end of each line, and the would-be ghost seer then goes out into the dark with one light still burning and blows it out when the ghost ought to appear. Girls who have lost their lovers by death, sometimes try this sorcery. The Japanese are terribly afraid of darkness, the poorest people keep a lamp burning all night. In these regions they will not walk along the roads after dark unless in companies. I have been compelled to make an early halt several times because the *mago* (horse-leader) would not for double pay encounter the supernatural risks to be run in returning at night. At Shingojo I was disturbed by a great disturbance, because a bald-pated monster with goggle eyes and a tongue hanging out of his mouth had looked over the folding screens, a trick he often plays. The ghosts of suicides haunt the scene of self-destruction specially if it be a well.

Spiritualism as a means of raising ghosts has been long practised in Japan. At Innai I saw a woman (the mediums are

always women) going into a house to practise her craft. A father wished to know whether his son who was ill of *Kak'ke* would recover. The mediums always carry a small box put up in a bundle of a peculiar shape, and a light bark hat, not on the head but in the hand. The contents of the box, if it has any, are known only to the possessor. Some say it contains the head of a dog who has been buried alive up to his neck, and has died of thirst. The medium sits down with the box in front of her, and twangs the string of a small bow ceaselessly on the lid. The inquirer sits opposite to her and she throws water towards him out of a small cup. If it is a departed spirit to be summoned, a leaf from a grave-yard bouquet is used to splash the water; if the spirit of a living person a bit of stick. The only question which the medium puts to the inquirer is whether he wishes to interview the living or the dead. In this instance of spiritualism at Innai where Ito was present a departed spirit was called. An incantation is said, and then the spirit speaks with the medium's voice. Ito, sceptic as he is, confessed that when at Nügata he went to a medium to ask the spirit of his dead father whether he would get safely through this journey through the interior.

Among the many ghosts in which junk men believe, there is one malignant fellow who comes to them very politely and asks to borrow a dipper. The answer involves the exercise of much discrimination, for if a dipper with a bottom is courteously bestowed upon him, he uses it to bale water enough to swamp the junk, but if the bottom be hastily knocked out and the dipper thrown to him he disappears; but in this last case, unless the act be accompanied by an incantation, the ghost turns into a sea *kappa*, a many-clawed monster powerful enough to drag the junk to the bottom. In Minato I saw a god in a small temple, which was hung over with offerings, made by sailors in the belief that he can protect them from the ghost of the dipper.

I believe that the common household superstitions are believed in by all women, and by most men, of the lower

classes, though "Young Japan" affects to laugh at them. Probably many of them are local, as some for instance, which were believed at Nikkô, are unknown here. One that I have met with every where is, that those who throw clippings of nails or hair into the fire-place are in danger of disaster; and another that no word containing the syllable *shi*, one meaning of which is death, must be used on New Year's Day.

Some of the superstitions are amusing, people always leave their clogs in the *doma* (a paved yard placed before every house), when they enter the house, and it is believed that if you burn a lucifer match on the back of those of a tedious visitor it will rid you of him altogether. Purple or violet must not be worn at a marriage, either by bride or bridegroom lest divorce should come speedily, as these, of all colors, fade the soonest. To break the thong of a clog in front while walking is a sign of evil to the wearer's enemies, if at the back, to himself. Salt, as with us, has much mysterious significance. It must not be bought at night, and when purchased during the day a little of it must be thrown into the fire, to prevent misfortune and family quarrels. It is also sprinkled about a threshold after a funeral.

A fisherman if he meets a priest on the road will not catch any fish that day.

Conflagrations are frequent, and in many places the signs which portend them are carefully watched. Among these are a dog climbing on the roof of a house, a weasel crying once and a cock crowing in the morning. To avert the evil a person must take a dipper in his left hand, and pour out three dippers-full of water.

Many superstitions appear general among the people of the north. If a stalk of tea falls into the tea-cup and stands upright for a second, a visitor is expected from the direction in which it falls. To pour tea out of the tea-pot in an absent fit in any way but by the spout, is the sign of the approach of a priest.

The shadow of a bird on the paper window is the sure sign of a visitor. These are so firmly believed in here that if any one of them happens the girls add some little ornament to their hair.

To break the chop-sticks while eating is a sign of death. The north-east is a quarter in which special evil abides, and few people would build a house fronting that direction lest destruction should come upon it. It is not possible to induce young girls to pour tea over a bowl of "red rice," as if they did so the marriage day would be rainy. Few people will put on new clothes or sandals after 5 P. M., for fear of bringing bad luck. If a young man lights his pipe at the lamp instead of the fire-place he will not get a good wife. For children to eat the charred rice that sometimes remains at the bottom of the rice-pot is to ensure their marriage with persons scarred with small-pox. When small-pox is epidemic a charm against the malady is for a person to write a notice on the front of his house that his children are absent. A young child is not allowed to look into a mirror in the belief that if it sees its infant face and grows up to be married, its first offspring will be twins.

Yesterday I saw one of the servants burying a tooth which had just been extracted and find that it is a popular belief that a new tooth will grow in the socket if the old one, when from the lower jaw, is thrown upon a house roof, and if from the upper is buried as nearly as possible under the foundation. In the farming villages open wells are covered during an eclipse of the sun or moon in the belief that poison drops from the sky at that time. I saw this done at Shirasawa a few days ago.

Of course dreams are regarded as of great importance as the soul in the form of a black ball is supposed to leave the body during sleep and go off on various errands. People have a great dread of waking others suddenly lest death should be caused by the soul not having time to return to the body

from its possibly distant perigrinations. Dreams as with us are frequently supposed to go by contraries. Thus it is lucky to dream of being stabbed or losing money, but if you dream of finding money you are nearly sure to come to beggary. But to dream of riches, with a picture of Diakoku (God of wealth) purchased at a temple under the head, on the day of the Rut, one of the Japanese signs of the Zodiac, is certain to bring an accession of fortune within the year. People also put pictures of the fabled treasure-ship, under their heads, on the night of the second day of the first month in the hope of dreaming of it, which is a nearly certain sign of coming wealth.

The superstitions connected with love are endless. One is akin to those practised in England and Germany. A girl drops a long hair-pin from her head into the floor-mat and counts the straws from it to the border, One——yes——two——no—and so on and thus divines her lover's faithfulness or its opposite.

Wherever Shinto prevails there are sacred trees whose sacredness is denoted by a circle of rice-straw rope, with straw tassels at intervals, and it is believed that the gods will visit with their vengeance those by, or for whom they are desecrated. One of the darkest superstitions of Japan is intimately connected with these. I have before mentioned that disappointments in love often occasion suicide, but on some occasions they drive the disappointed maiden to seek revenge with the help of the gods. Having made a rude shape of straw which represents the faithless lover, she repairs at the "hour of the ox;" two in the morning, to a shrine in a wood with the effigy and a hammer and nails in her hands and nails the straw man to the sacred tree, asking the gods, as she does so, to impute the desecration to her lover and revenge her on him. This visit is repeated at the same hour for several successive nights till the object of vengeance falls and dies! I have seen such a tree with the straw effigy of a man nailed on it—a token

of sorrow and passion of the family resemblance of heart to heart in all ages and lands, and of the jealousy which in Japan as elsewhere is "cruel as the grave."

Miss Bird was moved to indignation by the way in which the Japanese treat the Ainos, the subject race in the northern island, Yezo. The Japanese call the Ainos "the hairy people," because they have bushy beards, and often hair on the breast and limbs, as is frequently seen in India and Europe. The Japanese have very little hair on the face or body, and despise the Ainos. Miss Bird could hardly get her interpreter, Ito, to talk politely to them. "They are dogs "he said. The Japanese treat them as inferior beings, and will not allow them to build houses near the Japanese quarter of the towns. And yet Miss Bird found the Ainos quiet, honest, trustworthy, peaceful, and polite.

The Japanese are certainly one of the four great civilized people of Asia, and perhaps the second in point of cultivation —the Hindus, Japanese, Chinese, and Arabians, the last including the whole of the Moslem civilization,—Turks, Persians, and Turkomans.

NOTES ON THE TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE LIBERAL Cabinet has had the moral courage to order the withdrawal of the British Indian army from Candahar. Of course the Jingoes who are in constant dread of the Russian bugbear will call Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues cowards. These Jingoes deserve to be treated with the same kind of contempt as that with which the Duke of Wellington treated certain objections to a course alleged to be timid. "They will say," said the Duke "we are afraid. I don't care a *damn* "for what they say; I don't care a half-penny *damn* for what "they say." Whether the word we have italicised—so shocking to ears polite—is ever worth two farthings we do not know; but this we know that the Duke expressed a laudable sentiment

in a rather unfashionable way. It often happens that the greatest coward is a bully who is all brag and bluster, and nervously afraid of being charged with cowardice. If the Tories wanted to keep Candahar, as an outpost against Russian aggression, why did they never say so when they were in power? Why did they not make a stipulation to that effect in the treaty of Gundamuck? We can never understand how the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari made that necessary which had been unnecessary before—the retention of Candahar. Cabul and Candahar were to be under two distinct native governments—this was the Tory policy dimly shadowed forth when negotiations were opened with Abdul Rahman. The idea of annexation appears to be altogether an afterthought, of which Lord Lytton and his friends are now making political capital. Mr. Gladstone was charged with pursuing a pusillanimous policy at the time of the Geneva arbitration. He can afford to be so charged now.

Jingoism has so long ruled the world that for a time we should like to see the cause of justice and humanity triumphant.

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IT IS SAID that a despatch is on its way to India authorising the Indian Government to repeal the Vernacular Press Act. The Act has been practically inoperative for a year; yet its existence on the Statute-book is a standing menace to the freedom of discussion. We will not stop to discuss here the self-evident grounds on which the repeal of the Act is advocated; but must say that it has greatly relieved our heart to find that there are yet a few British statesmen on whose word we can rely. The Bible says, "Put not your trust in princes." The delay that has taken place in taking any step towards the fulfilment of the pledges given to us at the last election tempted many of us to parody this saying and to exclaim, "Put not your trust in statesmen, Whig or Tory." It shocked us, and lowered our view of human nature, especially of political human nature, to find that we could not put our trust in a Cabinet composed of

Gladstone, Fawcett and Bright. It is a great relief to us to find that the Liberals are going at last to fulfill their promises, though tardily.

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THOMAS CARLYLE IS dead. It would be hard to name any living writer whose genius and eloquence rival those of Carlyle. To many his mannerism is at first repulsive; but an attentive perusal of his works soon wears off the repulsiveness; till at last such extraordinary compounds as *Gigmanity* acquire a positive fascination for the reader. The influence of Carlyle's teaching has been on the whole good; but it has not been *wholly* good. In the Latter-day pamphlets, there are passages which may be construed into a defence of slavery. "If the Negro," he says, "will not grow anything better than pumpkins "and melons of his own free will, he *must be made* to grow "something better." Now slavery is nothing but compulsory labour systematically enforced. He has taught the world to worship *force* by writing the lives of Cromwell and Frederick the Great. It has always struck us as strange why he never worshipped Napoleon I., the most colossal impersonation of force in modern times. The secret probably was that he could never so far overcome his Teutonic prejudice as to worship a hero sprung from the Latin race. The great service which he has done to Humanity is in exposing a great many shams with a wealth of diction, such as is rarely vouchsafed to any of the children of men.

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THE JINGOES WHO in the name of *prestige* would again devastate Afghanistan with fire and sword, if they had liberty to do so, ought to take the following lesson from the illustrious author just dead :—

"The prestige of England on the Continent, I am told, "is much decayed of late; which is a lamentable thing to most "editors—to me not. Prestige, praestigium—magical illusion— "I never understood that poor England had in her good days,

"or cared to have, any prestige on the Continent, or elsewhere. "The word was Napoleonic; expressive enough of a great "Napoleonic fact; better leave it on its own side of the "Channel—not wanted here."——*Carlyle.*

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WE SAY TO our friends of the *Sadharan Brahmo Samaj*, 'Beware of odium theologicum.' Babu Keshub Chunder Sen does not indeed possess the serene wisdom of the Venerable Debendra Nath Tagore, who realises in his life the ideal of a Hindu *rishi;* nor does he possess the strong common sense of Babus Siv Chandra Dev and Durga Mohan Dass; but he is doing good in his own way. He has reclaimed hundreds of young men from the paths of atheism and vice. He can move the hearts of his hearers such as few preachers in Bengal can. We disclaim all partisanship and write from the Hindu point of view. Keshub's imagination sometimes overpowers his reason; for this he ought to be pitied, not traduced. Dr. Max Müller's view is far more correct than that put forth by Miss Collett regarding him. Let us not be tempted to say with Dean Swift that 'men have religion enough to hate, but not enough to love, each other.'

"A VISIT TO THE COALFIELDS."

ABOUT TWO hundred and forty-six miles from Calcutta, lies the hilly station of Hazaribagh, and sixty miles south, is the little station, or correctly speaking the village of Ghiridi, famous for its coal mines. The station is connected by rail, which meets the main line at Muddapore.

It consists of a bazar, a dâk bungalow, a post office, a few huts scattered about, a handful of European residents, and lastly, extensive coal mines. North west of Ghiridi are the mines known as the Kurhurballii Coal Mines, and a few hundred yards south west is the place called Jageetand, which consists of about

three or four pits; one especially deserves notice, (I allude to No. 2) which has only been four years in existence.

North west of Kurhurballii is situated the village of Pachumbà, the residence of the Doctor, the Magistrate, and Parson.

South of Kurhurballii and about two miles from Ghiridi are the mines called the Kooldeah Mines, and a few coal hills, which are worked and are the property of the "Bengal Coal Company"; from Kooldeah can be distinctly seen the hill of Paresnàth, (whose pinnacle is buried in the clouds) and famous as a Hindu pilgrimage; a tea garden, a few marble temples, some toothless Brahmins, and a solitary rose are all to be seen.

East or rather south-east is the place called Serampore, which has a workshop, and some splendid coal mines; certainly *No. 22* is about one of the cleanest, largest, and best mines that exists in India.

The depth of one of the mines now under construction is to be 420 feet, and will take a further period of three more years before finished. Some years ago Raneegunge was only known as a coalfield, but since mines at Ghiridi have been established, the place is getting appreciated; it supplies coal to the East Indian, nearly all the State Railways, and Marine Companies.

C. M. M.

YOUNG BENGAL AT HOME.

(Concluded from page 79.)

And yet they have before them the example of the hardy and laborious Marwari, red-turbaned and indefatigable, who, without capital or interest, launch forth into the world and boldly steer their way to fortune, without caring for the allurements of idleness. Many of them have taken the places of those Bengali millionaires of thirty or forty years ago—the Banians who held the trade of Calcutta pretty much in their own hands. These Marwaris, un-

mindful of the inclemency of the weather, fearing neither the heat of the mid-day sun of the hot season, nor the drenching showers of the rainy season, trudge about from office to bazaar, from custom-house to counting-house, with indefatigable activity, and they have their reward in mercantile success.

From Eastern Bengal, too, beyond the Megna and the Brahmaputra, young men come to Bengal Proper, whose lives are examples of honest self-denial and laborious study. They crowd together where they can get cheap lodgings, and where they assist and animate each other, by precept and by example, in the diligent acquirement of knowledge. In the University, at the Bar, in medicine, and at the Press, they have made their way by plodding industry and unwearied perseverence not properly belonging to the Young Bengal, in the ordinary conventional use of that term, but yet affording bright examples of what Young Bengalis can do.

The early age at which marriages are usually contracted, and the expenses incident to the marriage festivities, are two of the most crying evils in India. So much has already been written about them that it is not necessary for me to enlarge upon the subject. What would be said in any other part of the world of the folly and extravagance of youths married at thirteen and fifteen years of age; and that, too, with a pomp and parade that induces them to regard the wasteful expenditure of money as the rule of their house-holds? Energy and force of character are destroyed by this pernicious system. At an age when boys in other countries are thinking of studies, athletic games, healthful recreations, and outdoor amusements, the Bengali boy is thinking of how he can please his wife. He forsakes his studies and his employment to spend the time with her, and thus he becomes enervated and effeminate.

Tyrant custom is the cause of all this evil. To such an extent was the extravagance carried in the celebration of marriages in Upper India, and so heavily did that extravagance press upon the parents of the bride, that the Rajput races there carried out for years an inhuman practice, that of slaughtering their female infants, only to prevent the ruin incurred by betrothals and marriages. Government has had a hard struggle to put an end to this species

of crime. Where custom and duty are synonymous, such abuses easily become recognized as the rule of life, and then crime follows as a natural consequence. In Lower Bengal, the same abuses exist, the early marriage and the gross extravagance, but not to any considerable extent, the concomitant crime—the murder of the infant girls.

One particular class in Bengal, the banker or *subarnobornic* caste, are said to have originally introduced extravagant expenditure at betrothals and marriages by bestowing jewellery and ornaments, rich and costly furniture, shawls and utensils of silver and brass, of elaborate workmanship, on the bridegroom. From them the custom spread to others who could not so well afford it, until it became an almost intolerable burden. If the bride be attractive and good-looking, the match-makers easily get a partner for her without ruinous expenditure. The bridegroom and his relatives will not insist on these rich presents with her. But when she is homely and unattractive, or when there is a flaw of some kind in her parentage by loss of caste, or degradation, or censure of the brotherhood, then the tax becomes heavier than ordinary. There was a time when the marriage extravagance of the *subarnobornic* class was the theme of general remark and censure amongst other classes in Bengal. But evil habits, and particularly habits of display, soon spread, and what once was censured by all is now adopted by all. One of the first matters to be settled by the female match-makers, whose services are indispensable on such occasions, is the value of the presents and of the jewellery and ornaments to be worn by the bride. A graduate of the University ranks high in the list of eligible suitors, and his bride must be proportionately endowed. With every "pass" his price rises. And it must not be forgotten that every girl must be betrothed and married when still a child, or else reproach is brought upon the family to which she belongs. It is a wretched system, full of evil, the fruitful parent of most pernicious consequences, but it is one not easily altered—all the less easy to alter in proportion to the force of habit and tyranny of custom in such a population as that of Bengal. A family of daughters in Bengal entails certain ruin upon any man of moderate means.

The influence of caste is not so potent for evil amongst educated Hindus as is generally supposed in Europe. It has been baneful in its influence on India generally. But the educated Bengali has learned to despise it. The Sudras, the lowest or slave class, were probably the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants conquered by the Aryans, aborigines that passed by the name of Daryas among the first Indian Aryans, enemies alike of the Aryan race and of the Aryan deities, and therefore, regarded as hardly fit to live. This is the view we get of them in the vedic hymns. But the descendant of the lowest of these Daryas or Sudras, a Pariah of the Pariahs, knows that he is eligible to any office under the Anglo-Indian Government, if he can only prove his fitness for it. The old system of caste has little hold on the modern educated Bengali, but there is a fear of these educated Bengalis beginning to regard themselves as something higher and better than their fellow-countrymen, as an exclusive caste like the Brahmins of old, a something far above the reach of the crowd below them. Such a feeling cannot but be injurious to the country generally.

An able writer in the *Oriental Miscellany* has given us a picture of village life in Bengal, before young men from the Government Colleges set up as a caste more exclusive than their Brahminical teachers. The head of the household, who is also the headman of the village, takes his seat after nightfall on a platform in front of his dwelling. Such a platform is sometimes found round the village wells, sometimes near a holy shrine, sometimes adjoining to, or in front of, the headman's house. "With him are sitting and conversing one or two servants of the *bagdi* caste and his *Krishan*, or farm-bailiff, provided with a goodly stock of tobacco and fire in an earthen pot. Some gentlemen of the village come in and take their seats by the headman's side. The dear old *Krishan* hears a lusty call from his master and the *hukah* soon begins to circulate. In a few minutes the blacksmith, the carpenter, the barber, and one or two of the cultivators of the village, make their appearance, and are welcomed, greeted indeed, by the headman and his companions. The *Krishan* helps them to the *chillum*, and they enjoy the *hukah*. Conversation becomes general, in which the condition of the crops, the village market, and agricultural

questions generally are first discussed. The blacksmith deplores the decline of business, and is cheered with promises of future activity. The farmers have each their own trials to relate. The barber tells how sister Tara, of the *Bagdi* caste, and aunt Puddo the milkman's daughter, appeared in rags at the last village festival. The headman deplores the fact, and promises them new clothes next morning. For hours the conversation goes on in this way. Next day the benevolent headman, besides looking after his own affairs diligently, does not forget those whose reduced condition demands his supervision and assistance, inquires at the poorer homes if they have food enough, and takes his own daily meal when he knows that all have been supplied. Thus lived the old high-caste Hindu; loving and respected, allowing no insuperable barrier between himself and the humblest in the village, regarding the whole village as his family, promoting good feeling, putting down intemperance—the true friend of the poor, the true man of the people."

Doubtless there were many like this. Kindliness of disposition and goodness of heart are virtues peculiar to no climes, but common to all in greater or less degree. But how was it with the village when the headman was grasping and penurious, miserly or extortionate? How was it when the headman had wasted his substance by early extravagance or later display? How was it when the money-lender was the headman's lord? I fear the reverse of the picture was too often terrible to contemplate. There may be educated Hindus who despise all but themselves; there may be, and there too often is, inordinate vanity and self-conceit in the young man fresh from the Government College, but to say that this education constitutes a worse caste-system than Manu ever enjoined or described, is to exaggerate grossly. Indeed, one of the charges made against Young Bengal disproves this altogether. If it be true, that Young Bengal has no toleration for the educated Hindu of the Upper Provinces, it proves that the class is not likely to fall into the error of the Brahmins and constitute themselves everywhere and always an exclusive race, a superior caste. The communication between one part of the country and another was very limited until the railways opened up the whole. Now numerous Bengalis are settled in the Upper Provinces, and carry on, in various offices, a

large share of the Government, as well as the management of the railways themselves. Thus there may be jealousy on the part of the educated young men of the Upper Provinces, but it is scarcely reasonable. The struggle for existence had driven the youths of Bengal not only to Delhi and Lahore, but even to Cabul. Some of them have been decorated by the Indian Government for services rendered in the Commissariat and Intelligence Departments, whilst others of them have won laurels in Cashmere.

It would be easy to give examples of ludicrous conceit and self-sufficiency, the result of over-weening estimates of their own knowledge and abilities on the part of Young Bengal. It would be easy to give examples of English run mad, full of exaggerated expressions and inappropriate phrases, the results of Young Bengal's stilted self-assertion. But the conceit and self-sufficiency are gradually being softened down. Contact with the world makes the Bengali gentleman modest and retiring. Every year of ripened experience tends to remove the angularities, and diminish the absurdities, for which the British Indian public have so little toleration. Many of the gentry of Bengal see the evils that press upon the land as clearly as any of our European essayists. Early and improvident marriages are amongst the chief of those evils; the extravagant outlay on them has been denounced by the ablest of Native writers. The population has increased, and is increasing so rapidly that it is doubtful if the people can comfortably live on the soil. Our rule has suppressed the chief causes of restraint formerly existing on the heedless multiplication of human life. Invasions of warlike hordes no longer sweep destruction over provinces, making temporary deserts over tracts of enormous extent. Internecine blood-feuds of races and tribes, sects and families, have been put an end to. Sikhs and Mahrattas, Pathans and Rohillahs, live peaceably together. Crime of a destructive character to human life has been stamped out, Sutti, thuggi, dacoity and infanticide are things of the past, and now the consequence is, Bengal has to support a population three times as great as it did a century ago. The people live in defiance of economic laws. "The land is being exhausted in the struggle. The jungles have been cut down and reclaimed. The cow-dung which ought to go to manure the land, is used as fuel. The cattle are degenerating for want of the old pasture

grounds which have long been ploughed up, and the peasant is face to face with an insufficient supply of food." This is a terrible picture; but it is too true.

It is from the people itself that the remedy must come. Government can do but little. The people themselves must be taught to obey the laws of political economy, particularly in the matter of marriage. It will be the mission of Young Bengal to teach them this great lesson. Bengalis have successfully competed with Europeans in the Universities and at the Bar, on the Bench and Education, in Medicine and at the Press. It will be their duty now to teach their fellow-countrymen that the reckless and improvident increase of human life is likely to involve incalculable human misery. Such men as Dwarka Nath Mittra, Prosunno Cumar Tagore, Lal Mohun Ghose, and Keshub Chunder Sen have proved what Bengalis can do. The *Indian Mirror*, the *Hindu Patriot*, the *Bengali*, take a high place in the literature of Calcutta as newspapers; and the *Oriental Miscellany*, a monthly magazine, may favorably compare with some of our more pretentious monthlies in London.

From Ram Mohun Roy to Keshub Chunder Sen there has been in Bengal a succession of moral philosophers and theistic teachers of whom any nation might be proud, and the Brahmo Somaj, the Church which they have founded, is one of the purest in ethics and most sublime in doctrine.

Nor is it only in the higher walks of philosophy and religious speculation that Bengal appears as a light to the rest of India. Bengalis have not only founded a drama for themselves, but have translated several of their best pieces into Hindustani for their Hindu brethren in the Upper Provinces. *Hemlota*, one of their most successful comedies, has been thus put upon the stage in excellent Hindustani, and *Ramabhishaik Natak* into Hindi. I may also mention *Mrinalini* and *Lillabutti* as popular dramas of great merit.

Thus in every walk of life, in every department of intellectual labor, Bengalis have proved their ability to hold their own with the most favored nations of Europe. They are the Athenians of India, superior in art, science, and literature to the races of the other great peninsula. Let us hope that they will be worthy of their high

destiny and spread a knowledge of the laws of social and economic science amongst their fellow-countrymen, patronizing technical schools and all the superior handicrafts, and setting a noble example of advancing enlightenment and civilization to the rest of India by discarding irrational and unreasonable prejudice and opening their minds to the light of truth wherever it is to be found.

W. KNIGHTON.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IT HAS been too much the habit of late for the parents of school-boys to interfere with the legitimate authority, in the way of punishment, of him who stands for the time being *in loco parentis*, too much the habit of boys to make complaints at home of punishments they have richly merited at school, too much the habit of masters of private schools to advertise the fact that they conduct their system of education 'without corporal punishment.' The ghosts of many public school-boys of the earlier part of the century would wish to 'be heavy on the souls' of those who in our days make it their business to decry corporal punishment, and stigmatise it as brutal and degrading, Harrow and Eton have thus far, we believe, escaped the strictures of the public press on the subject. But several well-known schools, notably Winchester and Shrewsbury, have within the last few years been designated as the scenes of brutal punishments, and the columns of our daily papers have been periodically deluged by letters from writers who could have had no sufficient knowledge of either the circumstances or the exigencies of the case. Without literally indorsing Solomon's views on the subject of corporal punishment, we may state our belief that it is generally speaking on all counts preferable to the modern system of 'lines' and 'detention'; it is at once more efficacious and less injurious to health. Exceptions there must be, of course. A boy may be too delicate or of too nervous a temperament to be a fit subject for rod or cane. But will not such a boy be rather out of place in a public school? Or again, a boy may be too big,—a failing, by the way, for which Keate made little allowance. And here it is highly probable that the tendency

to offend against discipline will have been the result of insufficient experience of *sors tertia* in younger days. For the notorious and hardened offender, who laughs alike at regulations and punishment, the sound of the word *discede* will be a mercy—a benefit to the individual as well as to the community at large. Left to themselves, and not too carefully questioned as to the nature of their school punishments by over-anxious mothers or weak and indulgent fathers, boys will accept their due share of *sors tertia* as matter of course, and grumblers will probably meet with but scanty sympathy at the hands of their fellows. Schoolmasters, like other mortals, are liable to error, and punishment will occasionally fall on wrong shoulders. Things have, however, a tendency to right each other, and the victim, if indeed he be a boy at all, and not the two-legged paragon occasionally met with in fiction, will probably have escaped on some occasion when he did merit punishment. So long as justice be impartially administered to the best of the head-master's ability, there will be little fear that our public school boys, who have a keen appreciation of impartiality, will either grumble at or be degraded by the retention of *sors tertia.*—*Fraser's Magazine for January* 1881.

THE COST OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

THE INDIAN Government has at last made up its accounts for the Afghan war. It was at first to have cost only £3,000,000, and then Lord Lytton and Sir E. Strachey affirmed that £6,000,000 would, at all events, not prove too small an estimate. The total cost, including that of frontier railways, but deducting receipts for additional traffic on State Railways, is now given at twenty-one crores, or taking the rupee at its official value, more than £17,000,000 sterling. To this has to be added the future charge for the evacuation of Candahar, which may prove, in the existing state of transport, a most costly operation, and the claims made after the war, and the total will scarcely be under twenty millions. Lord Hartington remarks that as Lord Lytton has returned, and the financial officers have resigned, it is useless to apportion blame, but censures strongly the inefficiency of the Government. Finance is the Indian weak point, and it will remain

so while errors like this, involving millions, are allowed to pass unpunished. Lord Lytton, who is first of all responsible, has received an earldom in reward, and not one of those who advised him and furnished him with accounts has been dismissed her Majesty's Service. India is not governed by opinion, but by Services responsible to an absolute Government, and Services can only be made to reveal unpleasant trusts to their superiors by inflexible discipline. *Crassa negligentia*, is as dangerous in India as in a Queen's ship, and ought to be regarded with as little lenity.—*The Spectator.*

THE NEW CHINESE TREATY WITH AMERICA.

THE NEW Chinese treaty with America is an ominous one for India. The Chinese Government concedes to that of the United States the right to limit or suspend the immigration of Chinese labourers when it considers it essential to do so, but the United States concedes in return that its subjects shall neither import opium into Chinese ports, nor deal in opium when imported. That means that the Chinese Government intends to make it a cardinal object of its policy to prohibit foreign opium altogether, which would enable it to establish an internal monopoly, and immensely increase its available revenue. It is sure to press that point at the next opportunity upon England, and will have this argument to put forward,—that every other State is allowed to regulate its own taxes, and that India does at this moment prohibit the importation of opium. That argument is most difficult to resist, much more difficult than the teetotal argument, which in China is insincere; and a stoppage of the opium trade, in the circumstances of India, would mean bankruptcy.

AMUSING.

CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND (to elderly and not unattractive Spinster): "So, dear, you've given up advocating women's rights?" Elderly Spinster: "Yes, I now go in for women's lefts." Confidential Friend: "Women's lefts! What's that?" Elderly Spinster: "*Widowers*, my dear."—*Punch.*

ENTERTAINMENT IN IRELAND.—Biddy O'Flannigan :—"Shure now, Mrs. Driscoll, lave your washin' an' come out. Mr. Maguire, the landlord, has passed rinnin' away, bedad; Pat, his tenant, has passed, rinnin' after him, goin' to cut his dhirty throat; the bailins have passed, rinnin' after Pat for the rint, wid revolvers in their hands; the 'skull threshers' have passed, rinnin' after the bailiffs, to corpse 'em; an' all the darlint boys an' girls are rinnin' afhter the lot just to see the fun, be jabers."—*Fun.*

CLEVER BOY.—Farmer (to son home from school): "Lot o' cattle there, Tom. How many d'ye think ?" Tom (who knows the number, but pretends to count at a glance): "Seventy-five." Farmer : "Dang it! How do ye get at that now?" Tom: "Why, I count the legs, and divide by four!"

LAWYER C——(entering the office of his friend, Dr. M——, and speaking in a hoarse, whisper): "Fred, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." Dr. M——: "Well I'm glad that it's nothing that will interfere with your business."—*Country Paper.*

TRUE TEMPERANCE.—An Irishman adorned with a blue rosette went into an apothecary's shop and said to the assistant. "If ye plase, sir, I'm a temperance man; but if ye have any soda water of the strength and quality of whisky, I'll trouble ye for a little."

"How many glasses did Herr Doctor drink, Gretchen?" asked a German landlord of his daughter, on his guest leaving the cellar. "Eight father," replied the girl. "The rascal!" exclaimed the irate host. "Why, he gave me strict orders never to drink more than three!"

WHICH dress lasts a lady the longest?—Her house dress, because she never wears it out.

WHY is love like a candle?—Because the longer it burns the less it becomes.

WHY is a person in bed like a book unbound?—Because he is in sheets.

WHY should a sparrow not be pleased if you called him a pheasant?—Because you would be making game of him.

WHAT pupil gets the most pnnishment?—The pupil of the eye, because it is always under the lash.

THE

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WHENCE AND WHITHER?

By Mutti Lall Singh.

THE ORIGIN of the universe has been the theme of many volumes and of much controversy. I propose to give an account, in this paper, of the most recent speculations of science on the subject, as well as of the probable end.

Matter we all know is in three forms on the earth, and not on the earth only, but throughout the universe—solid, liquid, and gaseous. All matter is composed of atoms, too small for sight, but not too small for measurement and weighment. Their size is indicated and their weight by scientific explorers. In a solid every atom is at rest, or has a place which it keeps, in the body of which it forms a part. It is not absolutely at rest, but it has a mean position about which it is always vibrating, and near which it keeps. It is kept from losing that position by the action of the surrounding atoms.

Now in liquids every atom is continually running about, and getting mixed up in fresh forms, so that, in comparison with the atoms of liquids, those of solids may be said to be at rest. In gases the atoms move in straight lines, but in liquids

the atoms move angularly, side-ways and back again, something like our Anglo-Indian friends when engaged in that apparently insane amusement of dancing "the lancers." Each takes the right hand of one partner, only to drop it, and take the left hand of another, and so on in spiral circles, exceeding strange.

In liquids every atom, after parting company with one, finds another, and so is constantly going about in a carved path, and yet never sent clear away from the sphere of action of the surrounding atoms. Yet they are all always changing their places. Hence it is that diffusion takes place so readily in a liquid. If we take a tank of water, and drop a little iodine into it, in a very short time all the water will turn blue. And why? because the iodine atoms have changed like the others and spread themselves over the whole. This is constantly occurring in all liquids, but we only see it when the liquids are of different colors.

Gaseous matter is the simplest of all the forms of matter, and that of which all things were originally composed. The atoms of every species of gas are continually flying about in all directions in straight lines. In the case of atmospheric air they fly at the rate of seventeen miles a minute. They do not go far in one direction, but any particular atom after going over an incredibly short distance, meets another, not exactly plump, face to face as it were, but a little on one side, and so they behave to each other like our Anglo-Indian friends in another of their marvellous dances, called "Sir Roger de Coverley." They join hands, swing round, and then fly away in different directions. Thus they are constantly changing the direction of each other's motion, and flying about with different velocities, although their mean rate is seventeen miles a minute. We may think this a great rate, compared with a tortoise, a man, or even an express train on a railway, but let us not forget that light, which consists of luminous waves, travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second. There is no limit to the wonderful powers of nature.

The atoms of each kind of gas are all of the same nature. Oxygen, for instance, whether got from the air or water, from chlorine or iron, is always the same, its atoms of the same nature and density. Therefore we conclude that these atoms have existed the same unaltered to any extent appreciable by us, since the beginning of the universe. Whether in combination with nitrogen or hydrogen, with carbon or iron, whether buried beneath the earth, or in the sun or in the air, all the same, always the same.

The deduction naturally is that these atoms are primeval, not produced by any process of evolution.

The presence or absence of heat produces wonderful effects in the nature of bodies. A solid, ice for instance, may be turned into a liquid by heat, and into gas, called steam, by a larger quantity. Our modern philosophers have come to the conclusion that our earth has arrived at its present condition by a process of gradual cooling. There is evidence of a certain distribution of temperature in the interior of the earth. There is a certain rate at which the temperature increases as we descend. We cannot go very far, but, as far as we can go, this rate is found to be constant and regular.

The earth, having once been in a gaseous condition, has gradually cooled down. The heat necessary to keep it in a gaseous state being lost, at least on the surface, and Sir W. Thompson has calculated that it solidified between one and two hundred millions of years ago. Thus we arrive at the beginning of the present state of things; the cooling down of the earth is still going on. How long it was in a liquid condition we cannot tell. But that it passed from gaseous to liquid, before becoming solidified, is certain.

Going further back the whole universe appears to have been formed out of gaseous material, the particles of which were flying about in all directions, just as they do now in the air we breathe. Such a mass of gaseous matter would necessarily revolve, if by nothing else by the action of light, and, once revolving, nuclei would be formed as we see in the nebulœ,

these nuclei would become suns, and revolving and cooling, and decreasing vastly in bulk as a necessary consequence, would give off the planets. Our earth, for instance, as a gaseous mass revolving, after being thrown off by the cooling sun, filled the space between the orbit of Mars, and that of our earth, and so with each of the others.

But how did the particles or atoms first come into existence? Of that science is ignorant. Some say fortuitously. Some say a great Creator produced them out of nothing. I, for my part, cannot conceive of all these atoms obeying laws, and taking certain forms in obedience to those laws, without a law-giver. But, allowing the law-giver, they argue, whence came he? who formed him? how did he come into existence? Science cannot tell us this. For such questions science has no answers. We must seek elsewhere. Force and matter, these are all that science is cognizant of. Atoms or molecules originally, then gaseous masses, then globes, and then bodies like the sun, or like our earth. As the last cooled its surface became fit for human habitation. A germ of life appeared. How or whence? That we cannot tell. Science is unable to instruct us as to the origin of life on our earth. But once given the rudest germ of it, and all the rest have followed by the law of development, Creation the beginning, Development the law, and Progress the necessary result. That's my creed. Indefinite progress.

So much for the answer to our first question WHENCE? It may not be a very satisfactory answer. It is the most satisfactory that science can give.

The life thus existing on the earth's surface is entirely dependent upon the sun for its continuance. Suppose the sun blotted out of existence, life on our earth would likewise cease to exist. Both animal and vegetable life would be frozen out. Now we know that the sun is gradually wearing himself out, cooling year by year, although last hot weather no one in Calcutta would think so.

Yet so it is. As our earth cools and contracts, so too does the sun. There is only a certain amount of energy in the present constitution of the sun, and when that has been used up, the sun cannot go on giving out more heat. Animal and vegetable life must then gradually disappear from the earth's surface, as they have already disappeared from the surface of the moon.

But again, there is no reason for supposing that the orbit of the earth round the sun is absolutely stable and unchangeable. As the earth diminishes in size from the constant operation of the cooling process, its orbit continues to increase. It goes further and further from the sun, slowly but certainly. This would take us in time so far from the sun that animal and vegetable life would be destroyed for lack of heat. The water would all become solid masses, hard as rocks.

It would thus appear that as there certainly was a long and indefinite time during which no life of any kind had existed upon the earth, before it became fit for life, so it will continue to exist for ages after life has become extinct. The solar system would then probably end in one huge frozen ball in the midst of a sea of ether. Rapid revolution may reduce this frozen ball into a gaseous mass once more, once more to go through all the varied existence of gaseous, liquid, and solid matter, with the concomitants of the latter, vegetable and animal life.

A German philosopher wisely said—"the man, who has thrown aside superstition, will think little of death. His meditation will rather be how to live well."

LEARN OF THE DOG.

["STERN law of every mortal lot,
Which man, proud man finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where."]

I.

O HEART of man! be humble, nor disdain
The latest gospel preached beneath the sun.

Learn of the brute how thou when life is done,
May loose its bonds, and cease, and know no pain:
Learn of the dog to die,—nay, that were vain,
Death followeth in the steps of life, and none
Win more of Death, the Shadow, than they won
Of Life in years of travail and of strain.

Learn of the dog to *live*, if thou would'st find
His peace in death: for him, the silent spheres
Keep their long watch unchallenged overhead;
Know as he knows; love as he loves his kind,
Unweave the web of human toil and tears;
Die like a dog, when thought and love are dead.

II.

Poor friend and sport of man, like him unwise,
Away! Thou standest to his heart too near,
Too close for careless rest or healthy cheer;
Almost in thee the glad brute nature dies.
Go, scour the fields in wilful enterprise,
Lead the free chase, leap, plunge into the mere,
Herd with thy fellows, stay no longer here,
Seeking thy law and gospel in man's eyes.

He cannot go; love holds him fast to thee;
More than the voices of his kind thy word
Lives in his heart; for him, thy very rod
Has flowered; he only in thy will is free;
Cast him not out, the unclaimed savage herd
Would turn and rend him, pining for his God.

Spectator.

TOLERATION.

PROFESSOR MONIER WILLIAMS, in his "Indian Theistic Reformers," gives a lively picture of the difficulties that beset progress in this country. "Religious and social life are so intimately interwoven" says the Professor, speaking of India, "the ordinary creed of the people, their idolatry and superstitions, are so intertwined with the texture of their daily life, with their domestic manners and institutions, and even with the common law of the land, that to strike at the root of the national faith is to subvert the very foundations of the whole social fabric. Let a man enter on the path of progress, let him

abandon the ideas inherited from his parents, let him set his face against the time-honored usages of his country, let him stand up boldly as the champion of truth, the eradicator of error, the regenerator of a degenerate age, the purifier of a corrupt condition of society, and what are the consequences? He has to fight his way through a host of antagonisms and obstructions, sufficient to appal, if not to overpower, a man of ordinary power and determination. The inveterate prejudices of centuries, deeply seated antipathies, national pride, popular passion, a thousand vested interests of tradition, ignorance, bigotry, superstition, indolence, priestcraft, conspire to crush his efforts and impede his advance. Every inch of the ground is disputed by a host of bitter antagonists. Humiliation, insult, threat, invective vituperation are heaped upon his head. Father, mother, wife, children, relatives and friends hold him fast in their embraces, or unite in their endeavors to drag him backwards. No one stirs a finger to help him onwards."

It is well known that, although the mother of Rajah Rammohun Roy lived to be reconciled to him, yet she was very bitter against him during the greater part of his life. And this is a case in point, for, apart altogether from the truth or falsehood of the Rajah's religious teaching, there can be no doubt whatever that he was honest and sincere in teaching that whatever was good in the Vedas or the Christian Scriptures, in the Kuran, the Zend Avesta, or any other sacred book of any nation, was to be accepted as a gift from God. He was sincere and honest in his labours as a social, as well as in his teachings as a religious reformer. None that have read the record of his life can doubt these facts, however they may differ from his convictions.

Now if there is one characteristic which more than another distinguishes the most enlightened nations of these latter days from others, it is toleration. There has never been an age so tolerant in Europe, because never before was Europe so enlightened. And it is precisely in proportion to its enlighten-

ment that it is tolerant. France, Germany and England are in the foreground of intellectual advancement, and it is in France, Germany and England that toleration is found most freely accorded for all opinions. Spain and Russia will not permit discussions on religious and political questions, either in the press or on the platform, and Spain and Russia are unenlightened, ignorant, and bigoted. In the same way compare the United States of North America with the republics of the South. Perfect freedom and toleration of all discussions—social, political or religious—in the one, and a censorship of the press, stringent and obstructive in the other, that prevents all progress, and impedes all free discussion. Nothing is more certain than this fact, that the countries in which the tongue and the pen are most free are those in which liberty and progress go hand in hand.

This toleration is the growth of our own time. It did not exist at the beginning of this century, and if we go further back, we find bigotry reigning supreme, not a thought allowed to be ventilated that was opposed to existing prejudices. Every man was educated to regard himself as a mirror of orthodoxy, and a bulwark of orthodoxy too, in opposition to all innovations. The domain of theology then included that of all social relations, of all domestic ties, as it does still in India, and theology appeared to teach in Europe, for more than a thousand years, that the end of existence was to hold certain opinions, and to insist upon all around holding the same. There was no liberty of thought allowed. Toleration was practically unknown. During the middle ages, the people of Europe, who knew nothing of the geography of their own planet, who were ignorant of America and Southern Africa, of Australia, and Eastern Asia, yet knew the geography of hell and purgatory. They were ready to cut each other's throats, and to subject each other to infernal tortures to ensure right belief—the orthodox belief—on transubstantiation and consubstantiation, on indulgences, absolutions, fasts, and rituals.

That was the age of intolerance. And have we not something like this still in India? Does not our social rule amount to tyranny against all who venture to oppose received opinions? Are not men withheld from saying what they think by a vile terrorism, that stifles thought and discussion for fear of material loss? If the mediæval bigot in Europe could not convince the heretic of his errors by argument, remonstrance, or entreaty, it became his duty to exterminate him. If that could not be done, he must shun him, avoid him, make him as miserable as possible by slights, and injuries, by social persecution, by refusing to eat with him, by excluding him from social gatherings. And is there nothing analogous to this in India?

But whatever our social tyrants, mediæval or other, may say or do, there are constant changes going on around us. Nature will not be still. If there is one lesson more impressed upon us than another by the action of nature around us, it is this that mutation is stamped upon all sublunary things. Nothing is at rest. Progress, eternal progress, is the rule of creation. We do not heed this progress, as long as it is slow. It is only when startling changes occur, rapidly or immediately, that we are driven out of our self-sufficient rest. *Then* none can deny that nature is active and progressive.

But it is wise to take note of those silent and less conspicuous changes which gradually transform for us all the conditions of life. India in 1881 cannot be as India was in 1681, or in 1381. And so we may safely hold opinions in these days which would have been full of danger a few centuries ago. Books are every month published in Europe now which a few centuries ago would have consigned their authors to the dungeon or the stake. If Darwin, "the greatest of living men" according to Dr. Lankester, had lived three centuries ago, he might now have been in the clutches of the Inquisition, as Galileo was. Herbert Spencer would probably have met the fate of Giordano Bruno, and been burned alive.

A few generations ago people kept themselves within the limits of their respective sects, and looked on all the rest of the world as abandoned to darkness and perdition; *now* these dividing lines have well nigh disappeared as social barriers. People of the most diverse religious sects in London, Paris, and Berlin, are educated together, marry, meet, live, and amuse themselves in common, finding that there is much good outside the narrow limits of their own peculiar sects.

Is there no lesson in all this for India? When all the rest of the civilized and cultivated world is learning the lesson of toleration, shall India alone refuse to learn it? When everywhere, over this habitable globe, men are beginning to perceive that each can learn very much from the others, shall India shut herself up, and say, I will learn from none, the wisdom of my ancestors is sufficient for me? Surely such conduct would be far removed from wisdom. Europe has learned much from China, Japan, and India, and is ready to learn more. China and Japan have learned much, very much, from Europe. Shall India alone sulkily exclude herself from the great school of humanity, and refuse all aid from abroad?

We are not arguing in favor of any school of reformers or in favor of any theological, political, or social opinions on controverted questions, but simply in favor of giving an impartial hearing to all. For the honest expression of his opinion no man ought to be ostracized, or subjected to social persecution of any kind.

WIND FANTASIES.

O WILD and woeful wind!
Cease for one moment thy complaining dreary,
And tell me if thou art not sad and weary,
And if thy travel is not long and eerie,—
O wild and woeful wind!

O houseless, homeless wind!
It wrings my heart to hear thy sad lamenting;
Hast thou a wound whose pain knows no relenting,
Canst never lay thy burden by repenting?—
O houseless, homeless wind!

O sad and mournful wind!
From what wild depths of human pain and sorrow
Could'st thou those tones of restless anguish borrow,
As of a soul that dreams of no to-morrow?—
O sad and mournful wind!

O solitary wind!
We know not whence thou com'st or whither goest,
When round our homes thy wizard blast thou blowest,
No home, nor shelter, thou, poor pilgrim, knowest,—
O solitary wind!

Most melancholy wind!
Is thine a requiem o'er the dead and dying,
Or art thou some despairing spirit sighing
O'er a lost Paradise behind thee lying?—
Most melancholy wind!

Tell me—I long to know—
Art thou a wild and weary penance doing,
Thro' the lone wilderness thy way pursuing,
Chased by the secret of thine own undoing?—
Tell me; I long to know.

Hast thou no other voice,
No words to whisper thy most grievous story,
Where thou did'st lose thine ancient crown of glory,
Ere thou wert banished to these deserts hoary?—
Hast thou no other voice?

O, thou art fierce and wild!
Thy nightly chariot through the black skies lashing,
The cloud-shapes round the mountain-summits dashing,
The waves of ocean round the wrecked bark crashing,—
O, thou art fierce and wild!

Yet, art thou full of woe.
Perchance, thou wert Earth's angel, when was lighted
Sin's lurid torch, and all her bowers were blighted,
Thy poor heart by that awful shock benighted,—
Thou art so full of woe.

Hast thou no hope, no hope?
That thy poor, weary pinion thou art flinging
Against the star-paved floor, with echoes ringing
Of angel footsteps and their anthem singing,—
Hast thou no hope, no hope?

And hast thou never heard
That Sin's wild torch is quenched in blood atoning,
And that in days to come Creation's groaning
Will cease, and rapture fill the place of moaning,—
O, hast thou never heard?

But thou wilt one day hear!
For Heaven and Earth will stand in silent wonder,
When Love unites what Sin hath rent asunder,
Proclaiming victory in music-thunder,—
And thou wilt that day hear.

In Heaven will all be joy,
And there thy wailing, too, will cease for ever,
And thou, perchance, wilt float o'er Life's full river,
And join the melody that ceaseth never,—
In Heaven, where all is joy!

Spectator.

A PLEA FOR THE DEVIL.

By Mutti Lall Singh.

I LISTENED, and lo, the principle of evil spoke as follows :—

Abaddon, Amaimon, Apollyon, Auld Clootie, Auld Hangie, Auld Hornie, Azazel, Barbazon, Beelzebub, Bel or Baal, Belial, Eblis, Hillel, Lok, Lucifer, Mammon, Molech or Moloch, Nachash, Old Nick, Remphan, Satan, Tammuz, The Devil, The Prince of the Power of the air, The Prince of this world, The Enemy, The Serpent, Zalmunna——

Such are a few of the somewhat contradictory names by which I am known to readers of English. I am not a stranger in Calcutta, or London or Paris. All orthodox Christians and Brahmins, and Buddhists, and Mohammedans, do me the honor to believe in me. The few heretical sects who do not are neither rich nor influential. Therefore they are not worth talking of.

I do not pretend always to speak or write the truth—but I do profess a gentlemanly regard for good-breeding and appearances. It is not polite anywhere to speak the truth fully,

openly, broadly. People that unblushingly call a spade a spade are neither fashionable nor well-bred; and, like the writers of the present day, I care not to shock my readers by ugly words, when a euphuism, or a little circumlocution, will answer the purpose of conveying my meaning with propriety. Appearances are the things to be studied by the fashionable man now-a-days. Realities are neither known nor understood. How shall poor paltry man know or understand fully either the world or its laws when he cannot understand himself? Those therefore who write and talk against appearances do so ignorantly. The world is governed by appearances, and by appearrances alone. Reality men cannot attain to. Those who exclaim against appearances are the worst of revolutionists. Strip the Courts, the Churches, the family circle of the decent gloss of respectable appearance—reduce all to the crude reality of dry, naked truth, and what would be left? It makes me shudder only to think of it. And yet sentimental writers of both sexes are found to be constantly whining about glosses, and deceptions, and evasions, and roundabout ways generally, as if these things were not the very essence of civilized life. There can be no respectability without these—no social varnish, no civilization. Why I have known a fashionable authoress write a novel in condemnation of appearances when—but stop, I must not grow personal. Enough of this—"the world is still deceived with ornament," yes, and the world cannot exist as it is without it. Constituted as man is, appearances are, and must be all in all.

I had the honor of hearing a very eloquent sermon the other day, addressed to a fashionable audience, by the Revd. Gustavus Halloo, and there was so much sense in it, I took a few notes, from which I quote here—"People mistake altogether about the desires as they do about the actions of the Devil. The more civilization, the larger the mass of humanity congregated together, the better for him—poor naked savages slaughtering each other give him but few subjects. A country so peopled is thinly peopled, it is amongst the swarming hives

of civilization that he finds his most devoted subjects, and they most numerous, daintily-clothed men and women, accustomed to the luxuries of the bath, the table, and the ball room, are to him infinitely dearer than rude souls immured in bodies coated with paint or mud, few, dull, and spiritless. No, give him the crowded assembly, the ball-room with its delicate titillations of excitement—the decent veil hiding the glowing thoughts, the touch of heated palms, the gradual lapse. Refinement in any shape, but refined dissipation sweetest of all. What pleasure is it to the sportsman to bring down the hairy monster that neither flees nor resists, ugly, coarse, stupid, redolent of filth or sweat? but the silky-coated fawn, clean-limbed, high-crested, with glowing eyes and palpitating heart, that courses over the hills, and conceals her lovely form in ferns and flowers and heath, fluttering, anxious, trembling, *there* is an object of chase, worthy of a master-hand in sport. The long pursuit, the dainty toil, the stolen glances, the fitful danger, and the near escape, all these give a zest to the chase and the pursuit—whilst the ultimate fall is waking ecstasy.

"To suppose then that the Devil loves the boorish sot in preference to the elegant rake, or the hard-handed fusty virago, who knocks her illegitimate son upon the head and buries him, in a drain, to the elegant, tenderly nurtured, captivating wife or maid, who sins and brings all the acuteness of loveliness and art, to prove that she has not sinned, is a gross mistake. Modern art has probably corrupted more in number than ever savages killed in war. Modern literature, such as the novels of *Ouida*, has probably sowed the seeds of more evil than ever barbarism conceived. Let art, and literature, and civilization flourish, for in them are the true triumphs of the Devil. Let crowded cities extend, and men and women be cooped up in thousands in factories, and shops and mines, for thus, in the triumphs of modern humanity, is the kingdom of the Devil extended."

This is somewhat broadly expressed, but fashionable assemblies will not be put off with prosy dullness and Mr. Halloo

is deservedly a popular preacher. I might quote other clergymen to prove how strictly proper I am in polite society, without descending as low as Messrs. Spurgeon and Punshon—real clergymen I mean, but it is useless. My Apology will be its own vindication, and may be studied by the most precise. I do not say that Mrs. Tabitha Straitlace will understand it, but I am quite sure she will find not a word in it to shock her.

I am called cruel, untruthful, sensual, uncharitable, and selfish. But most of these charges are the results of ignorance and prejudice. People grow up hearing me abused, they hardly allow me a single good quality, and yet more than one noble spirit has honestly said they would rather be the hero of Milton's greatest poem, the Satan of his Paradise Lost, than St. Michael and all the Angels.

Why should this charge of cruelty be so constantly brought forward against me? I grant that I have that love of power which appears to be a necessary ingredient in cruelty, and which makes the cat dally with the captive mouse, before devouring him, or the fascinating woman play with her victim. But, as no one would seriously accuse either of these of abstract cruelty, so neither should I be accused of it—as to any direct qualification in the study of tortures inflicted, and the contortions to which those tortures give rise, I have only to refer to the theological writings of all civilized nations to prove that I am free from it—for unless the quality of ubiquity or omnipresence be allowed me, how could I gratify such a propensity, when I am constantly proved to be going about on earth, and always at work here? It is not therefore without a smile that I find myself addressed by my old friend, Burns, in the following strain :—

"Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be ;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel !"

Small pleasure indeed! I am perfectly serious when I say, that it would not give me the smallest pleasure to act in so unfeeling a manner. Besides cruelty is not the attribute of a gentleman, and I pride myself, in these latter days, on being a finished gentleman. A gentlemanly carouse, with its little attendant wildness, has always been more grateful to me, than the boorish debauch of vulgar sots. I cannot afford, it is true, to lose any opportunity of advancing the interests of my empire, any more than His late Imperial Majesty of France, who had often to court the masses, however nauseous the means; but as far as my own taste is concerned, I decidedly prefer wax-lights to tallow, and the sweet perfume of the elegant boudoir to the unsavory nastiness of the crowded cellar or garret. Now cruelty is not a gentlemanly vice, and I eschew it. In olden times people were cruel—naturally, constitutionally so—and not from any teaching of mine. Witness Abraham in his conduct to Hagar, and David to Uriah as the Jews and Moslems tell us—to take examples from the best of men. Those who would act in so disgraceful a manner now would be deservedly shunned, and expelled from good society, always supposing they were also guilty of the sin of being found out. I heard that excellent man, Mr. Carlyle, say, that stupidity was the great curse, and when people are found out now-a-days, perhaps there is generally a spice of stupidity in their composition. On such I have no mercy. The blazing forth of a great scandal, though it has its uses sometimes, in making young enquiring minds examine for themselves, yet is in the main a great evil. In fact it does me as much injury as a Bishop's or an Archbishop's sermon, or one of the more vulgar tirades of Mr. Spurgeon or Mr. Punshon, though I beg the pardon of the Prelates generally for mentioning the latter two gentlemen in the same sentence. As my object in the present appeal to the public is to set myself and my proceedings in a clearer light, and to remove some of the prejudices of the ignorant, I trust I shall hear no more of that vulgar abuse which consists in calling me cruel and unfeeling. With all the light that is

daily being shed abroad on the most interesting questions of science, it is only right that more correct impressions of what is called evil, and the source of evil, should be promulgated. Common things are daily receiving more attention in schools, now surely evil is one of the commonest of things, and yet I doubt if one out of a thousand, even of the educated classes, have the slightest idea what it really means. But popular illusions are gradually being dispelled, and I live in hope. A few years ago every one regarded Clive as a hero, Cromwell as a hypocrite, Mahommed as an impostor, and Henry VIII., of England, as addicted to lust and cruelty. All these ideas have been proved to be erroneous, and many more are now debated, which were formerly received as axiomatic truths by all educated circles. Whether evil is really the very bad thing it is represented to be, has not yet been discussed, but I have no doubt it will be. Of this I am certain that virtuous minds are making evil more an object of study than they used to do. Certain things were not to be whispered to ears polite a few years ago, which leaders of society are studying now, and the most virtuous wives and maidens of India and England discuss the condition and habits of others who are not virtuous, and who are neither wives nor maidens, and to what legislative enactments they should be subject, with a view to do them good. Now when evil in the abstract becomes an object of study, I have no doubt some clever fellow will prove that it is not nearly so bad a thing as the unenlightened world supposed—in fact rather the reverse of a bad thing. Why is it that sensation novels are so interesting? Is it not that a spice of that, which gives all the zest to life, is mixed up with the good? What could be more mawkish and uninteresting, than the record of a thoroughly good and correct life? If people never deviated, either to the right or left, who would care to know any thing about them? No, it is the spice of evil that makes the story interesting. When is a methodist preacher most attentively listened to by his congregation? I will tell you—when he records minutely his backslidings, and his fallings-away from

grace, and his "wallowing in the mire of iniquity." Will any assembly of the purest and best of women receive the hero who has never been known to do wrong, with half the ardour, or listen to him with half the attention, or bestow on him half the smiles, they will accord to the hero of an elopement, or two or three affairs of honor, or the overthrower of a government he had sworn to serve or support? Surely not. It is as if the dear creatures welcomed him the more, the more sinister his reputation in these respects—always supposing he has done nothing ungentlemanly. It is as if they said "learn from the little success you will have here to estimate yourself aright—open all your batteries, unmask all your guns, we are prepared for all. Why is this? Why, but because the spice of evil gives its zest to life—why, but because that which really constitutes the charm of living has been fatally misnamed? Nor is this taste peculiar to the female sex. What man feels half the interest in Michal, Saul's daughter, that he does in Abigail the wife of Nabal the Carmelite? or who cares as much for Ahinoam, as for Bathsheba? or what man would not rather have had an hour's conversation with Nur Jehan, than with Pudmani or Chand Bibi, with Mary, Queen of Scots, than with her more correct daughter-in-law, Anni of Denmark, wife of the First James of England? Our writers of fiction know this well—male as well as female. Scott, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins and Meadows Taylor have largely availed themselves of the fact in the construction of their sensation novels, and Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Norton, Miss Braddon and Ouida have similarly thrown a large pinch of "the improper" into their literary stews.

(*To be continued.*)

MOORSHEDABAD IVORY CARVINGS.

THIS INDUSTRY, like many other Indian art industries, is in a declining state. There are now but four

establishments engaged in the work (which is carried on at Ballochur, near Moorshedabad city, and in Berhampore), and the number of persons engaged in it is not at the present time more than one-fourth of the number so employed twenty years ago. Not more than about Rs. 2,500 worth is now sold annually. The quality of the work is also said to have decidedly deteriorated. Amongst other causes which have led to this deterioration it may be well to note one very conspicuous one, namely, the terribly mischievous (though doubtless well-intended) interference which Europeans, especially those possessed by a "taste for Art," sometimes exercise upon Indian art-workmen. Photographs from the antique; plates from the "Art Journal"; wood-cuts from the "Illustrated London News," and even from "Punch" (to say nothing of plates and cuts not nearly so good as these), are forced into the hands of these unfortunate men with a view to "improving" them. Now photographs from the antique are delightful things; the wood-cuts in "Punch" and in the "Illustrated London News" are often, very often, real works of art, of their particular kind, but they are *not*—emphatically *not*—the things to put in the hands of men untrained to carve from "the flat," and the result is always lamentable. One prominent instance may be here quoted. The Moorshedabad ivory carvings sent to the London International Exhibition of 1871 consisted of but six pieces, obtained at a cost of Rs. 500. They were carved by special order from photographs of the following well-known statues:—The "Meleager" and the "Pudicita" of the Vatican; Lombardi's "Diane Chasseresse;" and Lord Hardinge's Statue in Calcutta; and engravings of "Charity" and "Maternal Love." The result was, as ought to have been expected, six horrible caricatures which no one would have desired to possess except it might be for the purpose of pointing the moral against such mischievous interference with old art-industries. In an official note by Dr. Forbes Watson, of the India Office, upon the question of the sales of the Indian exhibits in the London Exhibition of 1871, there is the following remark concerning these six carvings: "The six ivory

carvings from Moorshedabad (valued at £50) will not sell; mainly on account of their being copies of European works. The price also is excessive."

The ivory used is, as a rule, obtained from Calcutta, but it is sometimes purchased in the district. No fewer than 50 to 60 different tools are employed; chiefly of the chisel type. For the most minute portions of the work a "style" is used, and is even known by the vernacular synonym for *stylus*, namely, *kalam*.

The carvers are all Hindus and the occupation is hereditary. As a rule the men work on their own means, but occasionally (when any unusually large order is received) on borrowed capital. The principal buyers of these carvings are Europeans and well-to do Natives. Occasionally when there is any accumulation of stock in the carvers' hands they send their work for sale to the Calcutta and up-country bazaars.

A LOVER OF ART.

A FEW MINUTES WITH RAJA SOURINDRO MOHUN TAGORE.

HIS GRACE of Buckingham, Madras, Chandos and Rumpa, may indeed be a double barrelled Duke and altogether a big gun, but our illustrious Raja, Doctor, "C. I. E." and Knight of half the orders in Europe and Asia is no less a dangerous weapon, he is a master-piece of the best mechanism, and manufactured after the latest style. The Most Noble Richard &c. &c. &c. Grenville can fire a couple or three desultory shots, lay hold of the inevitable *sola topee* and look important but Raja Sourindro Mohun can fire a perfect broadside and look modest.

We had been reading Scott previous to our visit and awful visions had risen before us; it's only natural gentle

reader, but don't get disheartened, we have got round the soft side of the Warder and can enter by a side door. Here we are, there he sits, his eyes are on a document, his secretary sits by him, he doesn't see us. Take the opportunity, don't talk, observe, there now, you see he is not at all terrible, there is no giant encased in armour, handling a double edged sword, or flashing martial ardour from beneath his vigor, no our Knight is an amiable looking man, he is comparatively speaking a young man, his dress is simple, the only jewellery being a slender chain of gold, he has a fine head, and———Ah! we are discovered, he rises to meet us, let us advance, now we are introduced and now seated around us are tokens of royal pleasure, those quaint and bright coloured musical instruments are a present from His Majesty of Siam, that magnificent mosaic of St. Peters is a token of friendship from His Holiness of Rome. In the drawing room are portraits of most of the Crowned Heads of Europe embellished with the royal autographs, in the centre is a splendid mosaic table depicting all the public buildings of Rome, this is from Her Majesty of Italy. Their Majesties of Greece and of the Netherlands are also represented, in fact who isn't. We now re-enter the Study, His Highness is very kind, his Secretary waits with copies of the Raja's valuable works, we are asked to accept these, the autograph is added and the books are rendered invaluable. We are detaining The Raja too long, let us go. We rise, The Raja shakes us warmly by the hand and————we vanish!

M.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

FOR many years before his death last Saturday, Mr. Carlyle had been to England what his great hero, Goethe, long was to Germany,—the aged seer whose personal judgments on men and things were everywhere sought after, and eagerly chronicled and retailed. Yet it was hardly for the same reason. In Goethe's old age, the ripeness of his critical judgment, and the catholicity, not

to say even the facility, of his literary taste, induced a sort of confidence that he would judge calmly and judge genially anything, whether in life or literature, that was not extravagant. Mr. Carlyle was resorted to for a very different reason. The Chelsea shrine, as was well known, gave out only one sort of oracles, and that sort was graphic and humorous denunciation of all conventional falsehoods and pretentiousness, or what was presumed to be conventional falsehood and pretentiousness;—and consequently recourse was had to that shrine only when some trenchant saying was wanted that might help in the sweeping-away of some new formula of the sentimentalists or of the panegyrists of worn-out symbols. His almost extravagant admiration for Goethe notwithstanding, Carlyle in his greatness was ever more disposed to sympathise with the great organs of destructive, than with those of constuctive force. He sympathised with Cromwell for what he destroyed, with Frederick in great measure for what he destroyed, with Mirabeau and Danton for what they destroyed, and even with Goethe in large degree for the negative tendencies of his thought and criticism. With the constructive tendencies of the past he could often deeply sympathise,—as he showed in "Past and Present,"—but with those of the present, hardly ever. If we were asked what his genius did for English thought and literature, we should say that it did chiefly the work of a sort of spiritual volcano,—showed us the perennial fire subversive of worn-out creeds which lies concealed in vast stores beneath the surface of society, and the thinness of the crust which alone separates us from that pit of Tophet, as he would himself have called it. And yet, in spite of himself, he always strove to sympathise with positive work. His teaching was incessant that the reconstruction of society was a far greater work than the destruction of the worn-out shell which usually preceded it,—only, unfortunately, in his own time, there was hardly any species of reconstructive effort which could gain his acquiescence, much less his approval. He despised all the more positive political and philanthropic tendencies of his time; felt little interest in scientific discoveries; concerned himself not at all about its art; scorned its economical teaching; and rejected the modern religious instructors with even more emphatic contumely than the "dreary professors of a dismal science." To Carlyle, the world was out of joint, and his

only receipt for setting it right,—the restoration of "the beneficent whip" for its idlers, rogues, and vagabonds,—was never seriously listened to by thinking men. Consequently, all that he achieved was achieved in the world of thought and imagination. He did succeed in making men realise, as they never realised before, into what a fermenting chaos of passion human society is constantly in danger of dissolving, when either injustice or insincerity,—what Mr. Carlyle called a "*sham*,"—is in the ascendant, and rules of virtue of mere convention or habit. He did succeed in making men realise the wonderful paradox of all social order and discipline, in depicting to us the weakness and the hysterical character of much that is called patriotic and humane impulse, in making us see that justice and strength and a certain heroism of courage are all necessary for the original organisation of a stable society ; and that much sensibility in the body corporate, so far from making this organisation easier, is apt to make it both more difficult and more unstable. Carlyle's greatest power was the wonderful imaginative genius which enabled him to lift the veil from the strange mixture of convention, passion, need, want, capacity, and incompetence called human society, and make us understand by what a thread order hangs, and how rare is the sort of genius to restore it when once it goes to pieces. No one ever performed this great service for the world as Carlyle has performed it in almost all his works,—notably in "The French Revolution" and "Sartor Resartus," and this alone is enough to entitle him to a very high place among the Immortals of literature.

And he had all the gifts for this great task,—especially that marvellous insight into the social power of symbols which made him always maintain that fantasy was the organ of divinity. He has often been called a prophet, and though we have too little sympathy with his personal conception of good and evil so to class him,—though religious seer as he was, he was in no sense Christlike,—he certainly had to the full the prophet's eye for the forces which move society, and inspire multitudes with contagious enthusiasm, whether for good or ill. He fell short of a prophet in this, that his main interest, after all, was rather in the graphic and picturesque interpretation of social phenomena, than in any overwhelming desire to change them for the better, warmly as that desire

was often expressed, and sincerely, no doubt, as it was entertained. Still, Carlyle's main literary motive-power was not a moral passion, but a humorous wonder. He was always taking to pieces, in his own mind's eye, the marvellous structure of human society, and bewildering himself with the problem of how it could be put together again. Even in studying personal character, what he cared for principally was this. For men who could not sway the great spiritual tides of human loyalty and trust, he had—with the curious exception of Goethe—no very real reverence. His true heroes were all men who could make multitudes follow them as the moon makes the sea follow her,—either by spiritual magnetism, or by trust, or by genuine practical capacity. To him, imagination was the true organ of divinity, because, as he saw at a glance, it was by the imagination that men are most easily both governed and beguiled. His story of the French Revolution is a series of studies in the way men are beguiled and governed by their imagination, and no more wonderful book of its kind has ever been written in this world, though we should be sorry to have to estimate accurately how much of his picture is true vision, and how much the misleading guesswork of a highly-imaginative dreamer.

It is in some respects curious that Carlyle has connected his name so effectually as he has done with the denunciation of Shams. For we are far from thinking that the passionate love of truth in its simplicity was at all his chief characteristic. In the first place, his style is too self-conscious for that of sheer, self-forgetting love of truth. No man of first-rate simplicity—and first-rate simplicity is, we imagine, one of the conditions of a first-rate love of truth,—would express common-place ideas in so roundabout a fashion as he; would say, for instance, in recommending Emerson to the reading public, "The words of such a man,—what words he thinks fit to speak,—are worth attending to;" or would describe a kind and gracious woman as a "gentle, excellent, female soul," as he does in his "Life of Sterling." There is a straining for effect in the details of Carlyle's style which is not the characteristic of an overpowering and perfectly simple love of truth. Nor was that the ruling intellectual principle of Carlyle's mind. What he meant by hatred of shams, exposure of unveracities, defiance to the "Everlasting No," affirmation of the "Everlasting Yea," and the ike,

was not so much the love of truth, as the love of divine force,—the love of that which had genuine strength and effective character in it, the denunciation of imbecilities, the scorn for the dwindled life of mere conventionality or precedent, the contempt for extinct figments, not so much because they were figments, as because they were extinct and would no longer bear the strain put upon them by human passion. You can see this in the scorn which Carlyle pours upon "thin" men,—his meagre reverence for "thin lipped, constitutional Hampden," for instance, and his contempt for such men as the Edgeworth described in John Sterling's life, whom he more than despises, not for the least grain of insincerity, but for deficiency in *quantity* of nature, and especially such nature as moves society. Greatly as Carlyle despised "cant," he seems to have meant by cant not so much principles which a man does not personally accept, but repeats by rote on the authority of others, as principles which have ceased, in his estimation, to exert a living influence on society, whether heartily accepted by the individual or not. Thus, in his life of Sterling, he indulges in long pages of vituperation against Sterling for taking to the Church,—not that he believed Sterling to be insincere in doing so, but because what Carlyle called the "Hebrew old clothes" were to his mind worn out, and he would not admit that any one of lucid mind could honestly fail to see that so it was.

Carlyle, in short, has been the interpreter to his country, not so much of the "veracities" or "verities" of life, as of the moral and social spells and symbols which, for evil or for good, have exercised a great imaginative influence over the social organism of large bodies of men, and either awed them into sober and earnest work, or stimulated them into delirious and anarchic excitement. He has been the greatest painter who ever lived, of the interior life of man, especially of such life as spreads to the multitude, not perhaps exactly as it really is, but rather as it represented itself to one who looked upon it as the symbol of some infinite mind, of which it embodied a temporary phase. We doubt if Carlyle ever really interpreted any human being's career,—Cromwell's, or Frederick's or Coleridge's,—as justly and fully as many men of less genius might have interpreted it. For this was not, after all,

his chief interest. His interest seems to us always to have been in figuring the human mind as representing some flying colour or type of the Infinite Mind at work behind the Universe, and so presenting this idea as to make it palpable to his fellow-men. He told Sterling he did not mind whether he talked "pantheism or pottheism,"—a mild joke which he so frequently repeated as to indicate that he rather overrated its excellence,—so long as it was true; and he meant, we fancy, by being true, not so much corresponding to fact, as expressing adequately the constant effort of his own great imagination to see the finite in some graphic relation to the infinite. Perhaps the central thought of his life was in this passage from "Sartor Resartus,"—"What is man himself, but a symbol of God? Is not all that he does symbolical,—a revelation to sense of the mystic God-given power that is in him, a gospel of freedom, which he, the 'Messias of nature,' preaches, as he can, by act and word? Not a hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a thought, but leaves visible record of invisible things, but is, in the transcendal sense, symbolical as well as real." Carlyle was far the greatest interpreter our literature has ever had of the infinite forces working through society, of that vast, dim background of social beliefs, unbeliefs, enthusiasms, sentimentalities, superstitions, hopes, fears, and trusts, which go to make up either the strong cement, or the destructive lava-stream, of national life, and to image forth some of the genuine features of the retributive providence of history.—*Spectator.*

CASTES AND TRADES OF INDIA.

PROFESSOR MONIER WILLIAMS has recently been lecturing at the London Institution on the "Castes and Trades of India." He said India has been described as a poor country on the verge of bankruptcy, whereas it was really a rich country, with a poor population. Its potential wealth was incalculable. Indian art was in an advanced state, long before Europe had emerged from barbarism; but at present the want of capital and the dislike to machinery were fatal to successful competition with European artisans, though Indian workmen were content with far lower wages.

The secret of the beauty of Indian art lay in delicacy of touch and manipulation. The hand was still the chief implement in India. No European machinery ought to supersede it, and Indian art ought never to abandon its own national traditions and pure taste for meretricious ideas derived from Europe. The lecturer exhibited several exquisite specimens of Indian Industrial skill, lent for the occasion by the South Kensington Museum, such as Dacca muslin, Kincob work, silver work, wooden carvings, pottery and jewellery. Cotton cloth imported from Manchester was far inferior to that woven and decorated with patterns by man's hand in India, but was cheaper. Spinning and weaving mills had lately been erected at Bombay, but native artisans were organizing bands of minstrels, who went about the bazaars singing songs ridiculing the vulgarity of taste displayed in European textile fabrics. The connexion between trades and castes was then explained. Every caste originally had its fixed occupation, and many castes were merely trade guilds. Some castes, however, had changed their occupations. All the low castes might be tillers of the soil; these constituted three-fourths of the whole population; the higher-castes might engage in almost any industry. The Indian village system was the germ out of which the present castes and trades were developed. The various functionaries of an autonomous village community were then described. If any one offended against caste rules, he was "Boycotted." No one would buy from him or sell to him. "Boycotting" was a bad imitation of a custom practised in India for centuries. Modern castes, trades, and industries, were innumerable. Some new ones reported in the recent census were rather strange—such as "professional speech-makers," and "professional givers of evidence." Indian art and industry ought not to be denationalized; the evil of caste should be neutralized by corrective influences rather than by Government interference. Caste had its good side, which should be retained.—*The Express.*

CARLYLE ON BOOKS.

SOME time ago your letter was delivered to me; I take literally the first free half-hour I have had since, to write you a word

of answer. It would give me true satisfaction, could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honourable course of self-improvement; but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why "advice is so seldom followed"—this reason, namely, that it is so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking. As to the books which you, whom I know so little of, should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good and universally applicable—read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read. The very wish and curiosity indicate that you then and there are the person likely to get good of it. "Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities:" that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading, as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful and beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one that looks wonderfulest, beautifulest. You will gradually by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones) discover what is for you the wonderfulest, beautifulest; what is your true element and promise, and be able to abide by that. True Desire, the Monition of Nature, is much to be attended to. But here also you are to discriminate carefully between true desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we truly have an appetite for; but what we only falsely have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true. And flimsy, "desultory" readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, but mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial, false desire after spices and confectionaries for the real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the History of Past Men. What thoughts Past Men had in them; what actions Past Men did—the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specially named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books; the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past History, and especially the Past History of one's own native country —everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully, innumerable inquiries, with due indications, will branch out from it; he has a broad, beaten highway from which all the country is more or less visible—there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell. Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions, of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into, discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we were wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right; he will grow daily more and more right. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling; and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement! It is emblematic of all things a man does. In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not by books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsover thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find expressly or tacitly laid to your charge—that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier: silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and be your aim not to quit it without doing all that is, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things: wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lies before them. With many good wishes and encouragements

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

CHELSEA, *March* 13. THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE ADDRESS OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY.

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MEN say—you educate our sons, and then you leave them. Their education cannot feed them or clothe them. It gives them neither work nor salary. The educated youth has the struggle of life all before him, just as if he had never entered a university. Your education is of no profit to him. It is a failure. This complaint appears to me to be pressed with ever increasing frequency, and increasing urgency. But it is based, I think, upon a radically false conception. To those who speak thus I say—you are appealing to false motives; you are pointing to a false ideal; you are measuring the value of education by a false standard. The true motive of the student is not desire for gain, but love of truth and desire for knowledge. The true ideal of the scholar is not one who is willing to learn so much as he is paid to learn, but one who is willing, so far as his circumstances and the varied duties of life permit, to give up his time, his talents, his energies, to the pursuit of the knowledge for which he craves. The true value of education consists not in the worthy profit which it may enable you to make, but in this, that it awakens the love of truth as a motive of action; that it stimulates and gratifies the desire for knowledge; that it calls into activity the dormant powers of the mind, trains and strengthens them by exercise, teaches you to know the relative strengh and value of your several faculties, and to subordinate all to the control of the judgment; that it accustoms you to observe and to reason, and so to know good from evil, the true from the false; and thus leaves you stronger, wiser, and better men than it found you. Lastly, such an education as the University insists upon opens to you the treasures of thought and wisdom accumulated by the great men of past ages, which form the priceless inheritance of each succeeding generation, and from which every man of you, so long as he has eyes to read and a mind to understand, may draw to the limit of his capacity. And thus it gives you sources of pleasure and interest which neither prosperity nor adversity can deprive you of.

Some of the young men whom I am addressing, may be inclined to say that in asking them to value knowledge and culture for their own sake, apart from any worldly profit which they may bring or not bring, I am asking too much and setting before them an impossible ideal. I think I am not, and I think all history shows that I am not. I believe the standard I put before you is the one which in most countries and at most times has been commonly adopted in actual life. I believe the habit of looking upon education as of value only in proportion to its pecuniary result, whether you find it in England or in India, to be but of yesterday's growth, and its prevalence to be an outcome of the competitive system. I believe it to be unworthy alike of your Hindu ancestors in India, and of what I may call your intellectual ancestors in the West.

We of the West owe the intellectual wealth which has descended to us, first, to those who kept alive the light of thought and knowledge throughout the gloom of the middle ages. They were chiefly obscure monks who thought themselves happy if they might pursue their scientific studies without being accused of witchcraft; or bold thinkers who risked the charge of heresy for their love of truth. In either case there was no room for notions of gain. Nor was worldly profit the motive which led successive generations of religious men to preserve and laboriously produce the literary wealth of past ages and to make their monasteries centres of light and intellectual life for the districts around.

The West is indebted, secondly, to those who took part in the great movement, commonly spoken of as the revival of learning. That was a movement certainly based upon no thought of gain. It was the result of an enthusiasm, pure, spontaneous and unselfish. Its agents were scholars who devoted their life to their work, and busy men of the world who gave their leisure and lavished their wealth to acquire and diffuse the knowledge which so attracted them.

We are indebted, thirdly, to the great thinkers and workers who have since then devoted themselves to science and philosophy. If you take the men of science from the days of Harvey or of Newton

to the days of Faraday, if you go through the philosophers and moralists from Locke and Barkeley to Mill and Carlyle, you will find many who have sacrificed health and wealth and comfort and worldly advancement to the pursuit of truth. You will find it difficult, I think, to point to one with whom the hope of worldly gain either was the primary motive to research, or guided its direction. The names I have mentioned are English names; but what is true of England is, I think, equally true of the other countries of Europe.

Nor has it been otherwise in the East. He was an eastern king, not a western, of whom it is recorded that he won the Divine favor in an especial degree, because, when offered a choice of blessings, he chose, not long life, nor wealth, nor victory over his enemies, but an understanding heart. And wherever Jew or Christian or Mussulman is to be found, the memory of the wise king is held in honor.

With regard to Hindus, there is no nation in the world which possesses so ancient or so minute a body of rules for regulating the life and conduct of a student as the Hindus possess in their ancient books of law. And no one I think doubts that the precepts we there find laid down were carried out to the letter in actual practice. Can any one realise the picture which those books present to us of student life, the patient years of obedience and humility, of vigilance and self-denial, of rigid austerity and unceasing study, and associate these ideas with one who knows no higher motive for study than the hope of worldly gain? The people of this country must have broken completely with the memory of the past, and diverged strangely from the type of their forefathers, if they cannot rise to see education in any higher light than as a possible source of money.

If, therefore, the prospects of our young graduates were even much gloomier than they are, it would not follow that the University system was in any degree a failure. And here I might naturally close. But it might then, perhaps, seem to some that I had failed to realise or to sympathize with the difficulties in which such young men undoubtedly find themselves placed. That would be a false impression. * * * * * *

MANUFACTURES AND THE GREAT NEED FOR CREATING NEW INDUSTRIES IN INDIA.

IF we as a nation owe much to our manufactures, we also owe to them a very long tale of just hatred. How many evils are now recoiling on us from the suppression of Irish manufactures, and the consequent thrusting of the people on the soil as their sole method of support. But it has ever been that in matters of this kind, one man is a narrow-minded wolf to another; and we need not therefore be surprised to find how our Irish trading policy was represented in India, and how our manufacturers forced the Government to levy ruinously high protective duties on Indian-made goods, in order that Hindoo manufactures might be quickly and effectively strangled. In 1832 there came to the English Parliament, from the weavers of Bengal, a petition praying that they might be allowed to compete on even terms with English manufacturers. It is needless to say that they were only allowed to do so when protection was no longer of any value to us. Having thus laid up a little score of hatred, the manufacturers of England, with a like indifference to the political effects of their agitation, and to the crying needs of the beggared Indian Exchequer, have labored day and night to induce the Government to remove the small import duties levied on English cotton goods—duties levied entirely for fiscal purposes, and which are not only an important source of revenue, but the one least complained of by the people. There is also one circumstance connected with these duties which shows that, of all sources of revenue, they should be most carefully nursed; for it must be remembered that, as we hold the entire sea-board, the goods cannot enter native States without being taxed. This source of revenue, then, is the only one which enables us to levy a small tax on all India alike, and so to get some return from the native States for the advantages we confer on them by keeping the peace, and it is obvious that to remove the duties would be to relieve the inhabitants of native States, and comparatively increase the burden on our own subjects. It is much to the credit of our Government (though it could hardly, in the face of the powerful northern constituencies, avoid making some remission), that it has so steadily resisted the entire removal of these duties, or, what

amounts to the same thing, assured the manufacturer here that they shall be removed when the Indian finances can afford the sacrifice. This policy will, no doubt, do something to remove a little of the legacy of hatred which we owe to our manufacturers; but that inheritance must be entirely atoned, if we wish to reign well and safely, and it can only be so by the State making every effort to start and aid new industries in India. Nor is there anything novel in this idea, for the Government of India has had experimental tea plantations, cotton farms, and chinchona plantations, and had it shown the same zeal in starting experimental mills, and factories for various purposes in different parts of India, and gathered round them technical schools for the education of native artisans, there can be no doubt that the country would long ere this have been well started on the road towards a lasting prosperity. This subject is nibbled at by the Famine Commission in a way at once weak and almost amusingly contradictory. It recognises the importance of Government aiding new industries, approves of what has been done in starting tea and chinchona experimental undertakings, but shies vehemently at the idea of experimental mills. 'Such experiments, to be really successful or valuable, must be carried out on a commercial basis,' and as 'the conditions of any Government are rarely such as to give it this character,' the Commission is of opinion that such experiments will often lead to mischievous failure, and therefore should not be undertaken. I am, I confess, very much surprised to find Mr. Caird signing his name to an argument like this, for no one ought to have been better aware that, if the risk of failure is a good reason against experimental mills, it must be a much stronger one against agricultural experiments being undertaken by the State, seeing that, of all enterprises, agriculture requires most the vigilance and energy of individuals working with their own capital. But further argument on such a point is needless, as English traders are neither so ignorant nor so stupid as not to know that, when investigating any Government undertaking, a large allowance must be made for the difference between State work nnd work in which the workers have higher profits in proportion to their industry and skill. Before, however, concluding this branch of my subject, it may be well to point out that the need for Government leading the way in industrial undertakings, and in

supporting private enterprise, is at present more apparent than ever it was, in consequence of the leading mercantile firms in India being now mostly represented by agents who receive their instructions by wire from principals residing in London. There are, therefore, few men on the spot to embark in industrial enterprises, or to support them when they may have fallen into temporary difficulties. And to illustrate this, I may here mention that when I was returning from India, I was assured by a high authority that he could have saved thirty-three per cent. on the cost of new rails required for the Indian railway companies, had the Bengal Iron Works (now closed) been supported by Government. The idea of Government taking shares in private undertakings, or starting new industries, is of course extremely foreign to our ideas; but in the case of India we must, for a long time to come, throw overboard our preconceived notions of the duties of government—ideas derived from a totally different state of things—if we wish to plant in that country a lasting civilisation. It may be well to add, for the benefit of those not acquainted with the previous policy of the Government, that, though it has considered it to be its duty to take the lead in enterprises, it always withdraws the moment success has been proved and private enterprise enters the field. This was the case with tea, for instance, all Government plantations having been sold, and it will soon no doubt be the case with the Government chinchona plantations. In advocating Government mills and factories, it must clearly be understood it is not recommended that the State should turn manufacturer, but that it should become so merely to lead the way, and then sell off its mills when private enterprise comes into play. It need hardly be added that, just as the Government supported an Agricultural Gazette of India, so it should in the future publish a Manufacturing and Mining Gazette, with the view of keeping the public regularly informed as to the condition and prospects of every kind of industrial undertaking throughout our Indian Empire.—*Fraser's Magazine for February* 1881.

NOTES ON THE TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE ASSASSINATION of Czar Alexander has created a profound sensation throughout the civilised world. In

India, such of the common people as heard of him—the ignorance of the masses is so great that most of them have not heard of him at all—used to speak of him as the archenemy of Islam, and it is not too much to say that all fanatical Mussulmans will pronounce his doom to be the just judgment of God for robbing the acknowledged head of the orthodox of no small portion of his heritage. To another class of people, the Czar was a great bugbear, who was constantly trying to oust his daughter's mother-in-law from India. In history he will be known as the benevolent despot who emancipated the serfs. Rousakoff's act, considered simply in its political aspect, is a more senseless act than the judicial murder of Charles I. by the Independents or of Louis XVI. by the Jacobins, and it is in the same category with Ravaillac's assassination of Henry IV. of France. What do the Nihilists hope to gain by such murders? They may establish a Red Republic such as would have called forth the enthusiasm of Robespierre if he had been alive; but a short-lived anarchy—it would be improper to call it a government—beginning in blood and ending in blood, cannot commend itself to the friends of Humanity.

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IRELAND, CURSED WITH the worst kind of landlordism, has become as disaffected as she was in 1848, and if she has not broken out into open rebellion, it is because Mr. Parnell, unlike Mr. Smith O'Brien, sees the utter hopelessness of a physical conflict with the sister island. The wrongs of Ireland, after all that Mr. Gladstone has done to remedy them, are still great beyond all measure. The greatest of these grievances is the improper and often inhuman exercise of the *right* of eviction. That under certain circumstances eviction is justifiable must be admitted by all candid friends of tenant-right. If a tenant refuses to pay rent when he has the means of paying it, he may be equitably ejected; but when his failure is owing to some unforeseen calamity—say a potato blight,—it is simply inhuman to turn him out and leave him to beg or to perish by hunger and cold on the road side. Still worse is the conduct of

the landlord, who, like the Duchess of Sutherland, makes thousands of people homeless for the pleasure of converting arable into pasture land with forests for deer. If the Irish tenant had had no field for emigration, his fate would have been far more miserable than that of the Indian peasant.

Mr. Gladstone attempted to provide a small remedy for this state of things by introducing a Bill called the Compensation for Disturbance Bill; but the all-powerful landlord interest in the House of Lords caused it to be thrown out; so the political agitation has become more threatening than ever. If there are good grounds for apprehending an insurrection in Ireland, the Coercion Act just passed is justifiable; but the House of Lords ought to be coerced at the same time into passing a good Land Act for Ireland, just as it was coerced into passing the Reform Bill and the Catholic Emancipation Bill.

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THE "SPIRITED" FOREIGN POLICY of the late Tory Cabinet is bearing bitter fruit in every quarter of the world. An adverse vote of the House of Lords has made the immediate evacuation of Candahar impossible; but as the British Constitution is becoming more and more democratic, a resolution of the peers is of no great acoount, unless it is seconded by the House of Commons. If the latter House concurs in the vote of censure, the Ministry must resign, and Candahar will be annexed to the British Empire to be held at the cost of Indian blood and Indian treasure.

In Africa, the disastrous defeat of Sir George Colley and his band by the Boers, who are fighting manfully for their independence, must be avenged, but at what a cost of life and money! The greed for territory is an insatiable monster requiring to be constantly fed with rivers of human gore.

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THE FACTORY BILL has been passed. The principle of the Bill is sound, namely that the State is bound to protect those who cannot protect themselves; but it is undeniable that its provisions have been dictated, not by philanthrophy but by

Manchester's jealousy of Bombay. When Manchester professes anxiety on account of the health of young operatives supposed to be overworked in Indian factories, we are irresistibly reminded of the wolf in sheep's clothing. Administered carefully, the Act may do some good ; but a harsh enforcement of its provisions is sure to crush our nascent cotton industry ; if not the jute industry also, in the bud.

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"KNOWLEDGE OUGHT TO be pursued for its own sake"—this is the text on which the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University has preached an eloquent lay sermon. Mr. Wilson's sentiments have our hearty concurrence. The learned class in India was all along a poor class whose devotion to knowledge did not require the stimulus of any worldly advantage. But though we agree in the main with Mr. Wilson, we cannot help wishing that for some years at least there should be fewer Masters of Arts and Bachelors of Law, and a greater number of mechanics, engineers, merchants and manufacturers. "Il faut vivre" is the great law of Nature, and as the struggle for existence is yearly becoming more and more serious, we wish our young men to devote themselves more to the useful arts, and less to what are called the liberal arts. There is nothing for which we are more grateful to Sir Ashley Eden than the establishment of the College of mechanical engineering at Sibpur. We hold at the same time with Mr. Wilson that no real advance in knowledge can be made unless it is pursued enthusiastically for its own sake.

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THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN the Brahmo Samaj of India and the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj is becoming more and more bitter. Babu Keshub Chunder Sen is giving rationalistic interpretations of the orthodox creed of India, showing how much of it is symbolical. For this he is accused of coquetting with idolatry, than which no charge can be more groundless. When a Hindu who is not grossly ignorant worships Lakhshmi under the symbol of a bushel of paddy, what is the real object of his

worship? Surely it can't be the paddy, which is often trampled under foot. It is the Almighty who is worshipped for giving us our daily food. The Sadharan Brahmos are angry with Keshub Babu because he calls God "Hari." Now "Hari" is a word consecrated by the usage of the greatest theologians that India has produced. The Assamese Reformer interprets "Hari" as the Great Being who taketh away all our sins and miseries—"যাঁহারে হঁরিলে (স্মরিলে) হর্ব্ব (সর্ব্ব) পাপ তাপ হরে"—If Keshub ought to discard *Hari*, the Sadharan Brahmos ought to discard the words *Brahm*, *Isvara* and Paramesvara, which are used alike by the orthodox and the heterodox.

THE POSITIVE GOVERNMENT SECURITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

THE MANAGER of this Company has favored us with a copy of "An Enquiry in easy explanation of the Positive System of Life Assurance." The Company is founded on a sound and liberal system. Eighty per cent. of its premiums is set aside and its Indian Trustee is the Official Trustee who invests only in Government Securities and keeps them in the Presidency Bank for safe custody. The Trust fund is materially increased by adding to it the interest drawn and invested in Government Securities. Besides the premiums there are Government Securities amounting to Rs. 5,10,800 to protect the policies of the company. These are held in London by two Trustees, namely Sir Richard Couch, late Chief Justice of Bengal, and Mr. W. Macandrew. The positive notes being payable to bearer on death, there is no necessity for those interested in them to produce Letters of Administration, Probate, &c. Thus much expense and loss of time are saved.

AMUSING.

A POLITICAL WAY OF PUTTING IT.—Nellie: "So I hear you are to marry an M. P. shortly, May?" May: "Yes, I have

always been mad on politics, you know; and the other day Henry having suggested my immediate annexation (allowing me Home Rule, of course), we found we could both agree on a treaty, which I'm happy to say the governor has ratified."—*Fun.*

NATURAL SYMPATHY!—Papa: "That picture shows the story of Prometheus and the vulture that fed on his liver. Every day the vulture devoured it, and every night it grew, for him to eat it again." Sympathetic Child: "Poor dear old vulture! How sick he must have been of *liver every day!*"

HOW IT IS DONE.—The Critic's Hanger-on: "Are you coming to see the new piece? Time's up, you know" The Critic: "In half-an-hour, old boy, I'm going to the office first to write my criticism upon it!"

SON to his fond father, who has asked him where he is in his class now: "Oh, pa I've got a much better place than I had last quarter." "Indeed? Well where are you?" "I'm fourteenth, "Fourteenth, you little lazybones! You were eight last term. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes, sir; it's nearer the stove."—*American Paper.*

MARK TWAIN says there is something very fascinating about science—it gives you such wholesome returns of conjecture for such trifling investments of facts.—*American Paper.*

"WRITE CAREFULLY," says De Quincey. "You can never tell how much good your work may accomplish." No truer words were ever spoken. A man brought around a perfectly loving poem about the sun-kissed leaves of September just as the office boy had built a fire in the grate and was looking for something to light it with.

A CINCINNATI man found a rough-looking individual in his celler. "Who are you?" he demanded. "The gas man, come to take the metre," was the reply. "Great heaven!" cried the householder, "I hoped you were only a burglar?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A PHILOSOPHER says, "There are various stations in life, but the least desirable is the police station."

A MODERN essayist defines gossip to be the putting of two and two together, and making five of them.

A YOUNG lady was asked which she preferred of two brothers. She responded: "When I am with either of them, I prefer the other."

THE

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THE CENTRAL BENGAL RAILWAY.

AS THE projected Railway through Central Bengal is about to become an accomplished fact, a word about it will not be out of place in our *Miscellany*. We shall show that the line is likely to prove more remunerative than the Eastern Bengal Railway.

Bhagwangolah, which is to be the Northern Terminus of the Railway, is no longer what it was towards the close of the 18th century, when Mr. Jonathan Duncan described it as the greatest cotton-mart in Bengal. The river Ganges has receded from its vicinity leaving an extensive alluvial accretion known under the name of *Asaridaha*. Here in the dry season, an extensive market is held under the name of *Alatoli Golah*, the chief staple sold being cotton imported from the North-West Provinces by boats. With the opening of the Railway to the river-bank, Bhagwangolah will in all probability become a larger emporium than Koosteah, attracting no small portion of the traffic of the rich districts of Maldah and Rajshahye. In the neigbourhood of Bhagwangolah, the soil yields large quantities of indigo, linseed, pulses, tobacco and mulberry. Throughout East Moorshedabad, the last mentioned plant is most carefully

cultivated, raw silk being the most valuable article of produce. Though at the time of the Franco-German War, the silk-trade of Moorshedabad received a shock, from which it has not yet completely recovered, there can be no doubt that the proposed Railway will send down larger quantities of silk to Calcutta than the Eastern Bengal Railway which does not pass through any silk-producing district, and carries chiefly Rajshahye silk.

Jeagunge, though it has suffered severely from the late panic in the Money Market, is still the most flourishing place of business in Moorshedabad. Many of the Jain shroffs and merchants of Jeagunge and Azimgunge have indeed sustained heavy losses lately; but they are such excellent men of business that there is not the least doubt about their recovering their old prosperity. The Jains hold a position in Bengal quite analogous to the position held by the Parsees in Bombay. In money matters, their integrity is equal to their business capacity. Baluchar which is practically a part of Jeagunge is remarkable for its silk fabrics which are highly prized throughout Bengal.

With the rise of Calcutta, the City of Moorshedabad has been steadily declining, and since the departure of the Nawab Nazim, it has become a kind of Sleepy Hollow. Trade is languishing and the Mexican poppy has invaded the compound of the Nawab Nazim's Palace. In the 18th century Lord Clive spoke of the city as larger, richer and more populous than London. Its ancient glory has departed; but still it has a large urban population whom the Railway will rouse from their lethargy and who will furnish a large passenger traffic. Cossimbazar, once the largest silk mart in Bengal, has long ceased to be a place of any importance. The river has deserted its old bed which has become a pestiferous marsh, and Cossimbazar has been ruined by a terrible epidemic. If people still cherish any fond recollections of the place it is because of the unparalleled benevolence of Maharani Swarnamayi. From Cossimbazar itself little traffic is expected unless it be the conveyance of large gangs of genteel beggars who are constantly hanging about the place. In the neighbour-

hood of Cossimbazar, however, much silk is reeled, spun and woven.

Berhampore has ceased to be a Cantonment for European soldiers; but with Syedabad and Kangra it has a large urban population which will make the passenger traffic more extensive than it is in any station of the E. B. Railway, except Calcutta and Goalundo. It is not generally known that the famous brass-ware of Kangra is manufactured chiefly at Berhampore. Kangra is rapidly thriving. It looks as if it were a busy quarter of Calcutta.

The Meherpur Subdivision in the district of Nuddea is probably the greatest pulse-producing tract in Bengal. No other part of the Lower Provinces yields such an abundant out-turn of good grain; and the yield of peas, black pulse, wheat, capsicum and indigo is also very considerable. This is the only part of Nuddea in which there is any sericulture; but the silk filatures are few and on a small scale. The pulse traffic will, however, put the carrying capacity of the Railway to a severe trial in spring.

The town of Krishnaghur with Goari has a large urban population with an extensive retail trade. A Railway station at or near the town is sure to draw a passenger traffic far exceeding that of the Bogullah Station, of which the principal feeder is Krishnaghur. Being, like Berhampore, the Head Quarters of a district, Krishnaghur has of course a considerable floating population of litigants, who will use the Railway. The Rajbari quarter of Krishnaghur has, indeed, lost its old magnificence; a ruined barbican alone still feebly attesting what a great noble had done in the last century to defend himself from Mahratta raids; but the place of the courtiers, buffoons and dependents of Maharajah Krishna Chandra Roy has been taken by an intelligent and generally prosperous population, and the growth of the Civil Station of Goari has been wonderfully rapid.

The looms of Santipur are famous throughout Bengal for the excellence of their cotton fabrics. The industry is de-

clining; but with such improvements, as Babu Deno Nath Sen has introduced or attempted to introduce into Dacca, Santipur may yet be able to stand its ground against Manchester. We have seen at Santipur the weaving of a piece of *Sarbanga sundar duray*——a chequered fabric of great delicacy. It struck us that the process was very ingenious, but rather more tedious than it might be. A European mechanic can, we think, easily improve the weaving frame with its primitive shells and pebbles without materially enhancing the cost or exciting the prejudices of the weavers. As the home of the great Vaishnava saint Advaita Acharya, Santipur attracts pilgrims from all parts of Bengal especially during the Râslilâ festival. Here the tourist may find something to admire in the architecture of the great temple of Syam Chand (Mr. Justice Phear wondered how such a building could have been erected by men ignorant of modern engineering) and in the graceful riverside lined from morn to eve with still more graceful women. The student of human nature may study here Vaishnavism in its sensual as well as spiritual aspect.

As the construction of the section from Bhagwangolah to Ranaghat is still under consideration, it is unnecessary to do more than express our surprise that the authorities have not yet made up their minds to begin the work. Surely the Eastern Bengal Railway does not pass by a single Mofussil town so important as Moorshedabad, Berhampore, Krishnaghur and Santipur.

The section about to be constructed by Messrs. Rothschild without a state guarantee will be considered in another number of the *Miscellany.*

THE LEPER ISLANDS.

By James Duhan Ph. D.

MOLOKAI is an island of the Hawaiian Archipelago,—the Sandwich Islands of the Northern Pacific,—and is devoted to lepers. It is in about the same latitude as Calcutta,

about forty miles long, and on an average, six to eight miles broad. A range of mountains runs through it from east to west and it forms a part of the kingdom of Kalakana the First, of which Hawaii is the principal island, and Honolula the capital. It was on Hawaii, misnamed Owayhee by its discoverers, that Captain Cook was killed a hundred years ago.

Molokai takes its name from its precipitous sides, *Molokai aini pali*, the island of precipices, as it is called in the native tongue. Kalakana's kingdom contains now, about sixty thousand, although eighty years ago there were about two hundred thousand inhabitants, and it is peopled by native islanders, Chinese, Europeans, Americans, and half castes.

It was in 1865 that the Hawaiian Legislature had its attention first turned to leprosy, which was fast spreading in the Archipelago, and was one of the causes of the rapid decrease of the population. It was determined therefore to devote the island of Molokai entirely to lepers, and to banish thither compulsorily every one in whom the taint was discovered. The nation are so perfectly reckless about the risk of contagion, and so careless of all sanitary measures, that nothing else but the removal of the lepers—every one found in the slightest degree tainted with it—from amid the rest of the population, would do to stamp it out.

King Kalikana has an American Financial Minister, some intelligent native Counsellors, and many missionaries, to assist him. All the natives are nominally Christians. Even Queen Emma's cousin, a man of property and importance, was banished with the rest of the lepers to Molokai. Queen Emma visited England about twenty years ago, and was received with distinction by the Royal Family of England, and by the Queen. She is the widow of the last ruling sovereign, the predecessor of King Kalikana, who left no heirs. The natives will smoke the pipes, wear the clothes, and sleep on the same mats as lepers, and therefore perfect isolation, banishment to Molokai, was resorted as the only means of extirpating the plague.

A settlement was formed in the fine fertile valley of Kalaupapa, where the leper village of Kalawao was established in 1865. Houses were built, an hospital fitted up, a leper surgeon superintended it, a leper clergyman preached to his fellow sufferers, and leper shopmen and artizans soon established themselves in their various employments. There are between seven hundred and a thousand lepers in the valley of Kalaupapa, on the island of Molokai, chiefly collected in the village of Kalawao.

One man only, who is not a leper, lives in the village. He is a Roman Catholic priest from Belgium, a missionary, who has devoted himself to the poor outcasts, honestly believing that they have souls to save, and that he can help in saving them. All honour to the zeal, devotion, and honest enthusiasm of Father Damiens! If ever any living man belonged to the noble army of martyrs, Father Damiens is that man.

A few of the lepers, as I have said, are persons of property, like the Hon'ble P. Y. Kaeo, cousin of Queen Emma, Mrs. Napela, widow of a member of the Legislature, and others. These people have neat wooden houses, provided with every luxury. Mr. Kaeo has an excellent library, gets newspapers and magazines periodically, by the island steamer, and takes an intelligent interest in the government of the archipelago. The majority of the houses are of mud and grass, like those used by the poorer classes of the rest of the island kingdom, and Government takes care that all are supplied with food. There is a leper governor, a superintendent of stores, a post office and postmaster; and all the appliances of civilized life are maintained and superintended by the lepers themselves. Mr. Ragsdale, a half-caste, one of the most eminent and influential of the legislators of Hawaii, found himself tainted with the plague, and forsook family and friends, to go to Molokai, where his influence is only second to that of the Governor. There are two Roman Catholic chapels, one Protestant Church, two school houses; and priests, clergymen, and teachers are all lepers except Father Damiens.

The following is abridged from the account of Mr. Green, President of the Board of Health, describing King Kalakana's visit to Molokai, a few years ago. The miniature kingdom of sixty thousand souls has its Legislature, its Prime Minister, its Minister for Foreign Affairs, its Minister of Justice and Police, its President of the Board of Trade, and President of the Board of Health. But the Minister of Finance is the most important officer of all. He keeps King, Council, Parliament and Chiefs in order. Without his approval nothing can be done. The little kingdom has its standing army and its debt; its public debt, like other kingdoms, great and small. But I must not run off into a digression. I return to the President of the Board of Health, and the King's visit to Molokai.

"As our party stepped on shore from the island steamer," wrote Mr. Green, "two to three hundred of the lepers crowded down to the beach to welcome us. Our ears were greeted with the sound of lively music. This proceeded from a band, consisting of a drum, fife and two flutes, rather skilfully played by four youths, whose faces were horribly marked and disfigured by leprosy. The sprightly airs, with which these poor creatures welcomed the arrival of the royal party, sounded strangely incongruous and out of place, grating harshly on our feelings. And then, as we proceeded up the beach, and the crowd gathered around us, eager and anxious for a recognition of some kind word of greeting—oh, the repulsive and sickening libels and distorted caricatures of the human face divine upon which we looked! And as they evidently read our ill-concealed aversion in our countenances, they withdrew the half proffered hands, and slunk back with drooping heads. They felt again that they were lepers, outcasts of society, and must not contaminate us with their touch.

"A few cheerful words of enquiry from our physician, Dr. Toussaint, addressed to individuals, as to their particular cases, broke the embarrassment of this first meeting, and soon

the crowd were chatting and laughing just like any other crowd of thoughtless Hawaiians. With few exceptions these unfortunate exiles showed no signs of that settled melancholy which might naturally be looked for from people so hopelessly situated. Very happy were they when spoken to, and quite ready to answer any questions. We saw many whom we had known in years past in Honolulu, and who, having disappeared, we had thought dead. One was a Representative in the Legislature of 1868. We meet again, said he, in this living grave! He is a man of no little consideration amongst the people, being entrusted by the Board of Health with the care of the store kept for the sale of such goods as the people require. All do not appear to be leprous who are lepers. We saw many at Kalawao who might pass through our streets any day without being suspected of the taint. They had it, however, in some form or other. Sometimes at the extremities only, eating away the flesh, and rotting the bones of the hands or feet—sometimes appearing only in dark indurated spots on the skin, noticed only on a minute inspection. This last sort is the worst as being the most fatal, and the easiest to transmit to others. Many of the women who had the disease in this stage, were walking about, gaily attired, and ornamented with garlands of flowers, whom it was difficult to believe were at all afflicted.

"If our sensibilities were shocked at the sight of the crowd of lepers whom we saw flocking to the beach to welcome us on landing, how shall I describe our sensations in looking upon those loathsome creatures in the hospital, in some of whom it was hard to recognize any thing human? The rooms were well ventilated and cleanly kept, but the atmosphere within was pervaded with the sickening odour of the grave. At each end, squatted on mats, or lying prone on mattresses, were the yet breathing bodies of lepers—I had almost said corpses—in the last stages of some of the direct forms of this awful malady. They glanced enquiringly at us for a moment out of their ghoul-like eyes—those of them who could still see—and then shrunk up apathetic into their own dreadful selves. Could any sight be

more horrible? In one room was a pretty little blue-eyed, flaxen haired girl, apparently about three or four years of age, a half-caste, of a light colour, that looked up at us as if wanting to be noticed and caressed. Alas! in the glassy eyes were the unmistakeable signs of the curse, the sin of the parents visited upon the child! On the day of our visit there were fifty eight patients in the hospital out of seven hundred all told. It is satisfactory to know that a judicious philanthropy takes care of these poor victims of disease, and that all is being done for them, that can be done, to encourage their remaining capacities for industry, and to smooth their final journey to the tomb."

It will be seen from the above how strikingly an official report in Hawaii differs from one in India. But who told Mr. Green that the poor little leprous girl's parents had sinned? Is he not going beyond his tether in asserting it?

I shall have something more to say of the history and government of the Hawaiian Archipelago in a future number.

POSTSCRIPT.—I have just heard that King Kalakana and his court are now on their travels, making a tour of the principal countries of Asia and Europe. Before this article sees the light, they may possibly have visited India. Their object is to discover if possible some race from which emigrants may be obtained to re-people the Sandwich Islands. The native race, as I have mentioned, are rapidly decreasing, at the rate of about a thousand a year, and as there are only about sixty thousand of them altogether, a very simple sum in simple proportion will inform us when there will be no more left of them at the present rate.

The King landed in San-Francisco, North America, on the last day of January in this year, thence he proceeded to Yokohama in Japan and I believe intends to visit China and India before proceeding to Europe. There are already two thousand Chinese settlers in his dominions and if common report speaks true he does not want any more of them.

Would it be possible to induce a hundred thousand Hindoos to go to these islands——the earthly paradise as some describe them.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

"O HAPPY hush of heart to heart
A moment molten through with bliss
O Love delaying long to part
That first, fast, individual kiss."——*Lytton.*

——:——

I.—Methinks 'tis like a dream
At eve we took a stroll
'Twards the flowing stream
That majestically rolled
Fair Eva and myself.
In the mid'st of the bowers
At the side of the stream
Where grow wild the flow'rs
Both fresh and evergreen
Sat Eva and myself.

II.—We gazed beside the stream
The place it looked so gay
The sun beneath the hill
Send us his parting ray
Fair Eva and myself.
The flow'rs they looked so pure
The birds they sang above
Yes! that garden witnessed
The first kiss of love
'Twixt Eva and myself.

III.—Darling wilt thou be mine,
I was enraptured in bliss,
She blushed—Hung down her head
I sealed it with a holy kiss
Eva and myself.
Methinks I see her now
Still 'neath that sacred tree
Oh! Eva my darling come back
I'll love and none but thee
Oh! Eva and myself.

M.

A PLEA FOR THE DEVIL.

(Concluded from page 138.)

Who was the great hero, a few years ago, in modern Europe—for I am too polite to speak of the living? Let the question be sounded from Gibraltar to the North Cape, from the Morea to Londonderry, and the answer from every country and from every race will be the same. Louis Napoleon, by the grace of God and the will of the people, Emperor of the French, was the hero of those modern days. Now every age takes a certain reflection from, and gives a certain reflection to, its heroes. Its heroes are what society and the age make them. If our heroes are high-souled, men of truth and honor, men who would scorn to take advantage by word or deed unfairly, men of unswerving honesty and the highest principle, then is the age in so far heroic. But if the hero of the age is without principle, a breaker of oaths, the betrayer of liberty, the burglar of honesty and truth, then is the age most unheroic, an age of shifts and expediencies, of truckling and degeneracy. From the hero then judge the age. Did not this hero always respect appearances? Were not his words brave words? Was he not the oldest son of the Church, the consistent upholder of religion and morality, the redresser of wrongs, and the asserter of the rights of nations? Surely he was all this—and as the hero is so is the age. Truth—sincerity—principle are fine words, and we must use them—but, above all, let us consult appearances. Make a fine show. Let the outward appearance please the world, and all will be well. Such is our modern morality, and such has ever been my rule of life. Why then am I blamed? The principles that rule fashionable society are the principles I have always acted upon. I am called hard names, and literally abused to the extent of the small ability of the abusers, and all for having been consistent in all ages in carrying out those principles, which are the confessed principles of modern society,

the ruling dogmas by which states and empires are governed, and under which princes and statesmen, bishops and archbishops, kings and emperors rule and reign. It is one of the popular prejudices of the age that truth and sincerity and principle rule the world. Nothing can be more false. Such things are antiquated fallacies. The highest society and the noblest circles have discarded them, and there remains the rule of expediency. Our government is a government of expediency—our priesthood is the priesthood of expediency,—and the popular belief is a belief in expediency.

And what are the rewards which society offers for a just and consistent worship of expediency, and a thorough acting up to the principles and practice of the age. Society has always rewards for its heroes—power, substantial power, the most imposing and the most tangible reward—and as adjuncts and attributes of power, earldoms and knighthoods, stars, and honors, and titles, and pensions, high rank, and wide renown. Are these things to be despised? A few cynics will perhaps say they are, but well I know the great bulk of mankind will never so say.

As is the hero of the age, so is the age itself. Such is my proposition, and all history proves it true. The rude and blustering Achilles; the self-denying, heroic Cincinnatus; the bold and fearless and merciless Alaric; the false and successful Shah Jehan; the shrewd, polite, dissimulating, false fifth Charles; and Napoleon the Third, by the grace of God, and the will of the people, Emperor of the French, are all types of their age—every one of them taking his tone of mind from, and giving it to the surrounding crowds, gazing, wondering, admiring, if not worshipping.

But rewards—what of rewards for acting up to the spirit of the age? Are not crosses, and noble titles, and power, and estates, and wealth enough? Is there something more exquisite still that remains behind for the increase of the glory of the great and good? Unquestionably there is. Religion, with its

bishops and archbishops, its choral services, and its processions, and its flowing robes and brave words, comes in to swell the pomp, and hallow the dignity of the hero. Listen to the historian describing the solemn scene, and scoffers avaunt—

"On the thirtieth day computed from the night of the 2nd of December, the rays of 12,000 lamps pierced the thick wintry fog that clogged the morning air, and shed their difficult light through the nave of the historic pile which stands marking the lapse of ages and the strange chequered destiny of France. There waiting, there were the bishops, priests, and deacons of the Roman branch of the Church of Jesus Christ. These bishops, priests and deacons stood thus expecting, because they claimed to be able to conduct the relations between man and his Creator, and the swearer of the oath of the 20th of December had deigned to apprize them that again, with their good leave, he was coming into 'the presence of God.' And he came. Where the kings of France had knelt, there was now the persistent manager of the company that had played at Strasburg and Boulogne, and with him, it may well be believed, there were Morny rejoicing in his gains, and Magnan soaring high above sums of four thousand pounds, and Maupas no longer in danger, and St. Arnaud formerly Le Roy, and Fialin, more often called 'Persigny,' and Fleury the propeller of all, more eager, perhaps, to go and be swift to spend his winnings, than to sit in a cathedral and think how the fire of his temperament had given him a strange power over the fate of a nation. When the Church perceived that the swearer of the oath and all his associates were ready, she began her service. Having robes whereon all down the back there was embroidered the figure of a cross, and being, it would seem, without fear, the bishops and priests went up to the high altar, and scattered rich incense, and knelt and rose, and knelt and rose again. Then, in the hearing of thousands, there pealed through the aisles that hymn of praise which purports to waft into heaven the thanksgivings of a whole people for some new and signal mercy vouchsafed to them by Almighty God. It was because of what had been

done to France within the last thirty days that the Hosannas arose in Notre Dame. Moreover the priests lifted their voices and cried aloud, chanting and saying to the Most High, 'Domine, salvum fac Ludovicum Napoleonem.' 'O Lord, save Louis Napoleon.'

What is good, and what is evil? and who is he that deserves the prayers of a nation? If any man, being scrupulous and devout, was moved by the events of December to ask these questions of his Church, he was answered that day in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Paris."

(Kinglake. Invasion of the Crimea. Vol. 1. P. 312-4.)

It is a popular fallacy also that all sorts of evil practices come from, and are encouraged by, me—whereas the fact is that I am constantly doing my best to keep up appearances, and that any kind of open vice, leading to public scandal is my abhorrence. If I can prove, for instance, that the government of the highest ecclesiastical dignitary of the Christian Church openly encouraged gambling amongst the masses, whilst it is well known I encouraged it in secret only, I think it will be quite evident that somebody is not so black as he is painted, and that the origin and propagators of what is called evil in the world are not so easily found out as shallow-pated mortals imagine.

The scene is Rome, as Rome was, when governed by His Holiness, the Pope,—the description is from the Ms. papers of the late M. Goldschmidt, so says the *Athenæum*:—

The lottery is drawn at Rome in the Piazza Madonna every Saturday, at 12 o'clock precisely. It is almost touching to see the venerable Papal administration, generally so interestingly languid and slow, coming out as nimble and punctual as Figaro, the renowned barber, when it is to shave the people by their own free will. At the first sound of the church bells striking noon, the actors make their appearance on the lofty balcony of the palace of finance; and as the bells of the innumerable churches of the Eternal City continue their merry peals for a considerable time, it is to the bystanders on the Piazza Madonna as if a sacred festival were taking

place. And it is not so? Are not the pockets of his Holiness sacred? and are they not about being filled now? Peal, ye bells! send the good message towards Heaven! The balcony is covered with crimson hangings, and exhibits in the centre of its balustrade a transparent elliptical object, a barrel of glass suspended on an axis—the wheel of fortune. A functionary, seated in a corner of the balcony, hands the ninety numbers, one by one, to an individual in a faded crimson robe and a black velvet cap, who proclaims the numbers aloud; whilst another functionary, on his right, puts them into the wheel. "Number ninety!" the man in crimson at last calls out, in strong and joyous strains; responded to with cheers from three or four hundred voices below, for now the tedious introduction is over, and the real ceremony is to begin. But first, pray observe the crowd filling the Piazza—priests and lay folk, men and women, old and young, all attentive with their whole soul; some quivering with emotion, others accustomed, hardened to it—hope and desponding doubt balancing each other in their countenance; some lips moving in prayer, others wide apart, pale bluish: an unhappy set of people, a forlorn rabble, you would say, were there not, at the same time, so much beauty, did not so many of these furrowed, degraded faces, and of these dirty heads, exhibit signs of belonging to a race capable of great sentiments and great deeds. Close to me is an elderly bearded man, his eyes fixed on the balcony; in his right hand is a crucifix, in his left a lottery-ticket; he contrives to let the ticket come in contact with the crucifix, as if kissing it. No doubt it should be done mysteriously, unseen, to bring luck.

The principal actor appears above—a boy clad in white, like an angel, and beautiful as an angel, as so many children are here; on his head he wears a broad, grey, felt hat, which adds something comic, Pierrot-like, to the angel. He is to draw the numbers; but before he stretches out his hand for the all-important grasp, music is heard—a great flourish of trumpets. How clearly, almost in words, the music speaks. Hearken, ye Romans! your holy father, the successor of the Apostles, has invited you to become rich. It is your own fault in not having bought tickets, or it is the will of Heaven if any of you be baffled in this legitimate aspiration. Some of you have, perhaps, gone begging to procure the means of securing a ticket; well, as soon as you shall have won,

you can give alms in your turn. Some of you may have pawned or sold your bedclothes; never mind, when you win, you can buy new. You can hire a palace, and furnish it with gold and silver, ivory and ebony. You have all left your work to come here, and you will all return home unable to work. Quite right; why should you waste beautiful life on tedious labour, when one moment may bestow incalculable treasures on you? Now, children of our holy father, the first number.

The white clad boy has plunged his hand into the transparent barrel and drawn forth a small roll of paper, which he reverentially passes on to a prelate at his side, who, after unrolling and reading it, tenders it to the same functionary who had placed the numbers in the wheel, and who now, after reading it, hands it to the man in the faded crimson robe, and he calls out in a sonorous voice, "Here, number fourteen is drawn!"

An indescribable sound is heard from the Piazza, a heaving of the sea of human beings, a common sigh of three or four hundred hearts, a subdued outburst of disappointment or impatience, whilst a single shrill voice of intense happiness marks the winner somewhere in the crowd. But presently the music holds out to them anew the golden hope; the angel-boy again draws a number, fifty-seven. New disappointment, music. Hearken, ye Romans! denizens of the Eternal City, be neither chickenhearted nor too ambitious. Two numbers are drawn, but three remain, and even these can bring a handsome fortune.

Third number, fifty-one. Disappointment, music. Hearken, ye Romans! did you hear the entranced exclamations of the winners? A good many there are, I dare say! How enviable is their lot! How they will feast and dance to-night. They will eat maccaroni and *gallinaccio* (turkey), and drink Montefiascone in the Palombella! But something is in store yet, for others among you; fourth number, forty-one. Disappointment, music. Hearken, ye Romans! remember that our holy father is not father to this city alone, but to the whole State, and many, many are those who have been blessed to-day by the four numbers already drawn. One yet remains to make the happy ones happier still, and to comfort those hitherto neglected; here it is, forty-two.

A cry of astonishment is increased by something that almost tastes of the miraculous, spreading like a flash among the crowd. The story is related that a blind girl, having invoked her patroness, Sta. Agnese, and having subsequently seen the numbers forty-one and forty-two in a dream, is now actually the winner of ten scudi (2*l*.). Some of the people are seen to withdraw at once to the neighbouring Piazza Navona, where stands the Church of Sta. Agnese, there to ingratiate themselves with this mighty lady-saint; others disperse in various directions, whilst the last flourish of the trumpet sounds.

Hearken, ye Romans! our holy father will distribute his gifts again on Saturday next. Whether ye go begging, or selling, whatever you do, by all means, provide yourselves with tickets for next Saturday.

Yet once again—there is perhaps not one quality which the mass of mankind consider more directly the opposite of my feelings and habits than charity. And never was any impression more false and unfounded. I delight in civilized life. Let population flourish, is my motto. Now without charity there can be no civilized life. Charity is the very essence of it. Let charity cease, and it comes to an end—savagery takes the place of civilization, and with savagery devastation and depopulation.

It is only the most refined civilization that could have hit upon the modern schemes of charity—so subtle, so graceful, so full of an admirable mixture of business and pleasure. The religious and charitable bazaars, in which a little flirtation, a little excitement, a little fashionable fun, are all combined with the endeavor to advance some grand or good or holy scheme, are noble institutions of these latter days, and England and India may well be proud of them. Former ages had nothing like them. What can be more delightful than to combine the good of one's own soul with all the pleasures of a fashionable assembly? The Church does that to a considerable extent; and where the Church is made comfortable and elegant, the music really good, and the service not too long, I can

hardly fancy a pleasanter way of whiling away an hour or two, than attending it—provided always the attendance is not compulsory or required too often. Now the religious bazaar is the handmaid of Charity and of the Church. Flirtation, except with the eyes, in Church is not seemly, and I am, as I have said, a great stickler for appearances. But in the religious bazaar, where souls are equally supposed to be benefitted, the flirtation may be more active, and the attentions of ladies to gentlemen, and of gentlemen to ladies more undisguised. It is a wellknown fact that more money can be collected for a good object by a Bazaar than by a Sermon, and therefore I do not wonder that lately in fashionable Churches the Bazaar has taken the place of the Sermon in behalf of Hospitals, of Penitentiaries, Infirmaries and sufferers by fire, inundation, plague or famine. I have known ladies of immaculate purity get up a religious Bazaar in favor of a Lock Hospital, and the interest with which the enterprize invested them was of the sublimest character. On the occasion to which I refer no less than nine distinct offers are known to have been made to young ladies at that bazaar. The "eloquent pleadings of female fascination" were never more successful.

In stating then that the religious Bazaar is the handmaid of the Church, I am not stating any thing profane—I hate profanity. It is in bad taste. But if any one asks a proof of the assertion that the religious Bazaar is the Handmaid of the Church and of religion, I can only say that I have assisted on seventeen different occasions, when churches were to be restored, or improved, or enlarged, by the aid of the Religious Bazaar. People object to titled ladies acting as shopwomen or barmaids, to games of chance and hazard at these Bazaars, to gentlemen adopting the vocation of quacks for the nonce, but all this is hypercriticism. Every one knows it is only for the occasion—every one knows the object is an excellent one—and most important of all, as society is now constituted, there is nothing in the Bazaar contrary to the most respectable appearances.

Surely there is little enough of true pleasure both in India and England, to prevent people exclaiming when some innocent means of promoting pleasure, and doing good at the same time, are forthcoming. It has often been made a subject of reproach to the Englishman and the Anglo-Indian, that he does not know how to enjoy a holiday. Now the religious Bazaar affords the best means, not only of enjoying a holiday, but of enjoying it profitably. But cynical people are never content. They laugh at all classes of Englishmen for not being able to enjoy themselves, when outholidaymaking, and they complain when true pleasure and benefit to some good object are combined.

Bazaars, religious and charitable, however, are not the only forms of charity in which I delight. Balls in behalf of distressed classes or communities, are another kind of charitable institutions in which I delight. Surely the money given to relieve distress is not the worse because those who give it enjoy a little amusement in the giving. I have known hospitals, and distressed needlewomen, and the sufferers by a storm and an earthquake all put on their legs, or set swimmingly afloat by the produce of a ball. In fact Irish peasants starving and Lancashire operatives in distress, and Indian ryots in want of all things have had many a pound raised for them in that way, and I have given my best assistance to the good work.

Theatrical exhibitions for purposes of charity are another form of giving expression to benevolent ideas which I am always willing to patronize. But why multiply examples? I trust I have said quite enough to prove that, so far from being an enemy, I am one of the best friends of Charity.

THE USE OF LANGUAGES.

Italian, sweetest tongue doth well impart
A melody to warm dictates of heart
And grave sonorous Spaniard words to boot
Are best to urge the matrimonial suit;

Or when you pray, address the Deity
In nothing else but Spanish litany.
The French in which the greatest concord blends,
Sounds sweetest to the ears of mutual friends,
The German language, manly, rough and bold,
Is just quite fit for using when you scold,
Hungarian accents, all with Gutt'rals strung
May be perhaps the horse's mother tongue
The English Babel-like is so confused
And only in the farmyard may be used
While Russian, neither smooth, nor soft, nor civil
May conjure or may interest the devil!

J. C. T.

MAY-DAY, MAY-FAIR, AND MAY-POLES.

AT THE beginning of the eighteenth century the now fashionable locality of Mayfair was a field, extending from Park Lane to Devonshire House on the West, and comprising the space to the North where the famous Lord Chesterfield, in the middle of the same century, built his magnificent mansion, and looked from his library windows over a spacious garden, sumptuously laid out. The brook called the Tyburn ran through this district, so that the field was often called Brook Field, and the name is still retained in Brook Street.

In this field then was annually held this great fair in honour of the merry, merry month of May. Mr. Pepys was a visitor to it in 1660. Buying and selling were actively carried on at this fair, the announcements being but the interludes of the more serious business.

The May-pole may still be seen in some of our villages, and old people can still remember the May-dancers, and the ceremony of setting up and removing the May-pole. It was usually about sixty feet high, with a horizontal rod about half-way up, to which garlands and ribbands were attached.

In 1644 a parliamentary ordinance directed that all and singular May-poles, that are and may be erected, shall be taken down and removed by the constables of the parishes. Theatres

were closed, and Christmas festivities were abolished, in those days—righteous overmuch—and, in fact, all kinds of popular amusements were considered sinful.

But, with the restoration of the monarchy, the ancient sports and pastimes were restored. On the very first May-day after the return of Charles II, the May-pole in the Strand was set up again, amidst much popular rejoicing. Here is the account of the ceremony, as given by a loyal author in "The Citie's Loyaltie Displayed," published in 1661, in quarto: "Let me declare to you the manner in general of that stately cedar, erected in the Strand, 134 feet high, and commonly called the May-pole, at the cost of the parishioners thereto adjacent, and with the gracious consent of his most gracious majesty, with the illustrious prince, the Duke of York. This tree was a most choice and remarkable piece, made below bridge, and brought in two parts up to Scotland Yard, near the king's palace, whence it was conveyed April 14, to be erected in the Strand. It was brought with a streamer flourishing before it, and with drums beating all the way, and with all manner of music. It was supposed to be so long that landsmen, as carpenters, could not possibly raise it. Prince James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, therefore, commanded twelve seamen to come and officiate at this business; whereupon they came, and brought with them their cables, pulleys, and tackling, with six great anchors. After these were borne three crowns, by three men, bare-headed; and streamers displaying all the way before them, and drums beating, and all manner of music, and numerous multitudes of people, with mighty shouting all day long.

"The May-pole then being joined together and hooped about with bands of iron, the crown and vane, with the king's arms, richly gilded, were placed on the top of it. This being done, the trumpets did sound a mighty blast, and in four hours' space it was advanced upright. Being established fast in the ground, again great shouts and acclamations did the people

give, that rang all through the Strand. And after that came the morris-dancers, finely decked with purple scarves, in half-shirts, with tabor and pipe, ancient music, dancing round about the May-pole, and making mighty merry all in their new liberty. . . . .

"Little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying that golden days began to appear. Let this story satisfy for the glories of London, the other loyal subjects may read what we here do see."

The May-pole which had thus been set up, with so much public acclamation in 1661, having long fallen into a state of decay, was taken down in 1713, and a new one, with two gilt balls and a vane on the top of it, erected in its stead. This, however, did not long continue in existence, for having been adjudged an obstruction to the view of the new church then building, orders were given by the parochial authorities for its removal. Sir Isaac Newton was presented with it by the parish and it was conveyed to Wanstead Park, where it long supported the largest telescope in Europe, the property of Mr. Pound, rector of Wanstead, who was a personal friend of Sir Isaac. The age of morris-dancers was about to be superseded by the age of science.

There was merriment in Mayfair in the days of morris-dancers and May-poles. Mr. Brian Fairfax thus describes the doings in 1701: "I wish you had been at Mayfair," he writes, "where the rope-dancing would have recompensed your labour. There was Mr. Penkethman, with his tame elephant, and Mrs. Saraband, so famous for her ingenious puppet-shows, and Punch, that rake-hell, with Lady Mary, the dancing lass, a very jewel. All the nobility in town were there, with many young bucks of twenty or thereabouts, at the bull-baiting and the ducking-pond." It is impossible to avoid the conviction, on reading Mr. Brian Fairfax's account, that the Crystal Palace and Muswell Hill are far less objectionable places of amusement than Mayfair was in those days. The prize-fighters and the

merry-andrews at length put an end to the fair. It was voted a public nuisance. The Grand Jury took up the matter seven years afterwards, and the puppet-shows and rope-dancers, the gambling booths, bruisers, and thieves had to seek pastures new. Dr. Keith officiated at the fair, and married all comers for a guinea, "with no questions asked, any time from midnight to four in the afternoon."

In poetical descriptions May has ever been the favourite month of the year, but probably the praises, so lavishly bestowed upon it, took their rise in warmer climates, where it unites the soft beauties of Spring with the radiance of Summer, and has warmth enough to cheer and invigorate without overpowering. In England a great part of the month is yet too chill for any perfect enjoyment of the charms of Nature, and frequent injury is done to flowers and young fruits during its course, by blights and nipping frosts.

I will conclude with one of the old May-day songs, once so popular amongst the peasantry.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,
When Nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair;
Young Jockey, early in the dawn,
Arose, and tripp'd it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday clothes the youth put on,
For Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jockey to the fair.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudged along,
While flowery garlands round him hung,
Which Shepherds use to wear.
He tapped the window, "Haste, my dear."
Jenny, impatient, cries, "Who's there?"
"'Tis I, my love, and no one near.
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair."

"My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep;
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear?

And will you ever constant prove?"
"I will, by all the powers above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove—
Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the fair."

"Behold the ring!" the shepherd cried,
"Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there."
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be constant, would be true,
His word was pledged. Away she flew,
O'er cowslips tipped with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young,
Each join the dance, each raise the song,
To hail the happy pair.
In turns there's none so loud as they,
They bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair.

PROGRESS.

THE METHOD AND RESULTS OF THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

BY KANYE LALL MOOKERJEE, M. A., B. L.

WHILST I was a student in one of the junior classes of an English school in Calcutta, Richard Hiley told me for the first time, because before that, the Bengali grammarians following the Sanskriticists, and not choosing to be elementary, had not drawn my attention to the fact—that language was either articulate or inarticulate. "Inarticulate language," said he, "consists of those instinctive sounds or cries by which all animals express their sensations and desires." "Articulate language," he continued, "is that system of expression which is composed of sounds variously modified by the organs of speech and combined into arbitrary words as sounds of our ideas." It seems, therefore, that when language is

considered only as a physical phenomenon, the distinction between its two divisions consists, as Johnson has pointed out, in articulate sounds being "sounds varied and changed at proper pauses, in opposition to the voice of animals, which admit no such variety." But it is nevertheless a question what name should we give to the utterances by a parrot, a kuckatoo, or a myna, of words it has learnt to repeat, which do not express any of its own emotions, and of which it does not realize the import in any sense whatever.

Language in its ordinary and chief acceptance is human speech. The logician deals with it but as the source from which he is supplied with the materials for propositions and arguments whereby he is enabled to discover truth. The rhetorician treats of it as the medium of communication between man and man, and examines it with the object of ascertaining how the thoughts of the speaker or writer ought to be clothed in order that his meaning may be accurately received, no matter whether in such meaning there be no truth or justness. The philologist, however, is concerned with the words only. They have meaning and etymological construction. The meaning helps in confirming the identity of a word which is observed to exist in a variety of structures in different languages. It is not the meaning which a word has at the present time that only does so, but the changes the meaning has undergone must be examined, in order that the purpose may be attained. Writers like Trench and Marsh, have rendered invaluable service in this direction, so far as respects the English language. Taking the word "gossip," for instance, it would not be enough for the purposes of intelligent discussion and conviction, if it were said only that it comes from 'god and sib,' but it will have to be shewn etymologically how the one comes from the other, and in order to establish the argument, it will have to be shewn further how from the original meaning of 'god—mother' the word has now come to signify a woman that prates. If the meaning be kept out of consideration, we shall lose a great check to wrong derivation. The word Hari (হরি) signifies a Hindu deity, and is pronounced by the people of Eastern Bengal অরি। One who is not aware of this defect in the pronunciation of these people, would be led to think that অরি, which he would often hear them say—as all religiously inclined Hindoos do—was uttered to indicate that he was an enemy, that

being the meaning of a word similarly spelt and pronounced in written and polite Bengali.

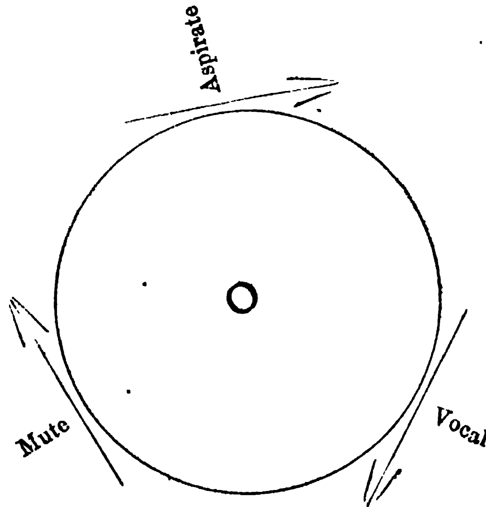
Perhaps many have remarked the high intonations of the newly arrived Cabulese. The difference between his pronunciation of words and that of a man born in Calcutta of the same parentage, is equally remarkable. A native scholar makes a poor figure when he tries to understand what a sailor come in a British ship to port, says to him, even those words which do not signify any ideas which he may be foreign to, and which have no technical meaning whatever. His pronunciation takes the scholar aghast. And we may also refer to the peculiarities of spelling that the reader of novels sees here and there in the course of dialogues between persons of different provinces, wherein the writer attempts to give the words nearly as they would be pronounced in those places. The change which a word undergoes in its pronunciation is called phonetic change. It is the process, whereby words in later times, become so different from their original forms;—whereby the Bengali tongue is derived from Sanskrit. When Sanskrit was living in the tongues of men, its several dialects were spoken in different parts of ancient India, and the dialect of Bengal passing through the process which we have just noticed, and receiving influx of words from other dialects, eventually came to be written as the language of Bengal, pretty nearly in the same way as English was derived from the Saxon language.

Words are composed of letters divided into two classes according to the manner of their utterance—the vowels and the consonants. Comparative philologists do not in their researches depend upon vowel changes so much as they do upon permutations of consonants, in as much as the former by their nature affect the words in a feebler way than the latter. Consonant sounds are not like vowels merely the giving out of the breath in peculiar tones, but are derived from the emission of breath accompanied with a contact of two different parts of the human mouth. They are classed principally as mutes, vocals and aspirates, according to the force required for pronouncing them. To illustrate how they are classed according to the contact they require of the several parts of the mouth, we may take the Sanskrit alphabet, as being the

most exhaustive. In it we have five *bargas*, the first letters of which are mutes, the second aspirated mutes, the third vocals, the fourth vocal aspirates; ক becoming খ by the addition of a breathing (*h*), or strong breath, and প becoming ফ by the same process, and similarly ত, থ, দ, ধ, &c. The letters of ক *barga* are gutterals, those of চ *barga* palatals, ত *barga* dentals, ট *barga* cerebrals, and প *barga* labials. The fifth letters of the *bargas* are all nasals, and are ঙ *ng*, a gutteral, ঞ *n* palatal, and so on ণ ন ম। য র ল ব are half vowels, য being a gutteral, র ল dentals, and ব (*w*) a labial; শ ষ স, are sibilants, and হ or *h* is a breathing; ং ঃ ঁ are euphonic modifications of sound. The ঃ is an abbreviation of *s* or স in different cases, and is pronounced as a soft aspiration. The gutterals, dentals and labials occur in most of the cognate languages with slight differences; but the palatals, that is চ *barga*, and cerebrals or ট *barga*, are considered to be derived classes. We have already remarked how difficult it is to follow the transmutations of vowel sounds, the reason which we suggested then, seems to be good for semi-vowels also. The sibilants are not correctly pronounced in many parts of this country, and it is rarely we hear such a sound as Z in either Sanskrit or any Hindoo vernacular.

A minute and laborious examination of the effects of vowel and consonant changes in the various languages of Europe and Asia, resulted in the discovery of uniformity in the method in which the consonants employed in the roots and stems of words are permuted. In this connection, and in order to understand the subject easily, we must take the languages thus;—Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin placed in the first division, the Gothic, Anglo Saxon and English in the second division, and the high German in the third. To illustrate, Sanskrit পিতৃ is in Latin *pater*. They both have *p* at the beginning and *t* in the middle; the same word is in Gothic *fader*, A. S. Fader E. Father, in which the first consonant is *f* instead of *p* in the other division, and *th* and (*d*), possibly pronounced *dh* or *th* instead of *t*. Thus what is mute in the first division is an aspirate in the second. Again we have Sanskrit ত্বং (twam) Latin *tue* turned to *thee* in Gothic, and *thee* in Anglo-Saxon, and *thou* in English: in German we have it as *du*. The *t* or mute of Sanskrit and Latin is equivalent to *th* an aspirate of Gothic, and *d* a vocal of German. Thus did Grimm propound the law of

the transmutation of consonants, and this figure of a wheel clearly shews how the aspirate of the 1st Division is found to be a vocal in the second, and a mute in the third; and so on,[1] as the wheel turns from right to left according to the indications of the points. The two aspirates of each Sanskrit *barga* are cast together in the changes of the sounds in the different languages.



The transmutations of consonant sounds, which Grimm's law contemplates, are positional and organic. "Initial consonants" says Grimm, "retain the grade of each organ in the purest and truest way, medial consonants have a tendency to soften, finals to harden." This is no less true of the subordinate class of Indian dialects than of the higher group of the cognate languages. Many instances may seem at first sight to be irreconcilable with this law, but on careful examination, and a consideration of the great variety of ways in which sounds are represented by different characters in different languages, it will be clear that they come within its purview. It is impossible to go into details here, but we may perhaps with advantage quote Mr. Beames, who in his Comparative Grammar of the modern Aryan languages of India, after an examination of a large number of consonant changes in those languages, remarks—"On the whole, however, Grimm's law is observed faithfully, and the instances where it is not followed

may be regarded, as exceptions, in each case of which some special reason exists for the change."

The modification of vowel and consonant sounds we have just noticed, are not all the manifestations of phonetic change—metathesis and elision are processes no less potent, if but less frequent; and then the grammatical forms and structures—the system of nexus, and the combination of syllables and of words, are essentially of importance. The English word *lord* which was in Anglo-Saxon *Hlaf-ord* or Hlaf-weard, and the word *lady* which was *Hlaf-dige* or originally *Hlaf-wear-dige*, the feminine of *Hlaf-weard*, are instances in support of the change of compound consonants and syllables into single letters. Where again we have compound consonants at the beginning we find their component parts separated and lengthened by vowels in later stages: nor is the inverse process unknown. And as it is with letters and syllables, so it is with words;—and we shall see hereafter how two distinct words would be joined together, so as to pass unperceived as a single word, until apprehended and dissected by the philologist; and we shall also see how there is a tendency for a compound word to be shorn and separated into independent words.

(*To be continued.*)

LINES.

Oh! who can love this cheerless life
  Who to this earth can cling?
Do not the thorns of bitter strife
  Too often deeply sting
Thro' flow'ry paths tho' we may tread
  'Neath rosy bowers fair
Yet cruel thorns are likewise spread
  To wound the heart with care.
Just now the heart is light and gay
The face glad smiles doth wear
But Ah! how soon departs joy's ray
And grief is imaged there,
Below expect no joy——but woe
No lasting joy is giv'n
Those joys we seek in vain below
Are in our home of heav'n.

J. C. T.

MUDDUN THAKUR—THE PLEADER OF THE PAST.

IF professional success amongst our lawyers were guaged by enormous estates or colossal wealth the subject of our present sketch would, without doubt, be pronounced one of the most successful lawyers in the country. Genial as has been the influence of the English Law Courts to the growth of a class of well-to-do legal practitioners, that influence never shone more kindly,—to none could it point with deeper pride as its great prize-product than Muddun Mohun Thakur the late Pleader, Zemindar, Moneylender and Indigo-planter of Bhaugulpur. Neither the late Mr. Justice Dwarkanath Mitter—the highest development of the intellectual Vakil—nor the late Babu Rama Prasad Roy—the highest development of the clever Vakil—could approach their professional confrere in the capacity to create a fortune the splendour of which might well have entitled its owner to the appellation of a Crœsus of native advocates.

Muddun Thakur, for that was the familiar name by which our hero was known, was born about 1785 at *Boraree*, one of the suburbs of the town of Bhaugulpur. His grandfather was a Maithil Brahmun. Pressed by poverty he had come to settle there from north of the Ganges. Population in and about Bhaugulpur was then sparse and cultivation just pioneering forth its way against the wild beast and the jungle. It is said that the emigrant, when ferried across the holy river, sat down on its banks, sorefooted and tired, to muse over his not overbright future. At that moment a Kyasth nobleman connected with the local bureau of the Mahomedan administration came to perform his ablutions. Taking compassion on the stranger he accosted him, became his good Samaritan, took him to his own house, procured him a gift of waste lands and helped him to marry and build a house. Gradually the family grew and saved till about the time when little Muddun Thakur was born it had a yearly income of about Rs. 150 from rent-free lands and other sources.

Muddun Thakur had no education, he had picked up a little Kaithe and Maithili Hindi from the village Guru but the fashionable languages of the day, Persian and Urdu, had never formed the subject of his study.

Possessed, however, of a strong common sense and unusual shrewdness, he could easily perceive that the only way open to him to prosper was to obtain some employment in the courts. Accordingly as soon as he could make sufficient acquaintance with the ministerial officers he commenced to attend the Kutcheries. In those days all influence, prestige and power centred in the person of the Sheristadar. It was through him that the rays of judicial smile came refracted to the litigants. It was he who held the golden key which opened the portals of the temple of justice. The whole machinery was at his command which solved the problem as to how cases were to be won or lost, nor if we remember the state of affairs at that early period could matters be well otherwise. Plaints and all the voluminous written pleadings which were swept away by the Act of 1859 used then to be written in the choicest Persian. Decisions which were supposed to be prepared and pronounced by European judges were penned not in the language of the people but in a tongue in which hundreds of years before a didactic writer had written and a philosophical poet had sung thousands of miles away. The fountainhead of judicial mercy—the arbiter of men's destinies was therefore not the foreign President of the Tribunal but the clever native Head officer who could master the papers of a case with the ease and speed of an expert and elaborate data gathered from yards of lengthy documents into a well-reasoned decision.

About the time when Muddun Thakur commenced life two men—one a Mussulman and another a Hindoo—filled the premierships at the local *Palais du justice* in the criminal and civil departments respectively. Struck with the intelligence and good sense of the youth and perhaps won over by his assiduous flattery both the great men promised him their patronage and

asked him to set up as a Mukteer. Chaperonned by such powerful influence Muddun spread his blanket under the nearest tree and, armed with a reed pen and earthenware inkstand, opened a primitive country attorney's office. Gradually his industry, his shrewdness, his attention to business, attracted numbers of clients and secured the good opinion of the authorities. He came thus to be known as a good and able Mukteer.

Years thus rolled away till there occurred in his life an event which gave a turn to the tide of his fortune and enabled him to lay the foundation of his magnificent fortune.

There lived in those days a vakil of the judge's court of the name of Muddun Mohun Surma—a good specimen of respectable mediocrity. He had obtained a license, had enrolled his name, had drawn up average pleas, addressed average arguments and digested average fees. He died. A vacancy was created in the district Bar, which then had a specified number of members only. The Sheristadar of the court wanted to take advantage of the opportunity to favor his protégé. One evening, so the story runs, after the throng of Amla, Vakils and suitors who had attended at the daily levee had departed, the big official asked Muddun Thukur if he would like to become a vakil. Alas! replied the latter bewildered at the strange question "Your Honor knows I could not possibly aspire to such "an exalted post. I know neither Law nor Persian, neither the "Procedure of the Courts nor the mode of conducting a civil "case." "Leave that to me," rejoined the propitious dignitary, "Muddun Mohun Surma is dead and you own a similar name. Here is a grand opportunity for you." Muddun Thakur of course salammed acquiescence with as profound a gratitude as he could. His joy knew no bounds. From that time the mantle of his deceased namesake fell upon him—he took his seat in the district Bar. He commenced to plead in the courts. He purchased a set of Regulations and he tried to get them read over to him for he could not read them himself. Fortune seemed to favor the ambitious vakil. Many of the cases in

which his services were engaged he won. His fame rose, his good name spread, clients flocked to him and money came in no stinted measure.

And now commenced that process by which the princely domains of his house were acquired and consolidated.

At execution sales, at revenue sales, estates of great value of enormous undeveloped capacity, many of them situated at good distances from Headquarters, were brought to the hammer. Muddun Thakur watched these sales with an eagerness akin to that with which the brawny armed blacksmith watches iron in the furnace or the eagle his prey. The moment his opportunity came, he appeared on the scene ready to profit. He made his purchases with the odds immensely in his favor. The spell of his name nobody in the district could withstand. With him none ventured to compete, the consequence was intending buyers were either cajoled or scared away. The field was left free to him and he was practically, for many a long year, the sole despotic ruler of the land market in Bhaugulpur.

But the sunniest side of Muddun Thakur's character was his winning and kind treatment of clients. He was never hard to them, never insisted on a heavy cash payment down of all his fees. Whatever a man could offer, whatever he brought with him—a couple of rupees—a goat, a small present he would receive with pleasure and attend to his case. He seemed to act on Lord Bacon's principle "Small gains come thick." In fact in the long run he was no loser. Whenever suits were won he would be paid not only his fees but handsome rewards besides.

In his daily life Muddun Thakur was a pattern of simplicity and industry. In the early morning he would get up, dress and be at his office where crowds of clients gathered together for business every day. He sent away no man dissatisfied—he used to hear every one out and advise him to the best of his ability. Although unable to write Urdu himself he was able to dictate to his clerks petitions, grounds of appeal and all

law-papers, and so well had he mastered the idiom of that language from hearing it read in court that his compositions were pronounced faultless by competent judges.

His morning business over, he used to bathe and attend his family temple of worship daily and then sat down to a simple breakfast of bread prepared with butter and vegetables. Religiously and scrupulously devoted to a discharge of the duties of hospitality like a true and orthodox Hindoo, he invited every man who was with him at the time to breakfast. Every body was pressed to take some refreshment and there was hardly any who could resist the importunity of his request or the kindness of his offer.

His evenings were spent in the performance of the usual routine of professional duties besides the transaction of his private business connected with the management of his extensive estates and it was almost midnight before he retired to rest.

He left the Bar about 1865 and died in peace and happiness of natural senile decay on 10th May 1877.

Muddun Thakur enjoyed the respect and esteem of several European gentlemen of distinction. He was especially invited by Sir Cecil Beadon to the Calcutta Agricultural Exhibition of 1864 and, amongst the glittering array of princes and nobles whose tents covered the well-laid out grounds of Belvedere, Muddun Thakur was treated as one of the most favored guests and welcome visitors.

The yearly income of the estate left by Muddun Thakur is about three lacs of Rupees.

C.

ACROSTIC.

MARY, thy name to me is dear
Ah! would I always had thee near
Rest has gone, content has flown
Your heart I long to make my own.

M.

THE VOTE FOR THE AFGHAN WAR.

IT is a little unfortunate that Mr. Gladstone, in proposing the Vote for the Afghan War, felt it expedient to be so extremely conciliatory, for his suppression of all reference to the causes of the war made the true reasons for the Vote a little obscure. The Tory argument that India should pay for herself is sound, for if she does not, England will not long bear so costly and troublesome a burden; and the assertion that the "people of India" disapproved, or were not concerned in the war, is beside the true issue. They do not approve any of our expenditure, more especially the fifteen millions a year which we expend out of their taxes on the Army maintained to keep them down. The theory of our Government in India is not that natives approve it—though that is true of Bengal Proper—but that the people of Great Britain, being wiser and more civilised than the people of India, and able to maintain order, govern them for the present in their own interest and that of the world at large from above. Britain judges for herself as to what is advisable for India, subject to her responsibility to the civilised world, to her own conscience, and to God. If the Afghan War had been for the advantage of the people of India, in her grave and conscientious judgment—as, for example, the Mahratta War or the Sikh War was—she would have had a right to undertake it, if every Indian has disapproved, as every Indian at the time disapproved the abolition of Suttee. It is because this Afghan War, in the conscientious judgment of Englishmen, was not waged for the advantage of India, but to give the Tory Government a cheap reputation for energy, and to make the political fortune of Lord Lytton, that it becomes an English duty to assume the burden of its cost. It was not a war for India, but a war, at best, to raise the prestige of Great Britain, or, at worst, a war dictated by ambition, party feeling, and a desire for "glory." Englishmen, who allowed the war, ought, therefore, to pay for it; and if they did, their strict duty would be to pay the whole £13,000,000 which, apart from certain railways, useful for future military defence, and, therefore, justly chargeable to India, it has cost. That, however, is a counsel of perfection; a vote for the whole would have been rejected, and we are quite willing to believe that Mr. Gladstone has granted as much as public feeling would support, without a sort of spite against India, which it is inexpedient to raise.

As to the method of the grant, we are heartily with the Government. Nobody would have remembered five millions added to the Consol Debt. It is far better that the people should feel year by year in every Budget that £800,000 a year, double the whole cost of the Throne, is being spent because a reckless Government plunged into an unjust and useless war, for which they intended to make powerless subjects at a distance pay the bill. The natural check upon such wars, their cost, will thus be felt, and felt long enough to make two Parliaments at least pause before they again sanction such "glorious" iniquities. That pause is all we want. We have not the slightest sympathy with those who say that India should not fight, if necessary, or should not pay for her own fighting, or should not leave it to her rulers to decide what fighting is or is not needful. What we contend is that the fighting should be needful in the judgment of grave statesmen, and that it should be sanctioned from conscientious motives, not ambition; and that this Afghan war was fought in direct denial or neglect of those two conditions. All sound opinion was against it, and it was a hopelessly unjust war. Whether the special disposal of the money intended is the best, we do not know, for we do not precisely understand Lord Hartington's statement. If he is only going to pay off Debt with it, the relief will be nearly inappreciable to Indians. If he is going to take off taxes, as another report says, the relief may be much greater, for every tax taken off sets popular energies free. But if, as is possible, he intends to use the money to assist in a permanent scheme for lessening the Debt, either through Terminable Annuities or the sale of Life Annuities on tempting terms, he will commence a work of which the benefits will long outlast himself. There is no single point in Indian finance so black as the slow, inevitable, tidal rise of the total Debt.—*Spectator.*

LINES.

We two in one can never part,
Our joys, our tears the same
One body, and one common heart
We both together claim.

Let joy or woe come as they will
The same we both shall feel
Our loving hearts will only still
Be true as tempered steel.

"M. L. SINGH."

BOMBAY COURTIERS AND SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

WE should like to know what this company of gentlemen, Indian Courtiers of the best oily type, think of that recent speech of Sir Richard Temple, whom they worshipped as a hero and as "the most popular Anglo-Indian" of the day, this time last year. We have heard from what may be called reliable authority that when Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Richard courted the friendship of some gentleman and gentlemen, not very popular in Calcutta, and when asked why he was so anxious to secure their favour, replied: "They are fools, you know." Very likely, when his favorite courtiers gathered at what they called a public meeting and praised him, forgetting that he had been a first class trimmer and had done his best to oppress the natives of India, Sir Richard laughed in his sleeves and admired his skill in having made fools of gentlemen, sagacious in other respects. That he does so think of them even now is rendered quite evident from the speech he is reported to have delivered at a recent meeting in Manchester. He there called on the local cotton spinners to agitate for the total remission of the Cotton Duties and regretted that the Indian Mills were occupying markets, which hitherto were reserved for Manchester! And to show that he cared not for principles as long as trimming could have any chance of success in this world, Sir Richard told his Manchester audience that though while in India he had been a staunch advocate of the narrow guage system of railways, he had since changed his mind, and thought with those before him in favour of the broad guage system. We are aware that those of us in Bombay who did not join in Temple worship last year will once more set Sir Richard down as an unprincipled man, and remark that the people of India had marked him as such long ago. But what are we to think of the band of gentlemen, who applauded

him and voted for his statue? For one thing we are glad that Sir Richard has spoken in the way in which he is said to have done at Manchester. He has proved to demonstration the utter want of discretion and the painful servility of his Bombay admirers. Nothing now remains for these sapient gentlemen but to procure a copy of Sir Richard's Manchester speech, have it engraved on a tablet to be laid side by side with the statue to be erected in his honor—to remind posterity of the sort of appreciation they once displayed. That, however, is not now much to the purpose. What is likely to surprise people is that Sir Richard did not feel any the least compunction in posing as a friend of Manchester and in changing his views on the question of the narrow guage system of railways so soon and so unscrupulously. But the thing is not rare nor its explanation difficult. The gifted novelist, whose death was deeply lamented recently, has said that "there is a terrible coercion in our deeds, which may first turn the honest man into a deceiver and then reconcile him to the change for this reason—that the second wrong presents itself to him in the guise of the *only practicable right*.........until the placid adjustment is disturbed by a convulsive retribution." Sir Richard's condition has been no less; once accustomed to trimming he has gone on changing his views with each shift of the political wind till now he finds he cannot get over the habit and is *coerced* into it. To speak as the occasion requires—that is to him the only *practicable right.* The only question is, how long this can continue. The answer is, till a *convulsive retribution* overtakes this political sinner. What that retribution would be in his case cannot at present be foretold but as the *Times of India* says, it is enough if he is once seen through by the English public.—*The Indu-Prakash.*

SCIENCE AMONG ANTS.

ANTS' battles sometimes last many days, in one case seven weeks, the victors finally taking the stores and removing them to their own houses. These wars are quite as justifiable as those of men, when the object—pillage—is the same. They have the power, too, of knowing members of their own communities even after six

months' absence. Strangers are always driven off or killed. They are very helpful to each other, and show sympathy in case of accident or sickness. Some families of arts build arched roads covered by an arch of clay or mortar for protection against enemies, and show great skill in the work, which is under the supervision of trained engineers who order a rebuilding if the work is not perfect. Some kinds of ants keep cows, build cow-yards, and milk their cows regularly, and don't throw milking stools at them either to make them "give down," but pat and stroke their backs very tenderly. Of course these cows are the plant aphides so familiar to all farmers and gardeners. As an illustration of their ingenuity and intelligence, it was stated that they sometimes excavate tunnels under rivers of considerable depth and width, and use the tunnels for transporting supplies. They dig wells 20 feet deep and a foot in diameter for drinking water. The harvesting ants plant seeds on farms, which they cultivate with great skill and neatness, keeping every weed down and harvesting the grain, curing and storing it safely in weather-proof cavities in the soil. They also organise into divisions with commanders, each individual doing a certain kind of work. Some ants are smart enough for engineers, while others only know enough to do as they are told. They can count and make correct estimates of the magnitude of an undertaking, as proved by observers.—*Scientific American.*

AMUSING.

Corporation Measure —

Five Hard Frosts make one Fall of Snow.

Three Falls of Snow make one Street impassable.

Six hundred Streets Impassable make one Newspaper Leader.

Twenty Newspaper Leaders make one public Howl.

Five thousand Public Howls *don't* make Municipal Government move.—*Punch.*

Some fellow has discovered that there are 33,525 ways of spelling scissors. If he had been correcting manuscript for a newspaper he would have discovered that there are about 999,999 ways of spelling every word in the English language.

When a dead man's property is put under the hammer it is a sale of effects; but when a man gets sea-sick it is the effects of a sail.

The *Locomotive* publishes engravings in each issue, showing how boilers look just after they have exploded. This doesn't seem to hit the case at all. What is needed is a picture showing how a boiler looks just before it is going to explode. We could then learn when to get out of the way.

Why are prosy and tedious talkers like very old people?—Because they dilate (die late.)

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it?—When he folds it.

What is the difference between a postage stamp and a naughty boy?—You stick one with a lick, and lick the other with a stick.

Why did Adam, when alone, find the day very long?—Because it was always morning, without eve.

Education.—Lady (paying her Christmas milk-bill, complains of the inattention of the carrriers): "And I shall be obliged to withdraw my custom if it continues——" Milkman: "I'm really very sorry, ma'am, and I'll endeavour that it sha'nt occur again. But you see, ma'am,' it's their ignorance. (Confidentially) Now, you and me's ejicated—ejicated people won't carry milk—and so we 'ave to employ lowest sort!"—*Punch.*

Mail Day on Sunday.—The faculty of an Ohio female seminary has issued orders that no pupil shall have more than one male visitor per week. The smart girls invite their young men to call on Sunday, so that when their fathers come on Monday, the old men find themselves barred out.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

"What do you say, Harry, when the lady gives you cake?" said a mother to her offspring, whom she wished to teach a few manners. "Why," was the reply, "if it's good, I say gimme some more." That boy was given a copy of Chesterfield.

Little Freddie was talking to his grandma, who was something of a sceptic. "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?" "No." "To the Baptist?" "No." "To any church?" "No." "Well, granma, don't you thing it's about time you was getting in somewhere?"

If you would be wealthy get upon a mule. You will soon find that you are petter off.



THE

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NOTES ON TWO NOTABLE BOOKS.

"ENDYMION" may be regarded as a picture of the way in which Lord Beaconsfield climbed to power. Not that the life of Endymion Ferrars is, in its literal facts, like the life of Lord Beaconsfield's, but the means by which the fictitious hero and Benjamin Disraeli emerged from a position of obscurity, and ultimately became members of the ruling class, are similar. Selfishness pure, unmitigated and unscrupulous is the ruling characteristic of both. Both owed their rise to women. Benjamin Disraeli got forty thousand pounds with his first wife, who was fifteen years older than he, and Endymion Ferrars got a present of twenty thousand pounds, when a young man, from a Banker's daughter who was ready to marry him, but he preferred an alliance with a widowed Countess who brought him thirty thousand pounds a year!

Endymion Ferrars sees his sister forsake her religion, not from principle, but in order to mount a throne, and he follows approvingly as one of her suite when she leaves England to mount that throne. To understand Endymion and its author,

we must remember that the entire object of the life of both is to rise to power. To that object every thing else is sacrificed. Benjamin Disraeli began life as a radical reformer, even Bradlaugh himself could hardly go further in ultra-radicalism, than the late Prime Minister went when he first addressed the electors of High Wycome, but he soon saw that Radicalism was not the path to power.

He was defeated at High Wycome. He saw that Toryism was gaining the day, so he forsook Radicalism to join the conquerors, and with them to march to power. His "Revolutionary Epic" is the only literary product left to us of those radical days of his. His literary efforts have always been subordinate to his political struggles. As a literary man, he might doubtless have attained a first rank in literature for his abilities were without question transcendent. But literature, principle, religion, and domestic affection, were all sacrificed in the struggle for political power.

And so is it also with Endymion Ferrars. His party is forsaken when it is not likely to be successful, and joined afterwards again when it suits his political ambition. He will not make an effort to marry the girl to whom he is attached, because it does not suit his political prospects. All through life, the only thing to which he is faithful, is his own political advancement. Year by year, the story of his rise and the progress of political events are related with marvellous accuracy and sagacity. But throughout there is a total disregard of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood. Nor is there any other lesson to be learned from this book than "The good old rule, the simple plan," that success in life will justify all means whatever they may be. Not a lesson is to be learned from it of the true, the high, the holy, or the noble. The story is in a certain manner romantic, but it is the romance of a fairy tale. The actors in it are all Princes, Dukes, Earls, Countesses, and Millionaires. A lodging-house-keeper's wife becomes a leader of fashion. Her sister a Countess. A retired tailor becomes a Millionaire, and a leading member of the House of Commons.

Endymion will ever remain a striking example of literary ability wasted upon an unworthy theme. Machiavelli depicted in theory those principles which the actors in Endymion put into practice.

Turn we now to a nobler, and more healthy book—"The reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle edited by James Anthony Froude." This work is one full of the noblest aspirations, and the highest and holiest precepts put into practice. The reverence with which Thomas Carlyle speaks of his father and his mother is a noble lesson for all young men in all time, and yet that father and that mother were but poor folk, unlettered, who never travelled more than fifty miles from home. So poor were they that in Thomas Carlyle's early days, they lived chiefly upon oatmeal porridge and potatoes. Meat was a luxury but seldom indulged in; yet by honest labor and by thrifty frugality, these poor Scotch peasants were enabled, in later years, to send two of their sons to the Edinburgh University. One of these two sons became a Doctor of Medicine, and the other, one of the first literary men of his age. "What are the rich and the poor?" indignantly asks Thomas Carlyle, "and how do the simple annals of the poor differ from the complex annals of the rich were they never so rich? What is thy attainment, O richest of Rothschilds, compared with an Alexander's, a Mahomet's, or a Napoleon's? and what was theirs? A temporary fraction of this planetkin, the whole round of which is but a sand-grain in THE ALL, its whole duration but a moment in eternity. The poorer life or the rich one are but the larger or smaller, (very little smaller) letters in which we write the apophthegms and golden sayings of life. It may be a false saying, or it may be a true one, THERE lies it all. This is of quite infinite moment! the rest is, verily and indeed, of next to none."

O for a page or two of Carlyle, to estimate at their true value, the heartless lords and ladies, the maundering millionaires, the tinsel and the gilding, the gorgeous processions, and the fashionable banquets of Endymion!

Listen too how lovingly the great writer speaks of his father's trade,—that of a stone mason :—"A noble craft it is, that of a mason; a good building will last longer than most books, than one book of a million. The Auldgarth bridge still spans the water silently, defies its chafing. There hangs it, and will hang, grim and strong, when of all the cunning hands that piled it together, perhaps the last now is powerless in the sleep of death. O Time! O Time! wondrous and fearful art thou, yet there is in man what is above thee."

It must not be supposed that these reminiscences are altogether admirable. From the first Carlyle complains constantly of dyspepsia, and his splenetic observations about men and things are doubtless frequently to be attributed to this cause. He speaks slightingly of many celebrated authors, statesmen, and men of science, and of some celebrated female writers, as "babbling women." He abuses, too, both the legal and medical profession. Thus, with respect to lawyers, he is amazed that men should be found to hang up their knowledge and skill for sale, like wares in a shop, so that any one with a guinea may buy. There is want of discrimination in this verdict. The necessities of mankind require that advocacy should be impartial and procurable by both sides equally, that its professors should be gifted with superior knowledge, and able to sell what they have thus laboriously acquired. Sage though he was, Carlyle had apparently no appreciation of the infinitely varied exigencies of life, which are so familiar to lawyers, and which make the existence of the legal profession, as at present constituted, a necessity to society.

The way in which he falls foul of the medical profession is much more amusing. It is evidently a personal matter. He is speaking of his dyspepsia, and thus he writes "I had ridden to Edinburgh, there to consult a doctor, having at last reduced my complexities to a single question. Is this disease curable by medicine, or is it chronic, incurable except by regimen, if even so? This question I earnestly put; got response. 'It is all tobacco Sir, give up tobacco,' gave it in-

stantly and strictly up. Found after long months, that I might as well have ridden sixty miles in the opposite direction, and poured my sorrows into the long hairy ear of the first jackass I came upon, as into this select medical man's whose name I will not mention."

The admirable thing about Carlyle, conspicuous throughout the whole of his long life, was his reverence for truth. He was a hater of all shams, pretences, make-believes, and generally of every thing that pretended to be what it actually was not. This characteristic of his is conspicuous in the long list of books, beginning with "Sartor Resartus" and ending with these "Reminiscences." He had great difficulty in getting his earlier works published and at the same time, he had to wage a long struggle with poverty; yet he would never condescend to puffing, or to any of the tricks of trade. Nay, on the contrary, he set himself defiantly in opposition to all such under-hand methods. He, for his part, would fight the battle of life fairly. What he had to do, he did diligently, laboriously, with long-enduring patient effort. If in the end he was worsted in this long-drawn fight, then finally with a few agricultural implements he would depart for the back-woods of America, and there carve out for himself a home and sustenance in the wilderness. This he tells us was his resolve.

Fortunately for himself and for literature, it was not necessary for Carlyle to carry out this last resolve. About ten years after his marriage, his wife's mother died, leaving them a little estate in the south of Scotland, producing about £250 a year. From that period his life was more easy and comfortable. He still had to fight with rapacious publishers, but not for actual subsistence.

Of his wife he always speaks in these "Reminiscences" with the greatest esteem and affection, almost with reverence, in fact. He remembers upbraidingly to himself, how on one occasion, they were walking to an evening party at Miss Martineau's. It was a wet and disagreeable evening. They had no conveyance.

Poverty prevented. During the walk, he had to adjust his wife's clog upon her foot, his hands were soiled in consequence, and he had to wash them in some rain puddle by the side of the road. With deep and heart-felt remorse, he remembers some bitter words which he addressed to her on that occasion. O if he had but five minutes more, in which to converse with her to assure her of his love and penitence! "Alas her love was never completely known to me" he bursts forth, "and how celestial it was, till I had lost her. O for five minutes more of her I have often said, since April last, to tell her with what perfect love and admiration, as of the beautifullest of known human souls, I did intrinsically always regard her. But all minutes of the time are inexorably past. Be wise, ye living, and remember that time passes and does not return." And yet there are people who say that Carlyle had no heart!

The manner of his wife's death was tragical. When he was at the height of his celebrity, in 1866, he went to Edinburgh to be installed as Rector of the University, leaving his wife in London. She went out for a drive in Hyde Park with her little dog *Dandy*. In the course of the drive, she let the dog out for a run. He was in danger of being run over by a passing carriage. With a little scream she took him up, went with him into the brougham and told the coachman to drive home. When they arrived at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where they lived, she was dead. Heart disease is stated to have been the cause. Carlyle returned from his great triumph in Edinburgh, to find his home desolate, and as he himself expressed it, on her tomb-stone, "the light of his life quite gone out."

His life was a noble one, full of useful lessons, and the truest instruction for all time—lessons of truthfulness, and honesty, of industry and perseverence, of merited success, and honors in old age. His contempt for mere wealth, parade, shows, pageantry, and display is expressed in many a noble passage in these volumes. Describing a poor Scotch farmer,

David Hope by name, honest, God-fearing, and upright—he exclaims "*There* was a kind of citizen which Britain used to have, very different from your millionaire .Hebrews, Rothschild money-changers and such like. Weep, Britain, if such are amongst your right honorable now!"

A few words of his noble remonstrance, addressed to Edward Irving, when full of prophecies and unknown tongues, and we conclude these "notes" :—

"I stated plainly to him that the passages of the New Testament to which he appealed were too narrow a basis for so high a tower as he was building on them, soaring above all human science and experience into unknown tongues, prophecies, and the like, flatly contradicting all experience in fact, and all founded on a few texts of writing in an ancient book! No sound judgment on such warranty could venture on such an enterprize. Authentic writings of the Most High, were they to be found in old books only? They were in the stars and on the rocks, and in the brain and heart of every mortal—not dubious these to any person, although this of Corinthians and others very greatly were to all."

CASTE-SYSTEM—OLD AND NEW.

IF THE Christian rulers of India have done little to glorify the great founder of their religion by acting up to his sublime teachings in their dealings with the inhabitants of the subject country, they have, at any rate, not failed to testify to his great wisdom by illustrating in their conduct the truth of his sayings. "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"—is a saying which has been familiar to the whole Christendom these eighteen hundred years—yet it is as applicable to the Christians of today as it was to the Jews and heathens of the time the Sermon on the Mount was preached. The ruler

of India, from his elevated seat, proclaims that Indians cannot be competent to share in the administration of their own country so long as they will submit to the demoralizing yoke of caste. The Christian missionary from his pulpit and in the street vents his pious wrath on the Indian system of Caste which he decries as a foul and iniquitous institution peculiar to heathenism. But little do these enlightened representatives of an advanced civilization or these devoted champions of Christianity (which they make synonymous with justice and righteousness) dream that they are as much bound down by the fetters of caste as Indians. Those, however, who are the victims of the injustice, jealousy, insolence, scorn and a host of other abuses resulting from the presence of caste feeling in a dominant people, cannot long be unconscious of the real state of things. It has already been noticed by the Press that this unworthy and invidious feeling governs the relations between Anglo-Indians and Indians, as rigidly as it governed those between the "twice-born" and the Sudras of old. Indeed the comparison is so striking that it forces itself into the minds of the most ordinary observers. It may however be worth while to consider the question in some of its details.

What is it that renders the ancient institution of caste most atrocious in the eyes of a right-thinking man? It is its utter disregard of the natural rights of the Sudras as human beings. A Sudra was never to occupy a position equal with, or higher than, a Brahmin's, whatever his parts, character, or attainments might be. He was supposed to have the lowest station in life assigned to him by nature. This may be a supposition which it is too much even for an Anglo-Indian to hold *in theory.* But in his dealings with the inhabitants of this country he never acts *except* on this supposition. Many an Indian is made to pine and wither under the carpings, frowns, rebukes and threats of a dehumanized Anglo-Indian to whom he is far superior in sense, breeding, character and attainments. If perhaps he complains of the hardship, he is accused of conceit, impertinence and forgetting himself, and is offered the

choice of giving up the means of his livelihood. The highest authorities in the land sanction and encourage the Anglo-Indian feeling that it is a disgrace to serve under a "native." If a man of this despised class forces his way, by dint of unusual industry, intelligence and probity, supplemented, of course, by an extensive capacity for feeding the vanity of the Anglo-Indian, to a situation superior to those usually occupied by Englishmen, the authorities are busy devising how to effect his compulsory retirement with the least scandalous appearances. Under the old Brahminical *regíme** the Sudra was not to be educated, and was debarred from all wealth, rank, and influence. When arguing on the subject of education the Anglo-Indian has a good deal of dust to throw into the eyes of his adversary. He cites the existence of State Colleges and schools which turn out so many "finished Baboos" every year. He dilates upon the generosity of the English who, according to him, are giving a *free* education to the people (as if the funds for education were supplied by England). This sort of reasoning may be quite enough for dupes. But all are not dupes. There are men who can see that, in order to educate a people, it is not enough to turn a few individuals, forming an infinitesimal portion of it, into graduates and undergraduates and then set them to drive the quill. This is not education. It is a mimicry of education. It is responsibility that gives the highest and truest kind of education to a nation. School training is merely a preliminary matter, mere A. B. C. of real education. The best and, in fact, the only practical school where a nation can be educated is the administration of its own affairs. It is its defence and the advancement of its prosperity which call forth a nation's latent powers and excellencies and thus educate it in the true sense of the term. Unless, therefore, a nation has

* It must be fresh in the reader's memory that Lord Lytton, in his despatch to the Secretary of State on the subject of the "Native Civil Service," said that it was not advisable to admit into that service members of the Subordinate Judicial Service of a long standing; because they would necessarily occupy a high position and it would be difficult to find British officers willing to serve as their subordinates.

had an important and responsible share in its internal and external administration, no amount of college training can educate it. Whatever the motives of the founders of the educational department may have been, it would seem that it is carried on at present merely to keep up the semblance of a superiority over the barbarous conquerors and rulers of the country; or, at best, to yield a number of intelligent drudges who are the worse for their so-called education, because it only makes them more keenly alive to the insults and injuries that are heaped upon them. So much for the boasted education.

When talking on the subject of wealth the Anglo-Indian has as yet the "bloated Parsi merchant" and the "fat Bengali Zemindar" to oppose you with. But he has his eye on both. For the suppression of the one he has already introduced the thin end of the wedge in the shape of the Factory Law. And with a view to keep down the latter he is contemplating an alteration in the land laws of Bengal. But apart from specific legislation he has so arranged things that unless his hands are speedily and effectually stayed, Indians must soon become a race of paupers. For what can be a surer method of pauperising a people than to rob them of their industries and make them dependant on foreigners for their necessaries;* to tempt them with luxuries which they can ill afford to buy; to take wealth from them never to return in any shape; to force upon them a system of administration whose cost they cannot bear; and to make them pay for wars by which they have nothing to gain, and but for which they would have nothing to lose. Thus the modern Brahmin has taken as good care to appropriate the wealth of a subject race, and preclude all chances of its getting rich, as the ancient Brahmin had done. His complete success, as things now stand, is a mere matter of time. He is of course too shrewd to employ the direct, open and outrageous means

* It may be contended that England gets many of her necessaries from foreign countries. True; but she gets them in return for products of her labor; while India, whose market of labor is being gradually monopolized by foreign hands, must pay out of her capital—and drafts upon the capital mean ruin.

that were resorted to by the Brahmin of old. Oppression, in order to perpetuate itself, must avoid all appearances of violence —must suck the blood without making the sting felt. Therefore is it that he makes the country subject to an unequal competition, and introduces those principles of free trade in it, which his countrymen are too chary to allow in their own land— rather than run the risk which attends the enactment of laws directly prohibiting a subject race from possessing wealth.

As regards men of position and influence, their number is rapidly decreasing in the British Indian territory. Position and influence accompany authority and wealth. When almost all power is concentrated in the representatives of Government, and wealth is being carried away in ship-loads, it would be a wonder indeed if rank and influence were found among the children of the soil. In this matter too, all that is desired has not yet been accomplished. Secret forces are ceaselessly at work, and must achieve the end sooner or later, unless resolutely counteracted. Discouragement to genius and talent in every line is too patent to require any notice. An ingenious writer truly remarked the other day, that if Sir Salar Jung had been in the British territory, he could, with great exertion, have succeeded to become a Deputy Magistrate. Clerkships and Accountantships, or at best, Moonsifships and Deputy Magistracies are by no means calculated to make people great statesmen. To disarm them from one end of the country to the other is certainly not the best way of fostering military genius in them. Undermasters of zillah schools do not generally turn out eminent philosophers. Gagging Acts are no great incentives to thinkers and writers.

One of the darkest features of the ancient caste-system is the unequal laws to which it gave rise. The Sudra was subjected to the severest punishments for giving the least offence to a Brahmin. But it was not very culpable in a Brahmin even to kill a Sudra. The Anglo-Indian cannot deny that the criminal laws of which he is the author are obviously partial to his class. In the present state of knowledge, when so

many principles of justice and humanity are established, at least so far that no one can withhold his verbal assent from them, it would of course be impossible to enact laws which allow a man to strike another with impunity, or to take his life merely at the risk of a trifling fine. But what is wanting in the laws is made up for in their administration. No one has ever heard of an Anglo-Indian being sent to jail for having assaulted a native of this country, and yet nothing is more common than for an Anglo-Indian to assault him. An unfortunate man is sometimes boxed and kicked for no other crime than that of being unable to understand the broken Hindustani of the "Sahib." An Anglo-Indian is ever ready to take advantage of an opportunity of affronting a respectable Indian ; but the latter must not even say a word to check his impropriety. If he does, he is instantly visited with blows which he must by no means return, because the person and dignity of his brutal assailant are protected by the potent charm of the "British Prestige" which is far more binding on the conscience of the Anglo-Indian Magistrate (who alone is empowered to try him) than the most solemn injunctions of morality and religion. At least two or three Indians fall victims to European hands every year. Yet ever since the foundation of the British Empire in India not more than three white men have been sentenced to death for these murders. The law certainly does not sanction murders of this kind. But so long as murderers escape the just punishment, it matters little whether they owe their release to an inhuman law like the Sudra law of the ancient Brahmins, or to the favor of doctors and jurors.

Another prominent characteristic of the Brahminical system was the contempt and exclusiveness of the dominant race towards the subject race. In the modern times the scornfulness and naughty reserve of the Anglo-Indians are too notorious to need any comments. No two Anglo-Indians, in their private conversation, were ever heard making a respectful mention of an Indian, however high his station, however lofty his character, however extraordinary his attainments.

To introduce an Indian into his society on free and equal terms is about the greatest sacrilege that an Anglo-Indian can be guilty of.

Thus the Brahminical and the Anglo-Indian systems of caste entirely agree in their essential features. If the means employed are different, their results, or at least their tendencies, are the same. If covert means now find more favor than the overt ones, it is because certain principles of morality are too well recognized in this age to be openly set at defiance. If the Anglo-Indians have not completely succeeded in reducing the Indians to the status of the ancient Sudras, it may be because they have not had sufficient time; or perhaps because all Indians are not quite so easy to deal with as the Sudras were. Thus it is evident that caste-system is not after all an exclusive outcome of a barbarous and heathen community. It can as well take root, with all its monstrosities and enormities, in the midst of a society of highly civilized and Christian Englishmen. Caste-system is a kind of abuse of power. And abuse of power has not been found incompatible with civilization, at least in the form and degree in which it is found in Europe. Nor has Christianity proved a safeguard against this or any kind of evil. Power seems always to be given as a trust and to be taken away from those who betray it. Brahmins had a lease of power. They did not bear in mind that it carried responsibility with it. They abused it; and the price they had to pay for the betrayal of their sacred trust is their present degraded and abject condition. An eminent man of science undertakes to prove with the exactness of a physical truth that power when despotically exercised leads to moral degeneracy. And moral degeneracy must end in the loss of all ascendancy. This truth has been fully exemplified in the case of the ancient Brahmins who deprived the Sudras of all power, honor and wealth; reduced them to the lowest depths of misery, and made it their duty and religion to serve their oppressors and bear the wrongs inflicted by them. Their iniquities have in the fulness of time recoiled upon their own

heads and they have been visited with the very sufferings they inflicted on their helpless subjects. Let the present rulers of India take a lesson from the fate of the Brahmins and rule the dependency in strict conformity with the principles of humanity and justice.

A HINDUSTANI.

THE METHOD AND RESULTS OF THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

BY KANYE LALL MOOKERJEE, M.A., B.L.

(*Concluded from page* 189.)

But to what are we to attribute the changes—the phonetic changes as they have been called—of which we have been speaking? Articulate sounds are produced by effort, by expenditure of muscular energy in the lungs, throat and mouth. "This effort" says Professor Whitney of Yale College, "like every other which man makes, he has an instinctive disposition to seek relief from, to avoid; we may call it laziness or we may call it economy; it is, in fact either the one or the other, according to the circumstances of each separate case; it is laziness when it gives up more than it gains; economy when it gains more than it abandons." The assertion of economy as a principle, considering the effect of the explanation added, is doubtless good in logic and literature, but does not seem at all consistent with scientific inquiry. Economy is but a name for the process indicated, but it does not clearly shew upon what it is dependent for its cause. We can understand laziness as a certain state of the mind affecting certain organs—if by economy we are asked to suppose an exertion of the mind, a discretion used in particular instances, we have to fall back upon a discussion of a question which modern philologists have finally settled, the question, namely, whether language in the sense in which we are considering it, can be changed by man? Here perhaps the following anecdote will be of interest. "When the Emperor Tiberius had made a mistake and was reproved for it by Marcellus, another grammarian of the name of Capito, who happened to be present, remarked that what the emperor said

was good Latin, or if it were not, it would soon be so. Marcellus more of a grammarian than a courtier, replied Capito is a liar; for Cæsar, thou canst give the Roman citizenship to men, but not to words." And even if we did concede that under very exceptional circumstances, new structures might be introduced, these would be to the great stream of language but a few and scanty drops. Economy, therefore, however expressive it may be of the manner in which a result is educed from certain facts, cannot be accepted as a principle underlying the process. Laziness, which is in short the economy of the breath, accounts for a large portion of the phonetic changes we have noticed, the changes however from a "manly, sharp and definite articulation" to an effiminate, vague and indistinct utterance." We have another class left comprising the formation of double consonants, the change to the aspirate sounds, and so on, which clearly cannot be explained by *laziness*, but requires a principle just the reverse of it. Professor Max Müller ascribes this diversity to "dialectic growth." This principle, I am afraid, applies to those cases only, where we find different sounds, indicative of the same meaning, occur in different dialects or languages, but does not cover the case of those sounds which in the same language or class of languages are observed to be stronger in later stages than in the earlier ones. The principle of euphony, whereby words are said to change to be agreeable to the ear, has necessarily a limited operation, it being of the nature of onomatopœia in single sounds, and music in a series. The most convenient, exhaustive and at the same time popular way of explaining the various changes language undergoes—what with the variation of the sounds of letters, syllables and words, and the invention of new words, idioms and phrases—would be to refer them all to the principles of *natural selection*, and the *survival* of the fittest, so strongly advocated by Darwin in another department of science. Indeed this generalization seems to be vague, yet it has this advantage that, all other subordinate principles applying to particular groups, and in particular ways, are brought together under this general head. Man has never been stationary on earth; hordes have migrated from one country to another—society has progressed in certain parts, and in others all progress has been brought to a standstill or extinction. With the vicissitudes of society, language

has changed all over the world, and is changing still, though among the civilized people less rapidly than among those who are yet in the primary state of culture. The speakers of any formed community may be unconscious that any great fluctuation is going on in their language, there are notwithstanding, says Sir Charles Lyell, "fixed laws in action, by which in the general struggle for existence, some terms and dialects get the victory over others. The slightest advantage attached to some new mode of pronouncing or spelling, from considerations of brevity or euphony, may turn the scale, or more powerful causes of selection may decide which of two or more rivals shall triumph and which succumb. Among these are fashion or the influence of an aristocracy, whether of birth or education, popular writers, orators, preachers, a centralized Government organizing its schools expressly to promote uniformity of diction and to get the better of provincialisms and local dialects." These remarks apply with great precision to the new Bengali language, which has in course of the last 50 years come into ascendancy over a number of dialects scattered all over Bengal. If we but for a moment consider the nature of the language as it is spoken, its weak pronunciations will necessarily be remarked by all, and attributed no doubt to the effeminacy of the people, their manner of life, and various other natural and social causes. Need it be remarked that the climate and all other causes which affect the mental and physical constitution of man, are causes alike of phonetic change?

In attempting to trace the results of phonetic change in different languages grammarians have to do the work of examining them in their own tongue, and to fix the etymology of their words correctly. They have thus to go back from the words in use to their primitive forms, the roots. Taking the Sanskrit as an example, we find that Panini, the earliest grammarian whose work is still extant, mentions 1761 roots in his *ganapatha*, from which he has derived all the words in the Sanskrit vocabulary; and Bopadeva, the author of the Mugdhabodha gives a lesser number. Perhaps it will not be out of place to state here that Panini being subsequent to the ages of the Vedas and Vedangas, gave the roots as he was taught, for he could not find them in those early Shastras, in as much as their language was inflected, differing from the Sanskrit of Panini's time

only in a few exceptional uses. Panini's knowledge of grammar was founded on instructions received from his teacher Upabarsa, and a work on that subject which is now extinct styled Aindra (ঐন্দ্র) Vyakarana. One would naturally feel inclined to inquire how the earliest of Sanskrit grammars—the (ঐন্দ্র) Aindra or the Máhesha (মাহেশ) the existence of which latter is proved by the following *sloka* from Sreedhar Swamy's gloss of the Srimatbhagabat:

যান্যুজ্জহার মাহেশাৎ ব্যাসোব্যাকরণার্ণবাৎ ।
তানি কিং পদরত্নানি সন্তি পাণিনি গোস্পদে ॥

explained the process whereby the list of roots was derived, but satisfaction on that point is denied us altogether. It is clear, however, that the Sanskrit roots were never, since the time of the Vedas and Vedangas, used as independent words. We can only infer therefore that the Sanskrit roots were a brilliant and gigantic part of the conventionalism of Sanskrit grammar, and not to say that this is a legitimate conclusion admitted by all grammarians, it may be correctly affirmed that the truth of this remark is borne out by the following definition of Vyakarana, given by Goyee Chandra in his annotations of Sankhipta Sara:

নিত্যানাং পদানাং প্রতিপত্ত্যর্থং প্রকৃতি প্রত্যয় বিজ্ঞান রূপং ব্যাকরণ শাস্ত্রম্;

from which we get the propositions—

First, that *padas*, words, are নিত্য or ever-existing;

Secondly, that in order to understand them it is necessary to divide them into roots and suffixes;

Thirdly, that Vyakarana is the science that teaches this learning.

This system however is not peculiar to the Sanskrit language; Greek, Latin and other cognate languages also have derived words similarly. But as the roots refer to individual languages, and were traced out only to meet the requirements of such languages, we cannot safely depend upon them in every case in any investigations in which we shall have to consider several languages together, because those purposes, which served the Sanskrit grammarian, for instance, in his own language might not be identical with the requirements of the Greek or any other grammarian, and they might have proceeded differently. We have therefore to take the words,

and their entire derivation, and consider the etymological similarities, and then draw inferences from the large majority of instances. Such being the process Bopp, Max Muller and other great philologists have ascertained that the languages we have been speaking of belong to one family—the Aryan, now extending over certain parts of Asia, Europe and America, and comprehending the Prakrita and the Pali, the modern Sanskrit and Vedic Sanskrit; the Indic comprising the languages of Persia, Afghanistan; Kurdisthan, Armenia, in Asia; and the Celtic Italic, Illyric, Hellenic, Windic and Teutonic of Europe. Thus the languages of the more civilized parts of the globe being formed into one family, it remains to be seen what conclusions have been arrived at regarding the languages of other peoples and tribes. Within the limits of this paper it is impossible to introduce any general, not to speak of minute details regarding the methods observed by scientific men in examining those languages, but we may only mention that the living dialects of Arabia and the Ethiopic, Hebraic and Aramaic classes of languages come together under the general head of the Semitic family. The remaining languages and dialects are numerous, and are brought together under the vaguely denominated Turanian class, in relation to which, and for the special interest that is created by them owing to their geographical nearness to ourselves, we may make the following quotation from the dissertation prefixed to the dictionary of the Non-Aryan languages of India and High Asia by W. W. Hunter. "Chinese" says he, "has hitherto been looked upon as a language standing by itself, devoid of ethnical kindred or linguistic alliances. But in spite of its inexactitudes, this book proves that China has given its speech not merely to the great islands of the southern ocean, but to the whole Eastern Peninsula, to Siam Tenasserim, Burma, in a less degree to Central Asia, to many of the Himalayan tribes, and to some of the Pre-Aryan peoples of the interior of India."

Thus we have the languages of the four continents, so far as they have been discovered and studied, generalized and cast into three original groups, the Aryan, otherwise the Indo-European or Indo-Germanic, the Semitic and Turanian. But has it been ascertained what sort of languages these originally were—what were the words, and how were they used?

In order to be able to answer these questions, we must refer back to that branch of the subject, on which we have just been dwelling—I mean the primitive forms of words. They can be determined by derivation and ancient uses only. In Sanskrit we have it emphatically asserted in the grammars that, all words, vedic or otherwise, are derived from roots, by the addition to them of prefixes and suffixes. Certain internal changes indeed take place, but they are of not so general a character as to be noticed here. Now, words being নিত্য or ever-existing, the roots clearly are those parts which are found common to a large number of them. We therefore have the roots on the one hand, and prefixes and suffixes on the other. But as we have already remarked, these roots may not, and most of them are not the exact forms, which may by a comparison of the grammars of the cognate languages be found to be the original ones; and we might even go the length of asserting with Professor Max Muller that comparative philology presents tests by which "a true derivation might be distinguished from a false one"—by which the errors of etymologists deducing their conclusions only from similarities of sound and meaning, may be corrected.

But the prefixes, and suffixes—what are they? These are but the relics left of words once independent, which were used as auxiliaries to others to make up certain meanings, and which becoming permanently connected with them, have been the subject of fearful havoc committed by phonetic change. The termination *d* for instance of *loved* is an abbreviation of E. *did*, or A. S. *dide*. All terminations have a history, though for a complete record we have to look to futurity. To trace a word in any living tongue back to its origin in the next preceding language, is a task which grammarians have pronounced so responsible; how much more onerous, difficult and laborious work must it be to account for each word a human being now utters upon the earth, and all that ever formed a part of dead jargons and dialects, vestiges of which are to be found noted only on leaves and rocks in remote regions and sequestered vales? Fortunately for our science the classical languages are yet studied, and the difference between them and the modern languages, which to use a metaphor are their offspring, is obvious. The terminations of Sanskrit have become rare in Hindi or Bengali as those of Saxon in English; and the tendency of

separate words to be used together to supply the place of an inflected expression is quite observable. Similar to this transition there had been others before Sanskrit became an inflected speech. After what we have said about phonetic change it requires no dint of argument to prove that the inflectional stage of language was the natural outcome of an original system of compounds formed of the primitive roots of words and the roots or the original forms of the prefixes and inflections. Need it be observed here that the roots in our contemplation are not exactly the same as those contained in any lists furnished by the grammarians of particular languages; but those types, which it is the aim of comparative philologists to discover, the roots that on a comparison of similar construction of different languages of the same class, the comparative grammarian may find out to be actually those that were in use as spoken sounds, Professor Max Muller gives *ar*, *mar*, *spac* &c. as examples, and "it is clear that according to the manner in which roots are put together, we may expect to find three kinds of languages, or three stages in the gradual formation of speech," On an examination of the grammatical constructions therefore of any language, we can easily see to what stage that language belongs. Those languages in which roots may be used as words are in the first stage, as Chinese, in which the same root, according to its position in the sentence, is either a noun or an adjective, a verb or an adverb. The duration of this stage could not be long in the case of any language that was not reduced to writing, so early as to render the operation of phonetic change impossible.

In the second stage roots may be joined together to form single words (or compounds as we would now call them) in which certain of the roots may lose their independence. It may be remarked here, with Mr. Beams with us, that some roots at this stage used singly lose their full sounds, and dwindle to mere particles. Turkish, one of the Turanian languages, is an example of a language at this stage. The Sanskrit language is in the third or inflectional stage. Bengali like English and French, is one of those languages, in which the classical inflections have mostly disappeared, and although the distinction of the different parts of speech is preserved, the collocation of the words becomes of great rhetorical importance, and the position of a word in the sentence becomes a guide to its meaning.

Having thus run through a portion of the vast subject of comparative philology, we have arrived at a point where we find the three groups of languages classed according to the nature of the constructions of their words. Thus classification, apart from its own usefulness, would be of service to us, should we endeavour to proceed in our enquiries beyond the limits of our family. Whether or not there are any subdivisions in the Turanian group—whether there is any affinity between the Aryan, the Semitic and Turanian families—whether the primitive forms of words of all the families, were the same, or if otherwise, for what cause—in short whether human speech—like a pure stream that rising from an exhaustless fountain and flowing in different channels through barren fields and desert tracts, brings life to the region of death, and fertility and beauty to sterile and dreary wastes—proceeded from one source to the different continents of the globe, introducing knowledge and civilization into the haunts of savage beasts—all these questions, it is asserted with confidence, the classification given above will help us to answer. But before we can hope to study the archaic forms of languages, we must have complete vocabularies and grammars of the living languages, from which comparative etymological dictionaries may be prepared to help ourselves in the work of generalization. We are happily placed in India, where we have one Government ruling over nations speaking languages of all the three families, where the conveniences in respect of the study of those languages are greater than in Germany, England or America; but we regret to observe we have the advantages of the position only. No doubt we have scholars here who have done a great deal to further the cause of the science of language, but we the natives of this country have not done a fraction of that work, which could be expected of us. "Our national duty and honor" says Whitney, "are peculiarly concerned in this matter of the study of aboriginal American languages." "Europeans accuse us" he continues, "with too much reason of indifference and inefficiency with regard to preserving memorials of the races whom we have dispossessed and are dispossessing, and to promote a thorough comprehension of their history." Further on he says that not a literary institution in his country has among its teachers one whose business it is to investigate the languages of the aboriginal population. Such are the expressions of a man that

made the subject of comparative philology his special study; but his remarks are notwithstanding quite just—and applicable, we may add, to India in a far stronger sense than to his own country. The European book-sellers of this town not very long ago advertised that a comparative grammar of the Aryan languages by the same author was for sale; and we know also what gigantic works European scholars have produced—if we say here that India and Calcutta in particular should shew a disposition to follow in the wake of those scholars, should we not have the opinion of the public on one side? We must begin, and the establishment of a chair in the Calcutta University for the purpose, appears to be of immediate necessity.

WAR AND CIVILIZATION.

WITH AN interval of only about six years between them, Europe lately witnessed two destructive wars, the first of which was between two of its most cultivated nations, and the other, though carried on between nations less advanced than the Germans and the French, was of supreme interest to Englishmen as affecting their interests in the East. The Afghan and other difficulties that arose out of the latter war remain yet to be solved. At the present moment then, the speculations of an Asiatic on the subject of war may not, it is hoped, be unacceptable to the readers of the *Miscellany*.

War is a necessary part of that law of organic life, the struggle for existence. In the earlier stages of social growth, wars were indeed an absolute necessity. They were the only means of competition between tribe and tribe, race and race. On the whole wars have advanced humanity, have resulted in the survival of the fittest. But they have nevertheless counteracted in some measure this very principle of the survival of the fittest. This counteraction, not inconsiderable even in early ages, becomes prodigious when wars go on between highly civilized nations like the Germans and the French. How wars have counteracted the survival of the fittest is briefly indicated below:—

1. In early ages, all wars were wars of extermination, and such wars must have swept away many acquired aptitudes, which, if preserved, might have greatly benefited the world.

2. In early, as in recent times, the bravest and the most obstinate fighters among the eventually-vanquished have been liable to be slain in great numbers. When again the contending parties have been nearly equal in intelligence, courage, endurance, physical strength and numbers, a large portion of the eventually-victorious must likewise have been slain before victory could declare itself.

3. Wars have often led to the conquest of a more developed by a less developed race, such as that of the Greeks by the Turks. Such conquests have done good no doubt by at least convincing mankind of the value of those attributes to which the conquests have been due. But they have done harm also. They have thrown back human progress immeasureably by raising in men's estimation the purely military aptitudes, and by depressing the intellectual and moral attributes that the overpowered civilization had developed.

4. One of the worst evils of war is that it gives to inferior individuals of the conquering many unfair advantages over superior individuals of the conquered race. This is bad for both races, in that it blunts the feeling of equity and hinders its growth. The evil becomes greatly aggravated when for a long time the conquerors and the conquered do not fuse together.

5. When peaceful industry makes so much progress that people become quite disinclined, as at present in Europe, to enlist as soldiers, a system of compulsory military service is found necessary, and by this the tallest and strongest men are drafted into the armies and are often led to be slain on battle-fields, while those of inferior physical development are left to marry and beget offspring. This is a direct and very powerful cause of physical degeneration.

At the stage of civilization reached at present by the European races wars must on the whole be highly injurious; but it

must nevertheless at the same time be mournfully admitted that even the Franco-German war has materially served the cause of human progress, and this by bringing into clear relief the evil effects of war, and thereby helping to weaken the military instinct itself. Long persistence in warlike careers, after war has become unsuited to the requirements of life, must, by bringing on physical decay, by laying on ruinous imposts for the maintenance of powerful armaments and for the payment of interest on war-debts, and by disorganizing industrial operations exhaust the very means by which war can be carried on. The more obvious evils of war have indeed so strongly impressed men's minds in the more civilized parts of the world that in the country which, of all civilized countries, has most prized military glory, even the man who professed to have stepped in to theshoes of Napoleon I was obliged to proclaim peace as the cardinal principle of his policy. The assurance given by Louis Napoleon at commercial Bordeaux to the French people that *the Empire was Peace* may be taken as a typical illustration of the triumph of the modern industrial over the old military spirit. How ill the emperor kept his pledge is known to all the world. But unprincipled as he was, and ever ready to profusely sacrifice French blood and treasure for selfish dynastic interests, nay for the accomplishment of chimerical projects, such as his wild Mexican venture for regenerating, as he dreamed, the Latin race on the other side of the Atlantic, he must be admitted even by those who execrate his memory most to have exhibited in several instances great breadth of view. His idea of bringing on a universal disarmament throughout Europe on the basis of the satisfied desires of nations was a very good idea in itself, but one which could not be practically carried out in his time; for, to say nothing of the illegitimate desires of other nations, there was then the eager French longing for the Rhine Frontier,—a most inequitable longing, when judged by the very doctrine of nationality, which the French, in advance of other nations in this respect, have openly professed and in some instances practically acted upon.

and acceptance, so as to become eventually the basis of all national agglomerations. Looking to the past history and present tendencies of the human race, and also to the necessities of its situation in this world, it would be scarcely possible to resist the conclusion that ultimately there will be a 'federation of the world.' The best basis and preparation for such ultimate federation would be, it seems, national federations on the principle of language. In the first place federations grounded on this principle would render war impossible between communities speaking the same language, and this would in itself be a step towards universal peace, one of the objects to be secured by a cosmopolitan federation. Again when distant communities come to regard themselves as of one nationality, people must acquire a breadth of view that can scarcely grow up under a system of exclusive attention to more narrow local interests. The wide sense of solidarity generated by a constant contemplation of wide-spread common interests would gradually prepare men's minds for an eventual universal federation. Further, it is clear that small communities, such for instance as the population of the island of Reunion, could not conveniently be directly represented in any international congress; in order therefore that such communities might at all actively participate in, and help on the onward movement of the world, it would be necessary for them to be in political union with some large communities; and political union with a distant community speaking the same language would, in the present state of the world at any rate, be preferable to union with a near community speaking a different language for reasons stated below.

Difference of language is a great obstacle to inter-communication. The Walloon and the Flemish provinces of Belgium are under the same government and regard themselves as of one nationality. French is besides the language of government and of culture all over Belgium. In spite of this, Flemish-speaking workmen, as we are told by M. Emile de Laveleye, find their language an obstacle in the way of their getting work in the great manufacturing centres in the neighbouring

Walloon provinces.* Community of language on the other hand, more than aught else, forms a bond of union between man and man, and tends to increased sympathy and uniformity of sentiments. An Englishman, by the very fact of his being such, must receive most of his mental furniture through the medium of English. His conversation will for the most part be in English; and his reading, however disposed he may be to give no preference to English over French, German or other foreign writers, must be predominantly English; for the newspapers and other fugitive writings that he reads must be necessarily English, and his reading of foreign books, generally speaking, would be much smaller in quantity than that of native books of a corresponding quality. Books written in the English language would again be read largely over the English-speaking world, and this would tend to produce in some measure a sameness in the way of thinking of all English speaking communities.

English-speaking and English-reading Negroes in the United States and in the British West Indies must imbibe English ideas and feelings, while the Portuguese Negroes of Brazil must acquire a Portuguese style of thinking and feeling. Prevailing thoughts and feelings will again modify nervous structure, so that in time, apart from the original organic differences between Negroes introduced into Anglo-Saxon America and Negroes introduced into Brazil, other notable differences must arise. Already must such differences in some measure have made themselves visible. The gulf between white and black is not so wide in Brazil as in Anglo-Saxon America, and this in itself must have created a marked difference. The whirl of busy Anglo-Saxon life must again on the other hand demand of the English Negro a far larger exercise of brain-power in the struggle for existence than the Brazil Negro can have to make for at least a long time yet to come. Language, here too, is an agent, though not the sole or the main agent.

* *System of Land Tenure in Various Countries*, 2nd Edition, P. 269.

(The nations of Europe now sorely feel the heavy strain put upon their finances for the maintenance of costly armaments. Pacific sentiments have again grown sufficiently strong to allow of the settlement of national differences in certain cases by means of arbitration. Enormous armies and navies are nevertheless maintained, and costly wars are not unfrequently waged. Wars cannot cease until the desires of nations are satisfied. The question is whether it is possible so to satisfy these desires as to disarm the most powerful incentive to war? Looking to the fact that the chief motive to war among European nations at present is the desire to unite together peoples speaking the same or closely allied languages it would seem that the doctrine of nationality as grounded on language is the principle which, when thoroughly carried into practice, would effectually stamp out war among civilized peoples. The growth of equitable feeling in Europe has not been sufficiently high to dispose nations in their dealings with one another to be guided solely by the dictates of justice. It is not possible to create equitable feeling where none exists, or to add largely to its strength at one stroke. But if circumstances are such that interests coincide with a course of conduct that is equitable, a condition is produced very favourable to the strengthening of equitable feeling. If interests are furthered by acting in the direction of equity and if interests suffer by following an opposite course, equitable feeling itself would be powerfully fostered. The largeness of English possessions, the vastness of the English national debt, and the magnitude of English commerce are great persuasives to peace, for England can gain little by war and must lose much. English interests, real or supposed, not requiring any wars of aggression to support them, the unjustness of such wars is all the more clearly seen by the English people.) The thorough adoption of the principle of language as the test of nationality and the basis of federation, irrespective of distance in space, would so decidedly improve the position of the strongest and most civilized races of the world that the principle is likely to be acceptable to them, in view of their respective interests, if not out of a regard to the interests

of all mankind. No such general principle of federation has yet been proposed, on account, it seems, of the many and to-all-appearance insuperable practical difficulties in the way. The only aspirations of the sort that the present writer is aware of are those entertained by a not very large number of individuals of the English race on both sides of the Atlantic of an eventual. federation of all English-speaking communities. But this even the most ardent regard as a thing to be realised only in the far future, when England comes to have republican institutions. The conception of an English federation has not further been supplemented by proposals for rendering back French Canada, the channel Islands and Mauritius to France ; or South Africa, where the majority of the people are of Dutch descent, to Holland *i.e.*, to Germany, of which Holland is a mere offshoot. The idea of an English federation rests, therefore, on a rather narrow basis. What would be good for the English ought to be good for other civilised races likewise, though it must be admitted that no other race is anything like equally prepared for the federation of widely distant regions. (The complete adoption of the language principle, with certain necessary limitations to be hereafter mentioned, would be a necessary step, it seems, to the cessation of war among civilized races. The nations that adopt this principle can never think of appropriating any alien territory, and this will take away the strongest of all motives to war.) .

In the case of contiguous territories, the principle of language being the basis of nationality has indeed been openly proclaimed. Frenchmen have claimed the right to annex neighbouring French-speaking populations, and Germans too have proclaimed that the bounds of Germany are coincident with those of the German tongue. Russia has even gone beyond this, she has considered it a legitimate aspiration to aim at being the head of a Panslavic empire embracing, besides Russia, all the minor Slav populations. The idea then of nationality as resting upon identity or close similarity of speech has made sufficient progress to justify the hope that it may receive a still farther extension

further on in connection with the question of a re-consititution of Austria.

The more serious difficulties that would attend a thorough carrying-out of the principle of nationality as resting upon language may now be considered. The great practical difficulty about uniting together distant regions inhabited by populations speaking the same language into one state is the impossibility of a legislative union among such regions. But perfect autonomy in regard to internal affairs could effectually meet this difficulty; nor would the settlement of commercial tariffs, attended though it must be with great difficulties, present an insuperable obstacle, if other obstacles are effectually overcome. Then again if there were to be no wars amongst civilized nations, the necessity of defending distant possessions, with all its difficulties, would not exist. There is no inherent impossibility, it seems, in the United Kingdom for instance, with all her English-speaking colonies, and the United States forming a joint federation, each State of the federation remaining monarchical or republican just as it chose, each managing its own affairs in its own way, and united only in respect of such affairs as concern the entire English-speaking community in relation to all other communities. The separate states in this case exist ready made; so that in framing such a federation a cutting away with the past would not be necessary. England with Wales, Scotland, Ireland and the states of the American Union are already existing units. As there would necessarily be considerable difference between these units in respect of population, representation, to be equitable, must be proportioned to population. To avoid any great disproportion again in size among the states of such a possible English confederacy a territorial re-arrangement of some of the United States (of Texas, for instance) and of the British colonial empire would be desirable; but such re-arrangement would do no violence to very old historic associations, and would therefore be no very hard work after all. The greatest difficulty in the way of such a union of the English world

would be the *amour propre* of both the English and American branches of the race, an unwillingness on the part of both to sink their independent national existences in one common nationality. To this *amour propre* however there is a counteracting sentiment *viz.* the ambition to become beyond question the political leaders of the entire world—the most dignified political position imaginable and one that could at once be secured by a union of all the Britains. England at any rate ought to see that, if present political arrangements were to last, she, as a political factor, must inevitably fall behind America and Russia in no long time. It is physically impossible that England with her small territory would for all time to come continue to keep herself ahead or even abreast of countries like America and Russia that greatly surpass her in the magnitude of their natural resources. In another century both these countries will surely very much overtop her in population and developed resources. It would indeed be quite preposterous for comparatively small countries like England, Germany, France or Italy to think of maintaining for all time to come their present relative positions among the nations of the globe. The only legitimate ambition for such countries can be that each should keep itself perpetually progressive, so as to make it impossible that any other portion of the earth's surface should on the whole ever beat it in the race of civilization; and such ambition will have a field open to it under any political arrangements that might exist, even the final one of all human communities being organized into one whole.

The colonial possessions of England that are inhabited by European races are now virtually independent, and the mother country has no desire to hold them against their will. The only foreign possession that England is determined at all costs to hold is India, and this determination is gronnded partly on the belief, it seems, that the possession of India will enable England to permanently maintain her high place among nations. A long continuance of English rule in India is indeed most desirable

All things considered then, language commends itself as the best principle on which to base national federations, in order that wars among civilized races may cease. But it would be obviously against the best interests of mankind if every community, however inconsiderable, were to erect itself into a separate state on the ground of its speaking a separate language. The following passage from J. S. Mill's *Representative Government* sets forth the whole philosophy of the matter.

" Experience proves that it is possible for one nationality to merge and be absorbed in another, and when it was originally an inferior and more backward portion of the human race the absorption is greatly to its advantage. No body can suppose that it is not more beneficial to a Breton or a Basque of French Navarre to be brought into the current of ideas and feelings of a highly civilized and cultivated people, to be a member of the French nationality, admitted on equal terms to all the privileges of French citizenship, sharing the advantages of French protection and the dignity and prestige of French power, than to sulk on his own rock, the half savage relic of past times, revolving in his own little mental orbit without participation and interest in the general movement of the world. The same remark applies to the Welshman and the Scottish Highlander as members of the British nation." There is no aspiration now on the part of Welshmen, Scottish Highlanders, Bretons or Basques to set themselves up as independent communities; but there are many small communities, though not so small as these, which are independent and unwilling to be drawn into any federal union with larger kindred nations. Denmark, the Scandinavian Peninsula, and Holland are in reality mere off-shoots of Germany. If instead of maintaining isolated political existences they formed part of a great continental Teutonic confederation, the material and moral resources of those countries would be brought to bear in a far larger measure than under present arrangements they could possibly be, upon the general civilization of the world. Holland excepted none of the other off-shoots of Germany before mentioned exercises any kind of political

influence upon the rest of the world, and Holland forms an exception only from the accident of her holding extensive possessions in the Eastern Seas. But even these possessions would be greatly benefited if, instead of being ruled as now by little Holland on *commercial* principles, they were brought under the material and moral influence of all Germany united with all her off-shoots. A common diplomatic and consular representation of all the continental Teutonic States would again be economically an advantage to them all, while protection abroad would be far more effective for at least the subjects of the minor states than if each state looked to such affairs itself. If perfect right of self-government remained with each state, all that would be lost would be the empty name of independence— the show of standing before the world as independent sovereign powers. A sense of real utility will however gain eventually upon unreasoning sentiment, and Sweden and Norway, Denmark and Holland will doubtless gravitate towards Germany and ultimately federate themselves with her. That this may come about, however, it would be necessary that Germany should not remain, as now, behind Holland in the liberality of her institutions.

The case of countries where different nationalities are so mixed up as to make a territorial separation impossible is one of peculiar difficulty. In such cases a local separation of the different peoples may, so far as possible, be carried out and the populations so separated be confederated with large kindred communities. But for those portions of territory where such local separation would be impracticable there must be common administrations for the mixed populations. But how are such territories to stand politically in relation to other states? They are for the most part of such inconsiderable area that their political independence would be liable to all the objections before urged against the independence of states like Denmark or Holland. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is an empire with territorially-inseparable mixed populations in a very large measure. The question of these populations will be discussed

in the interests of India and of civilization; but that this rule should be a permanent necessity no friend of humanity can wish, and Englishmen who represent the most advanced phases of English thought and English morality would indignantly repudiate all sympathy with any selfish desire on the part of their countrymen to keep India for ever unfit for self-government and for ever a subject dependency of England. At one time the colonial policy of England, as of other European countries, was guided by the doctrine that colonies should exist for the exclusive benefit of the mother-country. That doctrine has now been discarded; and as equitable feeling grows stronger and stronger in England, the English Government of India would less and less be guided by considerations of English and more and more by those of Indian interests. Apart however from the desirableness of an eventual severance of the connection now subsisting between England and India, it is to be considered that even the possession of India with its alien and inferior population will not enable England to maintain equality with a developed America or Russia. If England had not been mistress of India, a federation of England and her colonies would probably have been seriously thought of by English statesmen. The further growth of these colonies in population and consequent importance would perhaps make them appear worthier than at present to enter into *federal union* with proud and prosperous England. Even from a selfish point of view such a union may recommend itself to Englishmen. It would considerably lighten the pressure of taxation on the descendants of the present generation of Britons if the burden of the national debt were to be shared by Canada and Australia with their rapidly-increasing population and prosperity.

Things appear to be not ripe yet for a federation of all English-speaking communities. A federation of England and all her English-speaking colonies, and a close alliance between this confederacy and the United States would be quite feasible now, as not causing any great disturbance of the existing order of things. Such an alliance would in a palpable manner benefit

both branches of the English race by leading to a reduction of naval and military expenditure, and would benefit this race as well as the world at large by making the voice of the freest, strongest and richest but withal most pacific of civilized races quite preponderant in the councils of nations. Between the British and American branches of the English population there is indeed at present a certain amount of hostile feeling; but this is growing weaker day by day among the instructed classes on both sides of the Atlantic. A feeling of mutual sympathy and of ethnic unity is already strong, and will daily grow stronger.

The French cannot any longer aspire to the political leadership of the world. France has not been able to plant other Frances abroad. The future of a race that does not thrive and multiply and make its own the boundless tracts of unappropriated soil that await the plough in different parts of the world cannot be very bright. Such a race must inevitably fall behind other more enterprising and expansive races; and by reason of the narrow field of its activity its development must be more circumscribed and its action upon other races smaller than that of the more expansive races. The English race which has made its own nearly nine-tenths of North America and the entire continent of Australia must arrive at a more many-sided development than any other human race, by reason of the widely-varied physical characteristics of the several regions it has occupied.

Cosmopolitan leadership now belongs of right then to the English race, and all evidence points to this race as being destined to inaugurate an era of peace in the world. The English will find valuable co-operators however in the Germans, the French and the Italians, and eventually, if not immediately, also in the Russians. The adoption of the language principle would indeed necessitate the giving up of certain territories now held by the most powerful race in the world *viz.* the English. But this, considering the vast extent of territory the race possesses, it could well afford to do. Such giving-

up would further be a practical proof of unselfishness, and of an earnest desire to establish universal peace on the basis of equal justice to all. Whatever might be the apparent loss to the race by such cessions in the way of break in the continuity of territory or otherwise, it would be more than made up by the moral effect of the cessions, dictated as they would be, not by a sense of inability to hold possession, but by a sense of justice; and the doubling of strength that would result from a political union of the whole English race would in itself very much overbalance all the material disadvantages caused by the cessions.

The language principle would so greatly improve the position of Germany that she would be naturally disposed to look upon it with favour. The peace-loving nature of the Germans would further dispose them to join other advanced nations in a scheme that would have for its object the abolition of wars among civilized men. On the language principle, Germany would have the greater part of Switzerland and, ultimately also, the German portion likewise of Austria. Holland (which is to bring also, with her, her provisional sovereignty over the Eastern Islands,) Denmark, Norway, Sweden and South Africa would further be confederated with her. The part of Posen not yet Germanised and French Lorraine Germany would have however to part with. Danish Schleswig also would have to be detached from her and united to Denmark. The long retention of Danish Schleswig against treaty engagements and the recent abrogation of the clause in the treaty which stipulated for its retro-cession appears to have been as stupid a blunder on the part of Germany as the harsh treatment of Poland by Russia has been. If anything can repel Holland and the Scandinavian states from a federal union with Germany it is the unjust and unwise retention of Danish Schleswig, which has inspired besides throughout Europe a distrust of German good faith and has created a suspicion that Germany harbours aggressive designs against some of her neighbours. It is not easy to see the point of view from which German statesmen look upon this affair. But German statesmanship is now under the lead of the retrograde statesman who has annexed the unwilling populations of Alsace and Lorraine, and caused thereby incalculable damage to European civilization. The part of Posen that is still predominantly Polish, Germany would have also to part with.

The Austrian Empire after undergoing a necessary shearing should best be in alliance, provisionally at least, with Germany. Austria's position is clearly that of an empire of mixed populations, the existence of which upon the same area can be her sole *raison d'etre.* In some of her so-called German provinces there is a numerical majority of Slavs. These provinces she must retain, for the reason that the populations are mixed, and for the further reason also that the numerically inferior Germans are in social advancement the superior class. It would be best likewise that with these provinces she retains, for the present at least, the purely German provinces also, for they are the chief seat of her power and civilization. To Germany this would be no loss, for although the Germans of Austria would not then be in direct political union with her, the alliance of the two empires would bring over to the side of Germany the resources of the non-German population likewise of Austria. But Austria would have to give up much—Galicia, the Italian Tyrol, a large portion of the Adriatic sea-board and the purely Slav and Rouman districts of the kingdom of Hungary. Loss of territory, in cases like this, states have not yet however learned the wisdom to appreciate. Austria would therefore be unlikely to look favourably upon a scheme that would diminish her extent. But she must bend before the inevitable. The empire, as it is, cannot endure. An alliance with all the Teutonic peoples of continental Europe, and a removal of all cause of internal trouble ought to reconcile her to a clipping of her territory.

The French race has France for its chief seat, and France would lose little and gain much by a federation with the outlying French-speaking populations in Belgium and in French-Switzerland, and by the incorporation of the Channel Islands and of the portion of French Lorraine now in German possession. There would be a difficulty however regarding Belgium. She speaks two languages Walloon-French and Flemish. The Walloon portion of course would necessarily attach itself to France. But what is to become of the Flemish portion? With the Flemish population, however, French is already the language of culture, and nothing would be gained by abandoning French for Dutch or even for German. It would seem to be best therefore for Belgium to retain her integrity, and enter into relations of confederation with France. The Flemings indeed

are Teutons, but so also were the Frankish and Norman ancestors of the French. Flanders is again already in part French. The Flemings would really be gainers if they wholly gave up their *patois* for cosmopolitan French. It may further reconcile the French to the loss of Alsace and German Lorraine if, in compensation, as it were, for those half-gallicised German provinces they obtain, not in sovereignty, but in federal union, the half-gallicised Teutonic part of Belgium.

The distant French-speaking Canadians and the people of Haiti and Mauritius, if confederated with France on the principle of perfect local independence, could cost her nothing but would add something to her prestige, while under French guidance Haiti at any rate would gain immensely. France would have to give up however Corsica and a slice of her department of Maritime Alps to Italy. Her colony of Algeria too would have to be permanently cut up into two sections. The sea-board regions which already contain a large European population and such portions of the country as are likely eventually to be peopled largely by people of European descent might be in absolute union with France; while the portion that is unfit for European colonization should form a separate territory to be governed, like French Cochin-China and other semi-civilized countries that are now held by European races but are unsuitable for such races to permanently settle in, on the general principle of giving up the country to the natives as soon as they become capable of civilized self-government. The native population of South Algeria should best unite itself eventually with the kindred populations to the east and west. The distant little colonies of France, Martinique, Guadaloupe &c., might be locally self-governed members of a French confederation.

Italy on the language test can have nothing to give up, while she is to obtain certain accessions of territory. She may be expected therefore to warmly espouse the principle. It seems to be best that with Italy be confederated Roumania, enlarged with the addition of the neighbouring Rouman-speaking territories, and likewise Greece with her limits extended so as to include all the Greek-speaking population north of the little kingdom and in the Islands. The linguistic as well as the ethnic affinity of Roumania is very close

with Italy. The Greeks indeed do not speak a Latin derived tongue, but Romaic has for its nearest congeners in Europe the Romance languages, and there has been in ancient as well as modern times a political connection between Greece and Italy. Greece therefore should best be in federal union with Italy.

To balance the alliance that would exist between the British Empire and the American Republic on the one hand, and that between the hypothetical Teutonic confederation of continental Europe and the Austrian empire on the other, there might be a close alliance between the supposed French and Italian confederations.*

The scheme ought to be acceptable also to Russia, for it would realise her dream, so far as it can now be equitably realised, of uniting together all Slav peoples under her wings. The distinctly separable Ruthenian portion of Galicia should be directly incorporated with Russia, and the portion where the population is predominantly Polish should be attached to Poland, which, together with the part of Posen not yet Germanized, might form a state in federation with Russia and under the Russian Emperor, but with an autonomy of its own. The south-Hungarian, Bosnian, Servian, Mountenegrin and Bulgarian territorially-separable Slav populations should further be confederated with Russia. The Baltic provinces, however, and Finland, in both of which the population is mixed, should have complete autonomy, and the recent unjust aggressions of the Russian Government on the local independence and the languages of these provinces should cease. Germany ought to see that the Germans of the Baltic Provinces and the Swedish-speakers of the Finland towns are not molested by the Russian Government, while Russia on the other hand may keep a watchful eye on the government of the Slav population of the semi-Slavonic

* It would be better for the world as well as themselves if Frenchmen and Italians, instead of wrangling about Tunis, a progressive Musalman State whose loss of independence cannot fail to be a blow to the cause of civilization in the Musalman world came to regard the whole Latin world as a wider home for the Latin nations, and organized schemes of extensive emigration to Latin America. The nobler qualities of the French and Italian nation would thus have a wide diffusion, and Latin America would be truly regenerated. A Latin confederation might eventually arise covering a territory almost rivalling in extent and resources that occupied by the English race.

Austrian provinces. The Roumans of the Austrian empire may similarly live under the watchful eye of France and Italy. Eventually, if under a *regime* of perfect equality and open competition German kills Lettish and Finnish in the Russian Baltic provinces, while Russian gains no ground there, the provinces should come over from Russia to Germany. If, on the contrary, the Russian, as is likely, displaces Finnish and what of Swedish yet remains—a consummation to be greatly desired, for the Finns have no linguistic affinities with any large civilized community to which they could preferably attach themselves, and are not of themselves so considerable a community as to form an independent state with benefit to themselves and the world. To be Russianized would therefore be a benefit to Finland; but the process should be spontaneous and not violent. If, again, it so happens that the Magyar population of Hungary, increasing at a slower rate than the Slovack, is eventually thrown into the back-ground, and the Germans in the meantime do not take the place of the Magyars, the country must go over to form a Slav Member of a Panslavic federation under Russian leadership. But these would be very remote contingencies only, and may, therefore, for the present be left out of account.

Within the limits of the Russian empire are to be found many alien minor Asiatic nationalities. Most of them, if not all, will in all likelihood eventually merge in the Russian population. Should any of these subject peoples maintain however their linguistic independence, and at the same time increase in numbers and prosperity they should, when they learn the art of self-government, go over, like the Musulmans of South Algeria, to their nearest civilized kinsmen, provided these form any considerable communities.

The Slavs are yet an uncultivated race but their superb animal qualities mark them out as destined to play a very important part in future history. Considering the magnitude of the Slav area, and the native vigour of the Russian branch of the race, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that this race will, in the distant future at any rate, act a part in the world's history second only to that of the Teutonic.

The Spanish race, if united, would acquire a weight in the councils of nations the like of which neither Spain nor any of the

Hispano-American republics can ever hope to possess. Federation would also arrest the unhappy tendency to disintegration which this race exhibits in all parts of the world. Of all civilized races the Spanish is the most torn up.

The Portuguese race and language are not likely to merge in the Spanish, as some have surmised. In Europe indeed the Spanish area and population so greatly exceed the Portuguese that, had the races been confined to Europe, the question of Spain absorbing Portugal would not have been a doubtful one. But in America there is not the same disproportion between the two races in respect of area and population, and though a slight advantage in these respects rests at present with Spanish America, Portuguese America has the advantage of being more compact and on the whole richer in natural resources, at the same time that it is wholly free from those destructive earthquakes and eruptions that are a perpetual pest to the Spanish portion of America. Already has Brazil a commerce of more value and extent than all Spanish America, and in general prosperity and progressiveness, Chili and La Plata only among the Hispano-American states, equal her. It does not appear at all probable therefore that Portuguese will give way to Spanish. A special alliance between the Spanish and Portuguese branches of the Latin family is, however, desirable as well as practicable.

As is the case also with English, two sovereign states only speak the Portuguese language, and there would seem therefore to be no great difficulty in the way of their being federated together. But the colony will necessarily have in this instance to be the head of the federation, and the mother-country would naturally hesitate to lower her position before the world by accepting a subordinate place. The national language, however, is and must remain Portuguese, and Brazil will doubtless long continue to be ruled, as now, by the main branch of the old royal dynasty of Portugal. This may be a consolation to Portuguese pride.

Of wide-spread non-European races, the Chinese alone is already gathered up into a political whole. Other outlying nations may, however, attach themselves eventually to a civilized China. As the Asiatic races grow more and more civilized aspirations of federation will necessarily develop themselves. The Arabian is a

wide-spread race, and all branches of it are likely to be one day united together under Egyptian leadership. But things like these can come about only in the very distant future. At present the European and mixed European races are alone capable of federation on the basis of community of language. It is not possible indeed that the federations of people of European race indicated in the foregoing pages can take place all at once; nor is it to be desired that in bringing them about there should be any employment of force. But supposing England, America, Germany, France and Italy were to adhere to the principle set forth in this paper many of the practical changes would take place by mutual agreement among themselves. The immediate co-operation of Russia in a scheme of general disarmament and peace cannot be calculated upon. But with the open declaration of the adhesion of England, America, Germany, France and Italy to such a scheme, and the general advance of peaceful and liberal sentiments throughout the civilized world, the idea would no doubt steadily make way even in Russia and other backward countries. It is further to be remembered that Russian lust of conquest is confined to the governing classes only. The Russian people are pre-eminently pacific. When the national policy comes to be guided by the national will, and not by a bureaucracy with an autrocrat at its head, as at present, little will be heard, in all likelihood, of Russian aggressiveness. In the general interests of civilization, therefore, the establishment of constitutional government in Russia is most desirable.

The Scandinavian states and Holland, Belgium and Switzerland would be likely to follow suit, if England, America, Germany, France and Italy accepted the principle of nationality as above indicated. The further accession of Russia and of the Spanish and Portuguese States and Austria-Hungary would accomplish the work. The civilized countries of the world, instead of wasting their resources, as now, in arming themselves against one another, would then be able to devote their energies to the promotion of domestic happiness and the spread of a progressive civilization over the backward parts of the world, employing force, where necessary, for the enforcement of order and the obtaining of access. The minor civilized states would, again, cease to live only for themselves, but begin to live for themselves and the world.

The Turkish Empire is made up of heterogeneous elements, like the Austrian, and lacks cohesion, therefore, like the latter. The Slav provinces that were the cause of so much trouble to her have now for the most part gone off her hands, and, were Turkey wise, she would forego what remains of them, and her other Christian territories as well. Turkish Arabia, Syria and Irak-Arabi, which are all Arabian by language, must ultimately, on the language principle, detach themselves from Turkey; but the time of severance is apparently very distant yet. Under the pressure of the last war and of European opinion Turkey adopted representative institutions, and should they revive and work, the Greek and Armenian Christians scattered over the empire among the Musalman population would have every reason to be loyal Turkish subjects. Turkey seems yet to have a mission to perform in the world's history. Of Musalman states she is most closely in contact with European civilization. Within her limits again are found Christian and Musalman residing side by side. Musalman fanaticism ought first to disappear here, if any where. The experiment again is worth being tried of how far an oriental race, admittedly possessed of many noble attributes, could be made to adapt itself to modern industrialism by industrial competition and the pressure of European opinion only, and not by the discipline of Muscovite or any other foreign subjection, which, if it would kill industrial inaptitudes, would kill likewise many genuine virtues. The Turks, however, must not dominate races more advanced than themselves, as they now partly do, nor indeed any races which they cannot absorb. With subject races doing their work for them, the Turks are placed in a situation very unfavourable to the development of industrial aptitudes.

A word need here be said of another Asiatic people who have recently shewn themselves eminently progressive. The Japanese would by no means be backward, it seems, to join western nations in establishing an *International Peace Union.*

Any scheme for the abolition of wars among civilized men would be incomplete, unless it provided against the occurrence of civil strife among the citizens of one and the same state. Readiness to appeal to force exists now in considerable strength among certain civilized races. If arrangements among all civilized powers put a stop to war among them, it is necessary also that the love

of combat should not be allowed to vent itself in civil warfare. The French and the Spanish are the only civilized races at present that in any remarkable degree carry political contentions to the length of civil warfare. This tendency can be effectually overcome only by opening up, on the one hand, legitimate means for the gratification of all legitimate political aspirations, and on the other by appliances that could bring at once overwhelming forces to crush any attempts at lawless violence.

Free institutions then appear to be the first condition necessary to freedom from civil war. Institutions, however, have to be worked by men, and if bad selfish passions are rife among a people, no institutions, however faultless in theory, can work well. The governing classes would be untrue to the institutions. Selfishness and injustice on their part would again provoke hostility and retaliation on the part of the governed, and the result might be revolutions. Fear of painful consequences alone can act as a check here upon both the governments and governed. If, on the one hand, the former were made responsible to a general international congress, and were subject to the penalty of forfeiture of power in case it had been abused, the limits of *abuse* being of course clearly defined; and if, on the other hand, any lawless movements on the part of the governed were to be crushed by the united strength, if necessary, of all civilized communities, revolutions and civil wars must become things of the past. On the part of governments, submission to the decisions of an international congress may well be expected to be voluntary. Indeed, readiness to such submission must be an essential condition of admission into the republic of civilized nations as represented in a general international congress. Should any government, however, ever attempt to hold power after it had been declared void by the supposed supreme congress of nations, an employment of force by the other governments that acknowledge the authority of such congress would be quite legitimate; but an occasion like this can scarcely ever arise; for, other considerations apart, no civilized government can ever think of resisting the united strength of the rest of the civilized world, and this without the undivided support of its own subjects too.

One great drawback that would attend the formation of national federations without any regard to geographical situation

demands notice. Commercial union between distant regions can not be so beneficial as commercial union between adjacent regions. French Canada, for instance, would commercially gain far more by a federation with the United States than with France. The fettering of commerce by the imposition of duties cannot, however, remain a permanent institution. It is an inequitable system, inasmuch as it gives a great advantage to subjects of large over subjects of small states. Goods passing from New York to San Francisco have to pay no duty, but goods passing from Liege across the French, the Dutch or the German border have. Eventually, as men come to regard themselves as one family, must trade become perfectly free, quite unhampered by duties of any kind. At present, people are very little disposed, however, to pay direct taxes ; and for a long time yet to come this will continue to be the case. Indeed the facility with which money can be raised by the imposition of indirect taxes has recently led to a revival of protectionist policy in several countries. Duties cannot therefore be now given up over any large part, at any rate, of the civilized world. When the further spread of sound economic views, and the increasing sense of the equitableness of individuals *directly* contributing according to their means, to the expenses of the state, prepare communities for exclusively direct taxation, all restriction upon commercial intercourse will be removed; and the drawback spoken of above will then wholly disappear. Till such time arrives, however, the stimulus of unrestricted commerce between peoples speaking the same language but inhabiting distant parts of the world may cause extensive emigrations from the more thickly to the more thinly peopled regions occupied by particular races. In the case, again, of small territories whose linguistic affinities are not with large communities in their neighbourbhood, but with large communities at a great distance from them, absolutely unrestricted trade with the rest of world may even now be practicable. The expedient, again, remains open for very small territories to enter into *customs* (not political) *unions* with large neighbouring alien states.

In the event of distant regions inhabited by the same races coming to be united into federations, the question as to where the national capital is to be fixed might create some difficulty. The obviously easiest solution of the difficulty would no doubt be to make the most populous city for the time being within the area

covered by any race the national capital of that race. On this principle Rio Janeiro must be selected to be the Portuguese national capital. London should similarly be the capital of the English race. If at any future time, however, New York or any other English-speaking city should come to surpass London in population, New York or that other city would acquire a right to become the English metropolis. Intelligence and industry are indeed of greater importance than numbers; but the two former, especially the first, cannot be so easily gauged; and, in the case of cities inhabited by the same race, there cannot be any huge disparity in respect of the above qualities. The number test being again of much easier application than any test that could be devised for the ascertainment of intelligence or even of wealth (the fruit of industry), a practical adoption of it would leave less ground for discontent than the adoption of any other. The presence of an inferior element in the population of a city, such as the Negro element in Rio Janeiro, may cause the average quality of the population to be very much lower than that of a city, Lisbon for instance, where there is no such inferior element; but even in such cases the numerical test is to be preferred, as calculated to leave no ground for heart-burning.

The distribution of territory that would result from a practical adoption of the *language-nationality* doctrine cannot certainly remain the same for ever. Under a *regime* of peace there must be competition between races, and the displacement of one race by another. An English population may grow up in northern Mexico, as was ere this the case in Texas, while the half-caste Spanish and Indian populations may decay. A French population may grow up in the now unpeopled Canadian North-west. [One of the hopefullest things for the future of the noble French race has been the recent project of establishing a compact French colony in the North-west of Canada. Unless the burden of taxation be lightened, however, France cannot have any considerable surplus population to throw off. A surplus French population would be a benefit to the world.] The Italian population in the Plate Rives States may eventually outnumber the Spanish. The heathen *Chinee*, again, may swamp even Anglo-Saxon Queensland or California. In all such cases equity demands that there should be eventual transfers of territory from one state to another. As regards

Chinese immigration into Australia and America, it may here be pàranthetically observed that the legislative measures taken in these countries to keep out Chinese immigrants is deserving of strong reprobation. The question of migration is one of international interest, and should not be allowed to be dealt with by petty legislatures like those of Queensland or California. .At the bottom of the desire to keep out the Chinaman, there is no doubt the consciousness of inability to compete with him in certain fields of industry. Protection against competition in this, as in other cases, must prove however as injurious, in the long run, to the cause of human progress as it is palpably unjust.

That unoccupied land should be claimed by any particular government is a bad, unjust arrangement. There can be no reason why the Brazilian government, for instance, should claim sovereignty over the primeval forests of the wide Amazon valley, or Britain claim sovereignty over Western Australia, covering a million square miles but containing barely 25,000 colonists (and these established by state agency) in its south-western corner. Unoccupied land ought, on strict grounds of equity, to be regarded as the property of all mankind; and there ought to be definite international arrangements in regard to this matter. The best arrangement on abstract grounds would be, it seems, a distinct recognition of all territory that is either wholly unoccupied or occupied only by very sparse populations, as equally open to colonization by men of all nationalities. Any portion of territory that came to be actually inhabited by men of any nationality, and this by their own private enterprise and not by any governmental agency or help, would then be rightfully accounted as belonging to the nation, members of which have settled there. Territories *actually occupied* by men of English; Spanish or Portuguese speech would be rightfully reckoned as English, Spanish or Portuguese territories respectively. For the present, however, the governments that, according to existing international law, are the acknowledged owners of unpeopled or sparsely peopled territories would not be at all willing to relinquish them, and colonization too in many cases would require such military protection as states, and not private associations, would be able to render. Under present circumstances, therefore, the best practicable arrangement would be, it seems, a fair distribution of colonizable territory amongst the most progressive and most numerous of the civilized races, so as to allow an outlet for the industrial enterprise and surplus population of each of them.

SYAMACHARAN GANGULI.



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A LITTLE ISLAND KINGDOM.

BY JAMES DUHAN, PH. D.

THE Sandwich Islands are eight in number—that is, those that are inhabited—and are situated about the latitude of Calcutta, in the North Pacific Ocean. The extent of the islands is nearly equal to that of Ireland, but in point of population the kingdom is one of the smallest in the world. There are not quite sixty thousand inhabitants, and the native population is diminishing at the rate of one thousand a year. For this decrease several causes are assigned. Rum and disease have had much to do with it, and it is also said that since the arrival of Europeans in the country, the native women have not that affection for the males of their own race, which they had formerly. The males are in excess of the females to the extent of about six thousand.

The monarchy is hereditary and constitutional, the largest island of the group, Hawaii, where Captain Cook was murdered about a century ago, contains more than half the available land

of the island group, but the capital Honolulu, a town of between eight and ten thousand inhabitants, is on one of the smaller islands. The king belongs to the native royal family. He is assisted in the government by Cabinet Ministers for Finance, Foreign Affairs, and the Interior whilst the Attorney General holds the position of a Minister of Justice. Most of these Ministers are Americans, as is also the Chief Justice, who is assisted by two subordinate native judges. The Legislature consists of two Houses, one of the Nobles, and one of the Representatives of the People. The House of Nobles is composed of twenty members appointed by the Crown, and the House of Representatives of twenty-four members elected by the people biennially. Both Houses sit, deliberate, and vote together.

The islands are chiefly volcanic and may possibly form the nucleus of a new continent, being still in process of formation, through the agency of volcanic action. There are several active volcanoes on the islands at the present moment, of which the chief is Mauna Kea, nearly fourteen thousand feet high. Within the last fifty years, irruptions have frequently taken place, and in many instances streams of lava have made their way from the craters to the ocean. It is not wonderful then that fire should have been the principal deity of the Hawaiians. This was worshipped under the name of the Goddess Pélé, a terrible and destructive deity to be appeased only by human sacrifices. But these have long since been discontinued, the natives having embraced Christianity, more than fifty years ago.

The Iao valley was one of the richest in Hawaii some centuries ago. Tradition says that a well-to-do farmer, living in that valley, but of a miserly disposition, was visited one evening by an old and decrepid woman, a traveller, who sought from him food and shelter. These he angrily refused to give to her, she went away sorrowfully telling him that she should visit him within the year. Before the year was out Mauna

Kea was in eruption. Columns of fire six hundred feet high blazed from the summit, and a vast stream of lava covered and burnt up the once rich valley of Iao, which is now a charred and blackened desert. The little decrepid old woman was the Goddess Pélé, and the destruction of the valley of Iao was her revenge for the inhospitality of the churlish farmer. This is a sample of the native legends.

King Kamehameha, who ruled in Hawaii early in the present century, was a great conqueror who united the eight inhabited islands under one government. Before his time they were all independent of each other and constantly at war. He has been called the Napoleon of the Pacific. During his time the islands contained two hundred thousand inhabitants, and his army consisted of seven thousand warriors, which he led on conquering expeditions from island to island. He appointed Governors and established a system of revenue and police which appear to have been models in the way of successful administration. The American missionaries were active and successful in the conversion of the natives during his reign. Nor did he oppose them. One of them, preaching before him, enlarged upon the power of faith, Kamehameha took him to the brow of a neighbouring precipice four hundred feet high. If you will cast yourself over, said the king, relying on the power of faith, and arrive safely at the bottom, we will all believe in your religion. The American was not disposed to make the trial, and king Kamehameha died an unbeliever in 1819. His High Priest Hewahewa, however, was more impressed by the teaching of the missionaries, and renouncing his belief in idolatry, professed his faith in one God before he died. Thus a silent revolution was progressing in the islands which led subsequently to the total renunciation of Pélé and the other deities, as well as to the profession of Christianity by the inhabitants.

King Kamehameha the second, son and successor of the great conqueror, died in London in 1824. His brother, and

successor, Kamehameha the third, reigned thirty years, and abolished idolatry. He was ably assisted in the government by Mr. Wyllie an American, who was also his Premier, and who devoted his life and a large fortune to the service of the Island kingdom, his adopted country.

During the reign of Kamehameha III., a native princess Kapiolani by name, having renounced idolatrous superstition and having embraced the Christian faith, determined to prove to the people of Hawaii that Pélé was no goddess, that faith in her was foolish and superstitious, and that the terror with which the people were impressed respecting her was irrational. She therefore ascended the mountain with eighty followers, all of them making their way on foot, for there were no roads, painfully over rocky boulders and lava drifts, to the crater of Kilanea, from which fire and smoke perpetually issued, the very abode of Pélé. On the very edge of this crater grow some berries supposed to be sacred to the goddess. To partake of these without throwing an offering into the fire, was an act of sacrilege —it was in fact to defy the goddess. Standing on the edge of the crater, surrounded by her trembling followers, the Princess Kapiolani gathered some of the sacred berries, and addressed the fire—"I believe in one God," said she "the Maker of Heaven and Earth, and that this fire and this mountain are the works of his hands, I believe that there is no goddess Pélé, and I dare to eat these berries in defiance of the superstition about her." So saying she ate the berries, her fearful followers looking for some dreadful tragedy in consequence. But none happened. Slowly and painfully as they had ascended on foot, so they descended uninjured, and from that day the faith in Pélé began to die out in Hawaii. In one of his essays, Thomas Carlyle, lately deceased, refers to this act of the Princess Kapiolani, as one of the noblest acts of heroism of which history bears record. An aged priest, of gigantic stature, who, with his sister, was regarded with terror by the natives, lived on the side of the mountain in charge of a temple called a Heiaus, in which human sacrifices had been offered. This priest, and his sister,

were each more than six feet and a half high. Such was the superstitious veneration in which they were held that they had but to point their fingers at a human being and declare that Pélé demanded the sacrifice to ensure his, or her, destruction. The poor wretch was dragged off to the Heiaus to be slaughtered without mercy. But after the noble act of the Princess Kapiolani, the power and authority of this savage priest and priestess waned away, they, like the others, professed Christianity, and lived to regret, before they died, the cruelties of which they had been the superstitious instruments.

Few countries are provided with a better system of education than the Sandwich Islands. Eighty-five per cent., of the youth of both sexes are to be found daily in attendance at the schools. These schools are of three classes, lower, middle, and upper, and there is a college in Honolulu, answering the purpose of a University, at which teachers, lawyers, medical men and ministers of religion are trained. The administration of justice is admirable. The police are efficient. The standing army consists of about four hundred men, of whom three hundred are infantry, and one hundred cavalry.

The great difficulty of the administration at present is finance; owing to the continued decrease of the population, the revenue is also diminishing year by year. The national debt which amounts to about eighty thousand pounds, is annually increasing, and a crisis seems to be impending, to prevent which king Kalakana, the reigning sovereign, is now making a tour of the world looking for immigrants.

There are said to be four millions of acres in the island, of which only two hundred thousand are arable, owing to the rocks, lava beds, and mountains. Of the arable land, a fifteenth part only is under cultivation. Nature supplies the Hawaiians in such abundance with vegetable food that they do not see the necessity for any species of hard work. Plantains, bread fruit trees, pine-apples, yams, guavas, melons and potatoes, together with a root called Kalo from which they make a favourite

food called poi, all grow in abundance. In the forests which clothe the sides of the mountains thousands of wild cattle range and thousands of horses also, almost equally wild.

The cultivation of sugar is the principal staple of the islands and employs about four thousand hands. It is difficult to extend the cultivation on account of the indisposition of the Hawaiians to work. The sugar cultivation is chiefly in the hands of Europeans, Americans and Chinese. There are about two thousand Europeans and Americans, two thousand five hundred half castes, and two thousand Chinese in the Islands.

The native Hawaiians are a merry, idle, dissolute, and pleasure-loving people, they are constantly engaged, males and females alike, in swimming, horse-racing, story-telling, song-singing, smoking, chatting, and gambling. Life is a perpetual search after pleasure with them and nature conduces to facilitate that search. Horses are so abundant at present that they never think of walking even a mile. Troops of the natives are constantly to be seen on horseback racing over the sands in parties of pleasure. Other parties are to be seen disporting themselves in the waves, both sexes, and all ages, being excellent swimmers, and accustomed from their earliest years to the management of horses. The climate is delightful, the heat being constantly tempered by the sea breezes. All the noxious insects which they have—musquitoes, fleas, bugs, centipedes, and scorpions—having been imported. The two last however have lost much of their venom.

There is room in these islands for a hundred and fifty thousand of the hard-working frugal over-burdened population of India. Such an immigration, if it could be accomplished, would relieve some of the districts of Bengal, and tend incalculably to the improvement of the islands. But such an immigration ought to be in families not males alone. The Sandwich Islands have regular postal communication with San Francisco in America.

CARLYLE.

Thou wert a Titan, but a Titan tossed
With wild tumultuous heavings in thy breast,
And fancy-fevered, and cool judgment lost
In mighty maelstroms of divine unrest.
What souls were drugged with doubt in sceptic time
Thy cry disturbed into believing life.
And fools that raved in prose or writhed in rhyme
Were sharply surgeoned by thy needful knife:
But, if there were who in this storm of things
Sighed for sweet calm, and in this dark for light,
And in this jar for the wise Muse that sings
All wrong into the ordered ranks of right,
They thanked not thee, who did'st assault their brain
With thunder-claps and water-spouts for rain.

Spectator.

COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE.

LORD Clyde was better known in the army as Sir Colin Campbell. If he did not rank with commanders of the first class, he was, nevertheless, a distinguished soldier, and a popular hero. An authentic report of his character and career was therefore desirable, and this we have in Lieutenant-General Shadwell's life of him, lately published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons of London.

The author is fitted for his task, having served under Lord Clyde both in the Punjab and in the Crimea, and having enjoyed his personal friendship to the last. Several of those who served with, and under Lord Clyde, have aided General Shadwell with journals and recollections, and the trustees of the late Field Marshal have entrusted him with such material as they found available. On the whole, therefore, this biography is a trustworthy account of a noteworthy man.

Lord Clyde left it to the discretion of his trustees to publish a memoir, but gave at the same time only a qualified

and grudging permission, expressing a wish that the work "should be limited as much as possible to the modest recital of the services of an old soldier." And doubtless both author and trustees found themselves limited by this wish. How far this restriction ought to have been observed, when the interests of the army are regarded, it is difficult to say, especially taking into account the qualifying expression "as much as possible."

The public career of Sir Colin Campbell from the commencement of the Crimean war to the conclusion of the great army mutiny in this country, is matter of history. What we wanted was a photograph of the man, a word painting of the individual with his ways, habits, sayings and habits of life, irrespective altogether of his public utterances as a general. We wanted to know not so much his achievements after he had risen to notice as an account of the events previously, the story of the causes of his rise, his life as a regimental officer—the youth and man, before that man was turned into a general. His individuality in fact, rather than his military history, we naturally looked for, and we look to a certain extent in vain. Not wholly so, but to a considerable extent.

Colin Campbell was properly Colin Macliver. So he was born. His grandfather, laird of Ardnave in Islay, had been fighting against the Government in 1745 under the Pretender, was deprived of his estates in consequence, and settled in Glasgow. Colin's father was a carpenter, and his mother a member of a respectable family in Islay. Several of his mother's kinsmen had held commissions in the army, among others her brother, Colonel John Campbell. Colin was born at Glasgow in October 1793. His early education was received at the High School of that city, and when he was ten years of age, his uncle, the Colonel removed him to an academy at Gosport. At the age of fifteen, this same uncle took him up to the Horse Guards, and presented him to the Duke of York, obtaining for him, at the same time, the promise of a Commission, a promise which was speedily fulfilled, for, in May

1808, he was gazetted an Ensign in the Ninth Regiment. The Duke called him "another of the clan," Colonel Campbell did not correct the error, and so as Colin Campbell he was enrolled, and as Colin Campbell he lived, fought, conquered and died.

Promotion was often swift in those days. In June he obtained his lieutenancy. In July he joined the second battalion of his regiment and embarked for Portugal where the Duke of Wellington, then Sir A. Wellesley, was making his gallant stand in the lines of Torres Vedras against the hosts of France. A few weeks after his arrival in the Peninsula, Colin was transferred again to the first battalion of his regiment and took part in the march of Sir John Moore, his retreat to Corunna and his heroic battle and victory there, a victory which ended in the death of Sir John. The lines that celebrate his burial, "we buried him darkly at dead of night," are familiar to every student of English literature. In after years Sir Colin used to relate how "for some time before reaching Corunna he had to march with bare feet, the soles of his boots having been completely worn away. He had no means of replacing them, and when he got on board ship he was unable to take off his useless boots, the leather adhering so closely to the skin of his legs that he was obliged to steep them in water as hot as he could bear, and to have the leather cut off in strips, a very painful operation as several pieces of his skin came off with it."

This service and these sufferings were undergone before he was seventeen years of age! When he returned to England he was for some months at rest in Canterbury barracks. In July 1809 he proceeded with his regiment on the unfortunate expedition to Flushing in Holland, returning in September with that terrible Walcheren fever, which, till the day of his death, never wholly left off troubling him at intervals, particularly when he got the slightest cold.

In 1811 he was again sent to the Peninsula with the second battalion of his regiment, but the British army was now

no longer in Portugal. The Duke of Wellington had driven the French step by step from the south west to the heart of the Peninsula, on his progress to the borders of France. Sir Colin took part in one of those grand actions by which the legions of Napoleon were driven gradually through Spain. All the other officers of the flank companies having been killed or wounded, Colin Campbell succeeded to the command of the detachment, and his energetic and military devotion to duty secured for him the warm commendation of General Sir J. Graham, then in command of that wing of the army. The year 1812 was spent in the monotony of garrison life at the Rock of Gibraltar, but here our hero was by no means idle. He did not spend his days, like too many others, in billiards and shooting. He studied hard, perfecting himself in French and Spanish, as well as in military science. It is in this way that officers of superior merit qualify themselves for future distinction, not by wasting their time in frivolous amusements.

At the battle of Vittoria he particularly distinguished himself early in 1813, and also at the siege of San Sebastian. In the successful assaults on the convent and redoubts Colin Campbell's conduct was such that Sir Thomas Graham mentioned him with warm commendation in his despatches. In a subsequent unsuccessful assault, when leading the forlorn hope, Colin Campbell was twice wounded and again mentioned in the despatches. He had actually gained the top of the breach, when he received a shot through the hip which tumbled him to the bottom. Finding on rising that he could limp along, he climbed once more to the summit, only to be shot again through the thigh. Even then, disabled as he was, he exerted himself to maintain order amongst his men.

Twenty years later, dining at Windsor, he was asked how he felt when leading the forlorn hope in the Peninsula. "I felt" said he "very much as if I should get my Company if I succeeded." Although severely wounded, yet hearing that another battle was imminent, he pushed on for the front, re-

solved to rejoin his comrades. He joined in time to take part in the action which secured the safe passage of the army across the River Bidassoa, and here again he was badly wounded. What a constitution he must have had! In November 1813, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and sent home to England with the wounded.

From this period till he joined the army in the Punjab, and got the command of a division, in 1848, he was little heard of. He served in Nova Scotia in 1814, and then in Gibraltar till 1819, when he was sent with the twentyfirst Fusileers, to the West Indies. There he served uneventfully for two years. For five years afterwards he was aide-de-camp and brigade Major, at Demerara, to the governor and commander of the forces in Guyana. But, whether in a subordinate, or in a superior position, he was always remarkable for his attention to every detail of duty. He was strictly obedient to orders himself, and required strict obedience from others. Whilst in Demerara he purchased his majority with borrowed money, and he allowed himself no luxury, lived most frugally, till that borrowed amount was repaid—eight hundred pounds. In the same way he subsequently purchased an unattached lieutenant-colonelcy, one of his mother's relations advancing thirteen hundred pounds for that purpose.

He then went to the Continent and busied himself for three years in studying German and French, languages in which he perfected himself.

In 1841 he was once more in active service as he desired, having been appointed to command the 98th regiment in the China Expedition. His services in that campaign were so highly approved that he was appointed, in 1843, full colonel, a C. B., and aide-de-camp to the Queen. In the autumn of 1846 he accompanied his regiment to India, and was at once posted to Lahore with the rank of brigadier. His services in the Punjab, the Crimea, and during the troublous times of the

mutiny in India are matters of history. He climbed step by step through Major and Lieutenant General, finally to General and Field Marshal, the highest rank in the army, and his statue now stands in London close to that United Service Club, which he loved so well.

There are several popular errors relative to Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, widely spread, but utterly unfounded. One of these is that he was supposed to have been an unfortunate friendless officer, who, in spite of his gallantry and his merits, ate out his own heart in disappointment, because he had neither money nor aristocratical patronage. This view is quite incorrect. He became a Captain five years after he had joined. He was a major at 32, and had command of a regiment at 42. Many distinguished generals interested themselves frequently in his success and the Horse Güards were always ready to do him a good turn.

Another vulgar error is that he was a rude uncultivated and unlettered soldier. Quite the reverse. As a matter of fact he was acquainted with French, German and Spanish. He was a great reader, and shone in conversation. In the Crimean war no one was on more friendly terms with the French Generals, and Lord Palmerston, subsequently, hearing him conversing with Madame de Persiquy, naively expresssed his astonishment at Lord Clyde's fluency. He was vigilant, active, intrepid and calm in action. His soldiers loved and trusted him, particularly the Highlanders. He was simple in his personal tastes, hospitable and generous to others, and utterly unselfish. His motto through life was "Duty first—all else afterwards." Nobly he acted up to his motto. He was an admirable example, not only of the soldier, but of the loyal and devoted subject of the crown. He showed others how to obey, and his career proves that, when it came to his turn to command, he knew how to rule men, and to obtain from them the fulfilment of their duty.

GREEN'S 'HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE' AND SPELLING-REFORM.

MR. Green's book is pre-eminently what it professes to be,—it is every inch a history of the *people*, and the mere biography of kings and the narration of court intrigues have not, under a novel name, been palmed off on the public as the genuine study of the English national life. The history fully justifies its claim to the proud title it has assumed and by no means it can be called a misnomer. The author has well utilized the hints thrown out by Messrs. Herbert Spencer and H. Buckle, and his production goes far to realize the ideal of History, sketched out in the *Essay on Education* and the *History of Civilization in England*. Viewed from whatever point it might be, whether with reference to the divisions of the several volumes into books or the judicious selection of the self-explaining headings of the chapter or the choice and marshalling of the facts, best calculated to throw light on the past epochs of English society, the work cannot but strike its readers as something quite unique. The very orthography of it is peculiarly its own, and to put before the public the salient points of this last named topic is what the present article aims at.

As the editor of a large series of school-books, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., many of which are in use in our schools and colleges, Mr. Green indeed wields great power both for good and evil. Moulded by his influence, the language-learning faculties of our graduates and undergraduates take not a little of their coloring from him. Of the auxiliaries of language, spelling forms no insignificant part, and hence an enquiry into what is being done in this department cannot after all be considered useless. And it is from this consideration that I have been led to canvass the modifications Mr. Green has silently introduced into the field of orthography.

The system of spelling in vogue in the English language is anomaly itself. It is a feat indeed for memory to master all its details. The best exertions of the learner are consumed by the minutiae of the English orthography. That the progress of our school-going little flocks is, in a great measure, handicapped by them, few fail to perceive. So whoever works for the simplification of the visible representation of words deserves the best thanks of all who sympathise with human happiness. Much might be said for and against the phonetic representation of words, however without raising that *vexata quaestio,* we may confidently assert that if the leaders of the literary world of England abate a bit of their linguistic conservatism—which to my mind is the only real bar to uniformity in spelling—they might do much to reduce the anomalies of spelling to the narrowest limit practicable, without any appreciable sacrifice of the philological value attaching to the current method. Is it not the mere worship of conventionality—which has very appropriately been called the tyrant of England—to write 'honey' 'money' &c., with *e* before *y*, while 'testimony' 'patrimony' 'miscellany' and 'ceremony,' which have the same final sound as the preceding ones, should be more reasonably spelt with *y* only?

But all honor to Mr. Green for his breaking through the trammels of conventionalism and standing out as the practical modifier of spelling in his extraordinary historical production. Various are the changes in this direction, that are visible in its pages. A few we select here for illustration.

I. The root-words in his scheme are always kept invariable, whatever might be the augment affixed to them. The following are the examples on the point :—'Lov*e*able' (vol. p. 75) 'aw*e*ful' (Ibid. p. 127) 'judg*e*ment' (p. 13) 'mov*e*able' (p. 268) 'immov*e*able' (p. 278) 'not*e*able' (p. 534) 'ful*l*ness' (p. 280). This amendment on the existing rules on the subject has, it is true, besides lessening the strain on the memory, the collateral advantage of bringing the main portions of the

derivative into relief. But after making allowance for all that can be urged in favor of it, the step cannot but be called a retrograde one, if the phonetic representation of words be— as it undoubtedly is—the ultimate perfect form of spelling. It is in fact carrying in appearance the English language to its agglutinative stage and obscuring the evolution it has attained to.

[Prof. Bain likewise departs from the desired path of simplification. A reference to the orthography of his '*mental and moral science*' will make it evident. His 'abridg*e*ment' (preface ;) 'undecid*e*able' (p. 453) 'likeable' (502) 'blam*e*able' (509) 'unmistak*e*able' are of a piece with the disintegrating process above referred to.]

II. He adopts phonetic spelling for all those words, where the inconvenience arising out of the alteration, to the students of philology, is next to nothing, while the gain in the shape of uniformity is unquestionable. He substitutes "z' for 's' in 'exercize' (vol. p. 180) 'surprize' 'enterprize' 'paralyze' (236) 'circumcize' (338) 'devize'. This slight exchange of one letter for another makes a very large circle of words amenable to uniformity, and analogy. His 'forbad' without *e* is to the same tune. This is decidedly an improvement on the old method.

III. The final *c* alone in many words is deemed sufficient to give the sound of *k*, while in many others *c* and *k* are conjointly used to express the k—sound. Mr. Green in this matter follows the wrong *modus operandi ;* he brings back old cumbrous forms like 'bishoprick' &c., thus putting them in the same class with 'track' 'smack' 'stick' &c. But this process has a great drawback in the addition of an unnecessary letter. The real solution of the problem consists, I believe, in the explaining of *k* as a superfluity in all the words spelt with the double terminal consonants (c and k) and assimilating them with the words 'mosaic,' 'havoc.' The words 'track' 'smack' 'stick' &c., cannot surely lose aught of the etymological value of their spelling if their final *k* be done away with.

However it is impossible to come out of the above survey without being convinced that, in these days of progress, grammatical dogmatism is quite out of court. Everywhere rationalism is triumphant and literature cannot bear exception. It is our earnest request to the gentlemen entrusted with the examination of our universities, that they should take special note of these signs of the time and pause and ponder, before pronouncing, 'judg*e*ment' (Green) 'develop*e*ment' (Green and Lecky) 'benefi*tt*ed' (Bain) as egregious orthographical blunders. They should make allowances on the score that their examinees have the authors of the advanced school for their guide. Their indignation at the sight of any violation of the time-honored inconveniences of the present ways of spelling should at least learn to cool, and such breaches should not always be set down as the outcome of ignorance.

Be that as it may there is no mistaking that the hard and fast rules of Grammar with regard to spelling are daily losing ground. A large proportion of scholars take their own predilections as authorities in the matter. This process, if allowed to run its course unchecked, will make confusion worse confounded. It is time that some standard in unison with the spirit of the age should at once be determined upon. The 'Philological Society' cannot give a greater evidence of their utility than by arranging for a congress of all the English-speaking nations of the world to deliberate upon the subject and devise means commensurate with the gravity of it. Without insisting upon any such revolutionary innovations as will shock the feelings of the conservative public, if they proceed in a conciliatory manner, adding and altering where there is diversity of opinion and where the slightest change will produce the greatest result towards establishing uniformity and decreasing the arbitrary idiotism of orthography, they might confer great blessing on the English-speaking societies. Indeed it is a theme worth their consideration.

TRIPURACHARAN BANERJEE.

ARE THE BENGALIS THE ATHENIANS OF INDIA?

IN a recent article in the *Contemporary Review* entitled "Young Bengal at home" Dr. Knighton spoke of the Bengalis as the Athenians of India. This expression has been objected to, first, because few, if any, classical works have been written by Bengalis, and secondly because the Hindus of the Upper Provinces are superior to them in the arts of sculpture and painting.

It was not solely or even chiefly in consequence of their literary and artistic supremacy that the Athenians were considered the first people in Greece. It was rather in consequence of their general cultivation, their superiority in casting aside the bonds of superstition and prejudice, their advanced civilization and their successful study of civil and political administration.

As to classical works, the Naya philosophy of Nuddea has long been considered one of the first, if not the first of Northern India. People from all parts of India come to Nuddea to study Naya. But this is after all a small matter. Works on the Naya or any other philosophy would never establish the superiority of any particular class or race.

If we turn to Grote's History of Greece we find that he grounds his argument in favor of the superiority of Athens, in the first place, on the remarkable enlargement of the field of education there. The Athenians were ready to study every thing that was useful wherever it might come from, or whatever might be its origin. The languages and literatures of Egypt, Persia and Asia Minor, were all subjects of study and discussion with the versatile Athenians. It was indeed in this versatility of theirs, that their superiority chiefly consisted. Whatever the subject, or from whatever source it might come, they were ready not only to discuss it, but to adopt it, if it appeared to them to be the truth. In this respect it appears to us, that the Bengalis are more like the Athenians than any other race in India.

Secondly with regard to civil polity and political administration, the Athenians were always ready to take lessons from other powers. They discussed the various schemes of Government freely and openly with the object of discovering the best system and having found it, with the intention of making it their own. This is precisely what the Bengalis have been doing for the last half century. They found established amongst them a superstitious and irrational custom by which the widow was condemned to perish on the funeral pyre of her husband. If she was saved from this fate, she was condemned, whatever her age, to perpetual widowhood, nay more, to degradation as if she were a being that had no right to be alive at all. Against these superstitious prejudices, the enlightened men of Bengal first raised their voices. Satti has been abolished and the re-marriage of widows, although opposed with all the virulence of mistaken religious zeal, is gradually, though slowly, becoming an accomplished fact. Nor is there any province in India, in which the study of law and of civil polity has been more successfully prosecuted than in Bengal. Sweeping away the cobwebs of thousands of years of superstitious fanaticism, enlightened men of Bengal have undertaken the difficult task of restoring to the Hindu faith its original excellence and purity. Nor was this a task to be lightly undertaken or easily accomplished. An enlightened Government has successfully prevented open persecution, but we all know the difficulties which surround the path of him who would free the people from the trammels of bigotry, the grip of superstition and the debasing influence of ignorant dogmatism.

The Athenians were the first people of Greece to destroy absolute despotism in their Government, and to free the democracy by securing for them, in the first instance, a share of Municipal Government and subsequently of political administration. Are we not all aware of the long-continued and persistent efforts made by Bengal to secure for the people, in the first instance, a share in the Municipal Government of the larger cities, and not without success? The struggle to obtain political

representation, and a fair share in the Government of the country is still continuing, and as the Athenians were the leaders of Greece in every enterprise which involved the existence or supremacy of the Greek States as a nation, so the Bengalis have been foremost in the struggle against despotism and irresponsible administration.

In his life of Cimon, Plutarch tells us that although the Spartans were superior in the arts of war, yet the Athenians excelled all the other Greeks in the arts of peace. The Athenians taught the rest of the Greeks to cultivate corn with the greatest success, to make wells, and to instruct their children in all that was useful, excellent and agreeable. In both husbandry and manufactures they far excelled all the other Grecian States. There can be little doubt that agriculture is more successfully prosecuted in Bengal, than in any other part of India, that the manufactures of Dacca, and Moorshedabad, are considerably in advance of those of the rest of India, whilst in education none will for a moment contend that the Bengalis are not entitled to the first rank.

Professor Heeren in his Ancient Greece attributes much of the superiority of Athens to its judicial Institutions and its popular tribunals. If I understand Aristotle rightly says he, there were no such popular tribunals in Sparta. Popular tribunals led to the cultivation of the art of oratory. Public discussions were encouraged, and by means of these public discussions, oratory became the characteristic of the Athenians as distinguished from the rest of Greece. In India the judicial Institutions are pretty nearly the same over the whole country, but every one who had studied the subject will admit that in the practice of oratory, and in the free discussion of public questions in popular meetings, the Bengalis express their opinions with greater freedom and fluency than the people of other parts of India.

Athens was situated on a peninsula, surrounded on three sides by the Ocean. Its people were maritime and fond of the

Sea. Voyages in ancient times to Italy and to Egypt were as perilous as voyages undertaken in these days to the remotest regions of the globe. In these and in many other particulars it would be easy to draw a striking contrast between the Athenians and the Bengalis. It would be absurd to suppose that in every particular there is a similarity. On the contrary, the points of divergence in many respects are striking, and remarkable. But in the general devotion of the Athenians to education and to agriculture, to the investigation of the truth wherever it was to be found, to forensic discussion, religious enquiries, and judicial and political administration, the Athenians were unquestionably far in advance of the other States of Greece. It is in these respects that the analogy holds good between them and the Bengalis, when we compare the Bengalis with the other races of India.

Nor must it be supposed that the analogy holds good only when we consider the excellencies of the Athenians. In their faults, follies, and foibles there is as much analogy as in their superior qualities. Professor Heeren thus describes the weak points of the Athenian character: "The people flocked to hear their philosophers and orators discourse in places of public resort, often to the neglect of the more serious business of life. This habit frequently degenerated into idleness, and like other idlers, they were light-minded and capricious. They found amusement in lively debates and in the discussion of ingenious questions. They thought more of criticising the speakers than of weighing the measures advocated. They were greedy of flattery, readily led away by brilliant promises, careless and hasty in decision, because though singularly quick in apprehension they were too often impatient of continuous thought. Hence it arose that they were so frequently the prey of profligate demagogues, who attained paramount influence over them, by advocating whatever they thought would be agreeable to the multitude, and who very frequently took presents from all parties. They delighted in comedies, which were too often disgraced by licentious ribaldry and gross

personal abuse, but were at the same time rife with wit and humour, with lively painting of character and keen political satire." Is there not some resemblance in this to the habits and customs of Young Bengal?

It is for these reasons that we think Dr. Knighton was justified in speaking of the Bengalis as the Athenians of India.

LAST OF THE DACOITS.

BY

S. O. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE DACOITS.

AWAY in the North of India in the Punjaub in the Peshowar district, in the north-west angle of the Scinde Saugour Doab, lie the hills of Hazara. The country is for the most part wild and hilly and here and there are large rocks standing by themselves forming natural fortresses for the defence of the wild mountaineers who inhabit the land. These men live chiefly by plunder, making raids into the adjacent country and striking terror into the hearts of the people for miles around. They are known as dacoits, and have been the scourge of the country for ages past. Up the steep craggy and almost perpendicular sides of the highest of these disjected rocks, on an evening, are seen two men picking their way along the path known only to them, up to the tower at its summit. The doors of the tower on three sides open upon the perpendicular sides of the rock. On the fourth it opens upon a small space of ground, which forms as it were the landing. Inside are seated a band of these lawless dacoits round their chief, who was reclining against some pillows. 'By the beard of the prophet,' exclaimed the chief, 'it is an age since we heard any news of loot' 'Chief', replied one of his followers, 'I have

a presentiment that we shall have news and that of a favourable enterprise before this new moon is a quarter old, from one of the men I brought with me last month. He is a (pucka) genuine dacoit and if there is plunder to be got, he is the one to find out where.' 'But it is not very pleasant' said another 'to be out in moonlight nights on work like ours when the (peris) fairies are about dropping the dewdrops on the flowers and witches riding about on broomsticks sucking the heart-blood of new-born babes. Besides we are more likely to be seen and perhaps caught, though we have only our *lungoties** on and our hair is closely cropped.

'Hush'! interrupted the chief *Biglie*† 'I hear the signal. Go Abdoola and see if your prophesy is right, else arm yourselves comrades for some one is at hand.'

The chief had leaped up from his lounging position and had already his arms about him. The others too were ready, when Abdoola entered with two of his men to the presence of the chief. '*Bundanawaz*‡' spoke one of the men throwing himself at Biglie's feet 'Your slave has returned and Allah has so decreed that your highness will, before three days are over, have the richest loot in money and the fairest mistress as prize. She is a peri. Her complexion is clearer than sandal-wood. Her eyes are as black as ink and sparkle like diamonds, her teeth are like pearls, her lips are of the colour of ruby, and her hair hangs down to her knees. I would not venture to describe her, but may I be a *namuckheram*§ if she be not a prize worthy only of a chief like you! I saw her and fled for the brightness of her eyes pierced me! She is a Hindoo and Mooltan is where she lives!' 'Rise' said Biglie 'follower of the faithful and you shall rank as a chief if your report be true.' 'Abdoola'

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* A small piece of cloth put on round the loins.

† Lightning.

‡ Equivalent to *sire*.

§ Unfaithful treacherous.

he continued, 'assemble the chiefs and let us fortwith debate and plan out our enterprise. I go to say my prayers and you will find me in the council room.' When the chiefs had all assembled, a long debate ensued and at its close, Biglie gave out the following orders.

'Ere to-morrow's sun rises we shall be on our way and on the night of the third day I shall proceed to the house of the idol-worshipping Hindoo and try and convert the soul of this beautiful heretic to Islaon and make her a fit bride for the Paradise of the prophet. She shall be my mistress. The loot shall be properly divided and Golam shall get twenty mohurs from my share.'

The presence of such bold and daring spirits, revolutionary from their birth, whom fate seems to have made indigenous to every soil at some period or other—fit emisaries of disaster—, has been looked upon by all nations, as indices of rapine and famine. They are the comets in the human economy, abnormalities in the system, appearing as precursors, concomitants or legacies, of war or some national calamity. Appearing only for short durations, then disappearing with the rapidity of their celestial prototype, to reappear again at, with or after some dire change, they aim at equalizing society, but generally, the very violence of the measures adopted, may be calculated to retard rather than promote their cause; and while believing themselves martyrs of an exalted virtue, they close their career in crimes of the blackest dye, without suppressing in the least the vices of mankind. These zealots might prove the greatest supporters of order, but for their distempered zeal. They have in them the genuine material for regenerators, but render it counterfeit from a misconception of principle or religious fanaticism; and instead of rising to reformers of mankind, they either grovel in the mire of republicanism, or grope in the chaos of disorder of their making. Theirs are the master spirits of nature, but they degenerate into abject and basest criminals, by the misapplication of principles good in them-

selves. By being too sanguine and vehement in their measures, they frustrate their ends, and nullify the good they are desirous of producing. They might be leaders of civilization and enlightenment did they but conceive their errors of application, the futility of the means resorted to, in the promotion of doctrines, which rightly understood and promulgated should be productive of benefit to all.

This is the general character of dacoits. To some the calling is hereditary ; others from the ferocity and malignity of their natures seem stamped and created for nothing else than plunder ; others again are led to it from national hate or religious strife ; and yet again others seem drawn to it by love of gain.

But such were not the reasons of the leader and one or two others of the band, who figure in these pages, that led them to this predatory mode of existence. These took the robber's oath from the excitement of the life led by them, the very risk and danger they incurred being incentives to their vocation. Men with bold hearts and stout arms they courted peril for the love of it. The freedom of action they enjoyed made it unbearable to them to be under the restriction of a more civilized form of government. Yet among themselves was a certain form of society, a certain mode of rule. Admitting, according to their code of laws, that some sort of fixed government was essential to the order and the welfare of their own community, they yet objected to any other form but their own, such as it was. The freedom of their lives gave colour to their thoughts and even to their religious tenets. Generous and kind they gave to the poor freely what they took from the opulent.

They were not biased in their religious belief; they were not bigots, though brought up in the faith of Islam, but believed rather in a Supreme Being and in certain abstract virtues. They were free thinkers and were guided by a code of honour. Holding liberal views they disdained the idolatrous and corrupt practices of native worship.

As their mode of life among themselves, so they endeavoured to make their conduct towards others. Free as the eagle in his eyry, they lived in their mountain home. Distress pecuniary or any other, injustice, victims of sacerdotal craft and grief, in all grades of society, they endeavoured to relieve after a fashion of their own. To free the oppressed, to suppress tyranny, and to equalize all, was their aim.

(To be continued.)

OLD DREAMS.

WHERE are thy footsteps I was wont to hear,
O Spring! in pauses of the blackbird's song?
I hear them not: the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sounds, too long, too long!

The footfall and the sweeping robes of Spring,
How, once, I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.

Nay, not unmoved! But yestereve I stood
Beneath thee, throned, queen songstress, in the beech;
And for one moment Heaven was that green wood,
And the old dreams went by, too deep for speech.

One moment,—it was passed; the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane;
Night, like a mist, clothed round the darkening trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.

So near is Eden, yet so far; it lies
No angel-guarded gate, too far for sight;
We breathe, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
Still seek it every way except the right.

Spectator.

MANI-MALA OR A TREATISE ON GEMS.

THIS is the most admirable, if not the greatest, of the works of Rajah Sourendro Mohun Tagore, Doctor of Music. The "chain of gems has been strung on the four-fold thread of the English, Bengali, Hindi and Sanskrit languages, with the

gems obtained from the precious mines of the Puranas and other classic works of the Hindus. At the end of the description of each class of gems have been inserted the views of the European authorities thereon as a knot in order to compactness. To the whole has been attached a Pendant forming the supplement, replenished with miscellaneous information on diverse kinds of gems." Few writers have such a command of facts as the Rajah, and the knowledge displayed in the *Mani-Mala*, seems to have been derived not only from books but also from a close and loving observation of gems. The work has been dedicated to Sir Ashley Eden, and it is worthy of the patronage of the ruler of Bengal. We shall, in another number, give interesting extracts from the book. In the meantime we cannot leave it without a special word of thanks for the delight it has afforded us.

THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.

THE proclamation of 1858, which transferred India from the East India Company to the Crown, asserted a principle of equality heretofore unknown; and the Government of India took advantage of its provisions to reconstruct the Department of Finance. It was a branch of the public service in which efficiency was the most important and the least realised, although it was equipped and maintained at a heavy cost. The Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer at that time was the Hon. S. Laing, whose high integrity and ability are universally admitted. He was the first to recognise the truth that there is no royal road to finance, and that while the poet 'nascitur, non fit,' the accountant is made, not born. Heretofore civilians, whose experience had been acquired in the judicial and other branches of the service, were appointed *per saltum* accountants-general, although they had no previous training in that department, and in most cases no aptitude for accounts. They had been judges or police officers, and were suddenly, at the end of their career, required to frame the balance-sheets of the empire, and to undertake complicated audit duties, simply be-

cause their time for promotion had arrived. The result was, that their functions were relegated to their head clerks. With the view of putting an end to this defect, and introducing reform and economy where both were much needed, it was determined to create a separate and trained service for the Account Department, fenced round with entrance examinations, and with no hopes of advancement outside its limits. This determination was published in a Government resolution, No. 84, of May 13, 1862. It gave forth no uncertain sound, declaring in the most emphatic manner that 'all distinction between covenanted and uncovenanted must be set aside, and that the salaries and constitution of the department must be regulated with a sole view to efficiency without distinction of service, profession, race, or religion.' The department was at the same time formed into five grades, upon salaries ranging from 40*l.* to 200*l.* per mensem, with reference to the nature of the duties discharged; the office of accountant-general was included in these appointments; and it was stated that they were open to all in the department, 'without distinction of service,' advancement being regulated solely by efficiency and industry.

From 1862 until 1876 the programme laid down was rigidly adhered to. In that year, when a covenanted civilian was Finance Minister, a covenanted civilian was for the first time appointed to the department as accountant-general. Several remonstrances were thereupon submitted from the officers passed over; and, in replying to these, the Government said that it 'had no desire to depart from the general practice followed since 1862, and did not consider that it would be often necessary to appoint to any office in the department anyone who was not an enrolled officer in it.' And it was added that while Government held itself free to nominate any outsider, 'it would not use this liberty without sufficient cause or without careful regard to the claims and interests of those in the department.'

These orders constitute the charter-party of the Financial Department, and are as binding upon the present Government as the terms of Lord Cornwallis's Permanent Settlement. They were not lightly given, and cannot in justice or equity be lightly departed from. Gentlemen of the same social status as covenanted civilians entered the department upon its organisation with the full expecta-

tion of rising to the posts of accountant-general which were promised to them. They accordingly committed themselves to a style of living, and to an education for their children, which they would probably not have undertaken but for the pledges held out to them. It would, therefore, be a breach of faith to ignore their claims now, considering that their contract with Government was based upon the distinct assurance that henceforth covenanted and uncovenanted would be placed upon the same equal footing. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that the repudiation of all covenant rights is the corner stone and essential principle upon which the department was constituted.

The policy so clearly laid down in 1862, and so strongly repeated since, has now been deliberately departed from. Five covenanted civilians have recently been apppointed to fill existing vacancies. They have entered at once, without any previous training, to the highest posts, *viz.*, that of accountants-general, and upon salaries considerably in excess of the 200*l.* fixed as the maximum payable. The latitude of the change shows that it belongs to the measures aimed at redressing the so-called grievances of covenanted civilians, resulting from the alleged stagnation of promotion. But can two wrongs make one right? Is it just to rob Peter in order to pay Paul? In the conflict of claims that has arisen, is it equitable to nourish, on deceptive promises, the trained officers of the department, and to let the prizes go to the outsiders? The Government have pledged themselves 'always to appoint an officer belonging to the department to a vacancy, if there is such an officer of sufficient standing and experience qualified for the office in every respect.' This sentence is taken from an order fixing the subjects of examinations; it is printed in each monthly 'Civil List;' and an appeal to it is but natural. Accordingly if the five recently appointed civilians, whose previous duties lay in the judicial and other branches of the service, are really 'more qualified by experience' for the quasi-professional work of finance than all the trained officers whom they have superseded, then their appointments are justified by the terms of the departmental constitution. But in such case, the estimates and accounts of the past fifteen years cannot be regarded as trustworthy, having been prepared by men not

competent for the duties; and the reforms contemplated in 1862 must be pronounced miserable failures.

But what are the facts of the case? Several of the uncovenanted officers of the department have acquired a European reputation. Sir George Kellner was selected by Lord Salisbury to report upon the finances of Cyprus, and the honours conferred upon him testify how well he performed his task. The valuable evidence given by Mr. E. Gay, M.A., before the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry is still fresh in memory, and was recently quoted by Professor Fawcett in the 'Nineteenth Century.' Mr. Onslow, M.P. for Guilford, belonged a few years ago to the Financial Department. Messrs. Fitzerald and Palmer were selected by the Egyptian Government to administer its finances. Mr. Hollingbery, by his published works on the Indian Currency, the Silver Question, and other cognate subjects, has established a name which is recognised even in England. The present and former Governors of Bombay selected their private secretaries from the uncovenanted officers of the department. And there are many now in it who have for years discharged the same duties which the outside civilians have been called upon to undertake on considerably enhanced emoluments.

Sir John Strachey, the late Finance Minister, and his secretary, by whom these appointments have been made, are civilians of a pronounced type. Strongly prejudiced in favour of their own service, they honestly believe that merit in India is not to be found outside its pale; and to every argument in favour of the uncovenanted, put forward the old stereotyped Shibboleth, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' A strong effort has been made by them to reorganise the Financial Department within the last three years; and their scheme has just received the sanction of the Secretary of State. In brief terms the five accountant-generalships of the five larger provinces are to be held only by members of the civil service upon salaries ranging from 2,700*l.* to 3,600*l.* a year, whilst the designations of the corresponding offices in the five smaller provinces have been changed to comptrollers, upon salaries ranging from 960*l.* to 1,200*l.* per annum, and may be held by uncovenanted officers. The chief reason urged in favour of this

change is, that under 24 and 25 Victoria, cap. 54, 'the office of accountant-general must be filled up from among the civil servants of the Crown.' At the time, however, that Act was passed, there was but one accountant-general in the whole of India, and no other 'such office' has since been created. This officer is now styled comptroller-general; he must always be a member of the civil service; and to him alone the statute refers. For with the object of vesting all control over financial matters in the Government of India, the independent offices of accountants-general to the Governments of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay were abolished early in 1861, prior to the passing of the Act; and the accountant-general to the Government of India was the only 'such office' in existence when the Act was passed. He was declared to be the chief of the whole Department of Audit and Account; and inasmuch as the local officers had been subordinated to him, their designation was deliberately altered into the somewhat lengthy but descriptive title of 'deputy-auditor' and accountant-general. And as the Act does not debar uncovenanted officers from holding these appointments, Mr. Laing's administration declared in 1862 that they were open to all alike, 'without distinction of service.' In 1865 the prefix of 'deputy-auditor' was dropped for the sake of convenience; and the designation of chief of the Account Department was at the same time changed to that of 'comptroller-general,' in order to mark the continued subordination of local accountants-general to him. The offices now known by that name are therefore entirely different in character and function to the one appointment originally reserved for the civil service, and uncovenanted officers are not legally disqualified from holding them. At any rate the statute does not apply to the non-regulation provinces, and consequently the accountant-generalship of the North-West Provinces and the Punjaub may clearly be held by them; in point of fact the heads of the Account Department in these provinces were not called 'accountants-general' prior to 1865.

In these circumstances the reason alleged for the re-introduction of covenanted agency into the Financial Department is insufficient. The action now taken is in direct violation of the pledges held out to the uncovenanted officers who entered it in 1862; it is

tantamount to a breach of contract, and in a mercantile transaction of such a nature damages would be claimed, and doubtless given by the law courts. Accordingly the officers concerned are arranging to have their grievances brought before Parliament in view to obtaining either compensation for their present and prospective losses, or a reversal of the policy determined upon. It is obvious that if there be really a legal disqualification of the nature referred to, the difficulty can easily be got over by changing the designation of the accountant-generalships of the larger provinces, as has been done in the case of the smaller provinces; but to the English taxpayer the question is only interesting in that the change involves considerably increased cost to the State. Experience has shown that the maximum salary of 200*l.* per mensem for the Account Department, fixed in 1862, is sufficient to secure the special ability and professional training required. Indian railway and the bank agents, whose duties are onerous and responsible, are frequently paid less. The Educational Department, which is composed exclusively of uncovenanted officers, the majority of whom are university men with high degrees, and fellows of colleges, has but three prizes throughout the whole of India better than this. The archdeacons and clergy receive hardly as much, and bishops scarcely more. The trained civil engineers of the Public Works Department are not entitled to similar remuneration, even towards the end of their career. Military officers who pass through Sandhurst into the India Staff Corps, and who come from the same rank in life as covenanted civilians, draw nothing like so high a pay even as colonels in command of regiments. Why, then, should a larger sum be considered necessary for an accountant-general, when a pay of 200*l.* a month will always obtain the required ability? In the present state of Indian finance economic considerations of such a nature should not be disregarded. Now it is notorious that no covenanted civilian would enter the department if he received at the last 2,400*l.* a year only; that is the salary he will accept to commence upon. And as a matter of fact the five officers recently appointed are drawing much more, while their duties can be, and have been, performed for much less. An unnecessary cost is therefore being incurred to procure untrained agency for a department

which requires special training; and the step is neither expedient nor equitable.—*Fraser's Magazine for April* 1881.

SOMETHING ABOUT EXAMINATIONS.

IN these days, when something like a mania for public examination seems to exist, it is by no means an unprofitable or uninteresting task to inquire into the value of examinations as a test of knowledge. Many people are under the impression that if a person is successful at an examination—whether such be easy or difficult—that person is possessed of great talents. Now, no greater blunder could well be made than to suppose, that because a man may 'scrape through' an examination, he is necessarily endowed with extraordinary abilities, or even to imagine that he must possess, at any rate, the usual amount of intelligence; for in many cases, a student who is badly taught, and whose knowledge is in no way equal to the requirements of the examination, passes; while one who has been well trained, and who knows well the subjects on which he has to be examined, fails. Many examples of failure under such circumstances could be adduced; but one will suffice.

Not long since, the writer of this had occasion to examine some students, previous to their presenting themselves before a Board of Examiners in London. One of them, a most intelligent and painstaking young man, was exceedingly well read in the subjects of examination, and I had no fear of his passing with credit. But, such is the strangeness of fortune, he failed. On the contrary, the one of those students concerning whose chance of passing there was the greatest doubt, both on account of the slipshod manner in which he wrote down the answers to the questions put to him, and on account of his lack of intelligence, got through successfully.

In order to explain how such a thing could occur, it will be necessary to make a few observations on the causes of failure at an examination. There are four chief causes: 1. A loose method of acquiring knowledge. 2. A want of self-confidence. 3. The inability of candidates to express their thoughts properly in writing.

4. The involved and ambiguous phraseology frequently used by pedantic examiners.

Now with regard to the first cause. Many students, owing to pecuniary circumstances, are precluded from availing themselves of the educational advantages offered by the numerous colleges that now adapt their curricula to the special wants of students, or indeed from receiving tuition from a duly qualified teacher; and thus, having to study alone and without help, they grope blindly along, learning something here and there, much of which may be required for the special examination at which they intend to present themselves, but the greater part of which may be of no use whatever. In this way, nevertheless, they may pick up a great amount of knowledge; but this knowledge, although useful of itself, may yet be gathered to the exclusion of those very subjects on which the examiners lay the greatest stress. Again a man who, from the peculiar formation of his mind, often finds it impossible to make a superficial study of a subject, will expend much toil in laboriously committing to memory much that will be useless for examinational purpose; while, on the other hand, he neglects the study of things that are absolutely essential for such purpose. This loose manner of study is probably the most frequent cause of failure.

Another cause, though not so important as the one just mentioned, is a want of self-confidence. Most students, on first presenting themselves for examination, feel a sort of indefinable dread lest, in spite of the efforts they have conscientiously made to acquire a knowledge of the subjects of examination, they should fail to obtain the examiners' approval of their work; and this feeling acting on their nerves, which have already been overtaxed by severe study, produces a state of tension and anxiety which often results in their being unable to do justice to themselves at the critical moment. Now, I would not counsel a candidate to enter an examination room with an overweening confidence in his own powers; but if a man works properly and with the anxious desire to obtain a knowledge of the subjects he is to be examined in, it is of the utmost importance that he should endeavour to throw aside those feelings of timidity which are so natural to youth, and that he should place a steady faith in his own mental strength.

'Faith,' says the poet, 'shineth as a morning star;' and he might have added that without this, the sky of our life would indeed be gloomy and lustreless.

The third great cause of failure is the inability of students accurately to express their thoughts, in writing. This fault on the part of students is mainly due to want of practice in what is technically called 'paper-work,' and arises from a bad system of teaching. For instance, a student, after having learned the lesson set him by his teacher, is questioned upon it orally; he answers the question correctly and mechanically, and no more is required of him. Thus his memory *alone* is cultivated. But in examinations, the questions are put not only with a view of testing the memory, but of exercising in some degree the reasoning faculties; and when a student, taught in the manner above described, attempts to answer the questions given at an examination, he is unable, from want of practice in using his reasoning powers, to render his meaning clear, and so writes down a lot of unnecessary and very often absurd details. Hence his failure.

Now, with reference to cause four—namely, the involved and ambiguous phraseology frequently used by pedantic examiners. If a number of examination papers—no matter on what special subject—set at various examinations throughout the country, be carefully gone over it will be seen that many of the questions—indeed I might have said the half of them—are couched in such equivocal language, that it is difficult even for teachers, accustomed as they are to the phraseology of examiners, clearly to understand their meaning. What then, can be expected from young students? Of course it would be impossible and, even if possible, undesirable that there should be one dead-level of uniformity in the language used by examiners; but it is necessary, as far as such a thing can be, that the questions at examinations should be set in the plainest English, and that they should not, from any ambiguity in the wording, be liable to misconstruction. I have hitherto confined my remarks exclusively to examinations in which written and not oral questions are put. In reference to oral examinations, it is only necessary to say that, like the system of bad teaching to which I have referred, they merely tend to strengthen the faculty of

memory, and this to the detriment and injury of the higher intellectual faculties.

Having now briefly explained some of the causes of failure, I will say a few words on the manner in which examinations are conducted. In many examinations, the *real* requirements differ materially from the curriculum or from setting forth the subjects necessary to be learned for such examinations; for in many of them, in order to obtain a 'pass' it is necessary to get only fifty per cent. of marks; while in most of them seventy-five per cent.—which is generally considered high—is required for this purpose; which means that if a student answers one-half or, in the latter case, three-fourths of the questions correctly, he passes. Now, this is a most injurious system, tending, as it must do, to lead to a method of cramming, and is thus destructive of the very purpose of examination; for the purpose of examining is to find out whether a candidate possesses a certain amount of knowledge or not, and certainly this is not the way in which to ascertain a candidate's fitness in that respect. A writer in the *Encyclopœdia Britannica* makes some very pertinent remarks on this subject. 'Examination papers,' he says, 'which are so meagre that the pupil finds no call on him for intelligence, or in which he can pass by doing a very small portion of the paper, have a most injurious effect. They give the pupil a low view of knowledge, and cripple the teacher, because the pupil is confident of passing with what he thinks he can learn in a week or two before the examination.' It is this system which induces students to waste their time in reading in such a manner as to forget all they have learned as soon as the ordeal of examination is past; and for this reason, examinations are said by some educationists to be deterimental to a proper mode of education.

I have thus endeavoured to explain how it is possible for a man to fail in an examination and yet possess more real knowledge than another man who passes. But to strengthen the position I have taken up, I will quote an extract from an article in the *Lancet* of September 11th of last year. The article from which this quotation is taken is an address to students about to enter the medical profession: 'Knowledge, it is alleged, is the only condition of fitness, and examinations are the best and surest means of ascertain-

ing whether the necessary knowledge has been acquired. If the student is equal to the examination test, it matters little how or where he gets his knowledge. It is, however, a fair subject of debate, whether this confidence in the efficacy of examinations is not misplaced, and whether, a well-arranged curriculum, properly carried out, is not, after all, a better guarantee of culture than any examination, however stringent.'

I do not go quite so far as the writer of this extract in believing that a well-arranged curriculum, without the stimulus of an examination, would be a better guarantee of culture; but I am fully persuaded that something can—and if examinations are to continue to maintain the position they already hold in the educational world—something *must* be done to make them fitter tests of knowledge than they are at present.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE FEELING.*

THE Shibpore College affair is now fairly closed. It would be, therefore, wrong to discuss it now in all its bearings. But the controversy excited by it has included certain issues possessing more than a temporary interest and which may be considered as affecting a much wider question than the little incident which gave rise to them. Foremost among these is the storm of temper which the incident produced in the country. It is surprising to note how almost every man who had anything to say in connection with the affair, not excepting the Director of Public Instruction, said it in the style of a bitter partisan. The Director was hasty, impulsive, puerile, and undignified to a degree, and the Native and the Anglo-Indian press with one or two exceptions simply raved instead of talking. And all this simply because the quarrel was between Native and European. This means that England has failed to establish poli-

* The Director's report to Government and the Government resolution do not affect the standpoint taken up in this article, which simply looks to the method in which the question has been discussed in Anglo-Indian papers.

tical discipline in India. And as the relation between the two countries is *essentially* political, it follows that so long as England does not establish political discipline in India (and the responsibility of doing that is *entirely* hers), she cannot expect to find discipline of any other kind—judicial, executive, or educational. But the reason why England has failed to establish political discipline in this country, is a much more important and interesting inquiry, which may be satisfactorily concluded by making a dispassionate analysis of the Shibpore case. The gist of the European (including the *official*) view of this case is that the boys grossly violated *discipline* and therefore deserved to be punished. We admit that a combination among schoolboys against a teacher is a bad thing. But every act has a history which cannot and which ought not to be lost sight of in determining its character. The Sepoy mutiny was a bad thing; but many thoughtful Englishmen justify it on the ground of its *history*—on the ground of its *causes*. It was stated—and it should be carefully noted that the statement yet remains unrefuted—that, since the establishment of the Shibpore college, a system of most invidious distinction between the Eurasian and the Bengali boys, much to the abasement and inconvenience of the latter, was maintained and worked out by the professors. We say that, if this was the case, it was the professors themselves who prevented the growth of a spirit of submission and discipline among the Bengali boys. For it should be carefully remembered—and we are surprised to find that neither the Director nor the many Anglo-Indian maniacs who have raved over this affair have cared to remember it—that discipline is not a one-sided obligation—that he alone can demand discipline who *loves* his boys and behaves to them like a *gentleman*—that ungentlemanly conduct is not the best creator of discipline—that the discipline which is based upon fear and not upon love is not the genuine thing that will endure. Neither the Director nor his Anglo-Indian supporters took note of the fact that if boys are systematically subjected to ungentlemanly treatment by their teachers they cannot possibly be expected to

feel much esteem for the latter or to imbibe a spirit of discipline under their influence. Mr. Osborn has remarked in an exceedingly interesting note upon dogs in a recent number of the *Statesman* that if you do not treat a dog like a gentleman it will become ungentlemanly. And is a Bengali boy a worse piece of mental mechanism than a dog? The fact is that the college authorities and probably also the Director of Public Instruction were the first and most serious offenders against the cause of discipline in the institution. That the Director omitted to consider the *history* of the complaint is therefore nothing else than what might have been expected concerning him. It becomes therefore necessary to inquire why non-official Anglo-Indians, who were not certainly implicated in the crime committed by the College authorities, made the same omission. The explanation probably is that they all forgot, if indeed they did know, which is very doubtful, the true meaning of the word discipline. They all argued that the boys owed submission to their teachers; but they all forgot to argue that by their persistence in a course of ungentlemanly treatment of their boys, the teachers had forfeited all claims to the submission of the students. They all forgot to take note of the fact that by invidiously distinguishing between the Eurasian and the Bengali students, the professors had themselves fostered, if indeed they did not create, class-feeling among the latter, and that if any one deserved to be punished for the sin of the *combined* rising of the boys, it was the professors and not those whom they spoiled by their example and conduct. Most Anglo-Indians failed to do this because they were too much under the influence of race-feeling. But there were other Anglo-Indians who professed to be free from the race-animus, and who did not yet take the only logical view of the case, and condemned the boys instead of condemning their teachers. As regards this latter class of Anglo-Indians, the fact seems to be that they cannot *truly* sympathise with any one but their own kith and kin. For, if their minds had been otherwise constituted, if they had been really capable of sym-

pathising with the boys, the long course of ungentlemanly treatment to which the authorities subjected their students would have impressed them first and most forcibly. Sound feeling is synonymous with right perception and sound logic. A genuine moral instinct is an unerring marksman. In either case, the conclusion is very clear that Anglo-Indians have no sympathy but with themselves, and that their moral nature is so seriously defective in this respect, that when test-questions arise they disclose themselves to other peoples in a revolting light and are whirled into the commission of acts of injustice wholly unworthy of a nation of rulers. This is the reason why England has not been able to establish political discipline in India. This is also the reason why gigantic efforts made by Englishmen in this country to educate the people or to do good to them in other ways produce such sorry results. Nothing prospers which is not born of the heart; and Englishmen in India, it is well-known, have no heart for others than themselves. Native gentlemen should therefore do best not to clamour for this college or for that. If they really want to rise morally and intellectually, they should themselves set up colleges and schools of all kinds. So long as their education remains in the hands of their rulers, they may take it to be in a state of serious jeopardy.

One other point. Anglo-Indians have said that to be pushed about by the neck is not insulting treatment, and a barbarous correspondent of the *Statesman* (an Englishman of course) has said that in an English workshop the brandished stick might have fallen upon a less reputable part of the body. But England is not paradise, and a practice is not to be approved simply because it is English. We say that corporal punishment is a thoroughly barbarous institution, for maintaining which poor Indian *gurumahásayas* have been already thrown into hell-fire by English educationists in this country. And now that an English *gurumahásaya* repeats the barbarism, we are told that civilised England is itself a land of *gurumahasays* and that therefore *gurumahasays* must be esteemed and adorèd in India provided their skin is white! By all means, let us protest

against this horrid practice of justifying all English barbarisms in this country by an appeal to usage "at home."

A DISCIPLINARIAN.

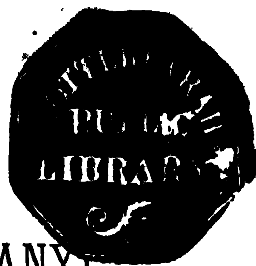
AMUSING.

A SCHOOL teacher recently electrified her pupils who were annoying her with questions:—"Children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added, "But not to any fool of a man!" And the excitement died away.

HAVE you ever heard of the Bowery-boy, who, being cut short in a hard life by a sore disease which quickly brought him to death's door, was informed by his physician that medicine could do nothing for him. "What's' my chances, doctor? "Not worth speaking of." "One in twenty?" "Oh, no," "In thirty?" "No." "Fifty?" "I think not." "A hundred?" "Well, perhaps, there may be one in a hundred?" "I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "Just go in like all thunder on that one chance." The doctor "went in," and the patient recovered.

"IT is very easy to say you are Lord Derby," said the policeman at Hughenden to that great nobleman, "but you don't look like it." The policeman, of course, may have been mistaken in his view of what is an aristocratic appearance; but, as a general rule, Mr. Gatten's theory of heredity holds good in this matter. Years ago a terrible mistake of this nature was committed by the page of the Poet Laureate. He was a London boy of a sceptical turn of mind, and probably grossly ignorant of the social position of his master. A gentleman called one day and asked to see Mr. Tennyson. "What name, Sir?" "The Prince Consort." "Yah," said the boy, and he actually "put his thumb into his nose, and spread his fingers out" in that blameless and majestic presence.

"WHY," ASKED A LADY OF AN OLD JUDGE—"why cannot a woman become a successful lawyer, I'd like to know?" "Because," said the judge, "she is too fond of giving her opinion without pay."



THE

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WHITHER AND WHY.

THE Government in England has had its share of abuse within the last fifty years, often not without deserving it. Law, however, meaning thereby the administration of justice, has been abused for the last thousand years all over the world. Of late even the judges on the English and Indian Benches have taken to abusing English law. It is not wonderful then that other people, who make no money by it, but rather lose much, should do so also. "That men should sit down so apathetically as they do" says Mr. Herbert Spencer "under the present corrupt administration of justice, is not a little remarkable. That we, with all our jealousy of abuses; with all our opportunities of canvassing, blaming and amending the acts of the legislature, with all our readiness to organize and agitate; with the Anti-Corn-law, Slavery-Abolition, and Catholic-Emancipation victories fresh in remembrance; that we, the independent, determined, self-ruling English, should behold the giant abominations of our judicial system, and yet do nothing to rectify them, is really quite incomprehensible. It is not

[illegible] facts were disputed; all men are agreed upon them. The dangers of law are proverbial. The names of its officers are used as synonymys for trickery and greediness. The decisions of its courts are typical of chance. In all companies you hear but one opinion, and each person confirms it by a fresh illustration. Now you are informed of £300 having been expended in the recovery of forty shillings' worth of property; and again of a cause that has been lost because an affirmation could not be received in place of an oath. A right-hand neighbor can tell you of a judge who allowed an indictment to be objected to, on the plea that the words 'in the year of our Lord' were not inserted before the date; and another to your left narrates how a thief tried for stealing a guinea-pig was acquitted because a guinea-pig was shown to be a kind of rat, and a rat could not be property. At one moment the story is of a poor man whose rich enemy has deliberately ruined him by tempting him into litigation; and at the next it is of a child who has been kept in prison for six weeks, in default of sureties for her appearance as witness against one who had assaulted her.* This gentleman has been cheated out of half his property, but dared not attempt to recover it for fear of losing more; whilst his less prudent companion can parallel the experience of him who said that he had only twice been on the verge of ruin once when he had lost a law-suit, and once when he had gained one. On all sides you are told of trickery, and oppression, and revenge, committed in the name of justice; of wrongs endured for want of money wherewith to purchase redress; of rights unclaimed because contention with the powerful usurper was useless; of chancery-suits that outlasted the lives of suitors; of fortunes swallowed up in settling a title; of estates lost by an informality. And then comes a catalogue of victims—of those who have trusted and been deceived; gray-headed men whose hardly-earned savings went to fatten the attorney; threadbare and hollow-cheeked insolvents who lost all in the attempt to get

* The case occurred at Winchester in July 1869.

their due; some who had been reduced to subsist on the charity of friends; others who had died the death of the pauper; with not a few whose anxieties had produced insanity, or who in their desperation had committed suicide.*"

This list of grievances is formidable enough. It would not be easy indeed to find a theme on which fault-finders more delight to dwell than the inconsistencies and hardships of the law. The proper administration of justice is a vital necessity of civilized life. It ought to be free to all, to the rich man as to the poor, to the poor as to the rich. It is simply nonsense to say that, if made too cheap, litigation will be increased a thousand-fold. If justice were to be procured cheaply, there would be less wrong-doing. Men would not rely on the length of their purses to purchase immunity for evils they inflict on others. They could not say as they do now—"What, poor Gonesh oppose me! the idea is absurd—he has no money." The effect of making justice cheap, and easily to be procured, would simply be to reduce the amount of litigation a hundred-fold, but not in the first instance,—not until the conviction settled in men's minds that justice was so to be obtained, but subsequently it would when they had become convinced of the fact. At present many a wrong is committed because the offender knows that he has two chances in his favor. The victim may have no money to spare on law—that's one. If he have money, he may have a very wholesome dread of litigation, and may therefore prefer putting up with the wrong to seeking reparation, at the law-courts—that's the second. Both chances would be removed by cheap and easily obtained justice.

The very system of remuneration in use, in legal matters in England, tends to complicate a case, and to render the client helpless. Until recently he had to pay his Attorney according to the number of words, used or mis-used, in the documents that functionary furnishes. "Under the old system, by which

* Social Statics. Chapter XXI., § 4.

the medical practitioner was paid by the number of pills and potions, the patient was, of course, unmercifully drenched. Under the analogous system of legal charges, the client is mystified with all sorts of unnecessary words, phrases, and provisions, which, if he be weak enough to peruse his own title-deeds, will leave him prostrate in mind, as the 'draughts as before' would leave him in body, were he foolish enough to take them.*"

And when the case has gone from the Attorney's hand into the barrister's, how completely at the mercy of a game of chance does not the unfortunate client feel. A flaw here, with which he has nothing to do, not of *his* making, but the attorney's or the barrister's, and by no means affecting the merits of the case, perhaps, deprives him of hope of redress for the time being. Increased expenditure, delay, another application must be made, a new battle engaged in. It is a legal joke for the junior counsel to be merry over, after dinner—to the client it may be ruin.

These abuses, and many others such as these, every one will allow to exist in the system of English law as it is in practice, however good it may be in theory. If we turn to the subject of Divorce, and the laws regulating the relative relations of the sexes to each other, generally, we shall find a host of evils staring us in the face, to the glaring enormity of which our legislators are only just awakening. Is it right, for instance, that a husband should take possession of his wife's earnings or property on marrying her, even against her will, as our law permits him to do, unless prevented by legal formalities? Is it right that a married woman should be incapable of holding property unless specially empowered? Is it right that a man should be legally empowered to beat his wife in moderation, and to imprison her in any room in his house?

* The *Athenæum.*

It is a cheering sign of the times that the iniquity of these things is gradually being seen and felt as well in England as in this country. The impression must sooner or later force itself upon all minds that a thorough legal reform in such things is necessary, and in no questions more peremptorily so than those affecting all the relations of the sexes. We live in a system half-feudal, half-free. The old prejudices about the superiority of man are not yet exploded in the minds of antiquated people of all ages and conditions, but the gross wrongs to which women are subject, under existing laws, are too plain for the most antiquated to defend. When the discussion is once earnestly engaged in, the absurdity of a sliding scale of rights will become apparent; not till then, perhaps, to many minds.

In countries so wealthy and peaceful as India and England, in which rights have been growing up for hundreds of years of all kinds, hedged in by freedom and formalities, there is a natural indisposition to change in legal matters. We know the evils of the existing system. We do not know the evils of that which may succeed. Besides this, the wealthy feel few of the inconveniences or injustices of existing law, and the wealthy are the law-makers in England. These two considerations are powerful in preventing such changes as reason and equity demand. Yet, in answer to the first, the operation of the Encumbered Estates Court a few years ago in Ireland may be appealed to. That was a Court of a novel character, unsanctioned by legal precedent, the product of our own times. It has been the means of doing incalculabe good to Ireland. There, as elsewhere, the objection was loudly raised. We know the existing evils; establish your new court, and who can tell what may result? An argument which, faithfully carried out, would stop all progress, all improvement everywhere. The result is now known in that case. Complaints there were, loud complaints from those who were stripped of property, unprofitable to them and to others, mortgaged beyond their value too often, but on the reputation of possessing which, a false plea, they lived. But such complaints are as a feather in the balance. In the other

scale there was the solid gold of improvement, development of resources, increased employment for the poor, and diminished litigation, and we have too much of this state of things in India too, a country essentially rich, with a population essentially poor.

Codification is the remedy proposed by many in England—men of clear heads and honest hearts,—for the present abuses of our legal system. Codification would be an excellent thing, if it only caused an enquiry into what actually exists, in order that abuses might be made known as it has done in India—but it would do more than this, it would simplify and improve as well. Much of the existing abuse arises from the uncertainty about legal precedent, conflicting opinions, and such like; codification would go far to remove these difficulties, except in very extraordinary cases, in which there must always be more or less uncertainty. But codification, whilst it will do much, will not do all, as we know well in this country unless it is engaged in with a firm resolute determination to lay the axe to the rest of abuses. Of this, however, we may be sure, that whatever measure of codification they get in England, small or great, will be for the better as things are. It is ridiculous to suppose that whilst in every other department of human affairs, progress so rapid and astounding is being made, the legal forms of the Courts, the constitutions of those Courts, with all their cumbrous machinery, must remain what they were centuries ago.

The difficulty in this matter is simply this. Lawyers laugh at laymen who thrust themselves into the discussion, on account of their ignorance of technical points. People do not like to be laughed at and are silent. The press too, is, to a great extent, in the hands of lawyers, and the influence of the press, in any such questions, is supreme. In India we have had much of this to endure. But it is gradually wearing away now.

Questions of legal reform are questions affecting the means of livelihood of the lawyers, many of whom live on the abuses of the present system. It is not wonderful, therefore, that they

are surrounded by difficulties unfelt in other matters. How different, for instance, the influence of the medical and the legal profession, upon public opinion! The one has little to do with the press, the other a great deal. Attack any medical abuse which is palpable to all, and paper after paper rings its changes on the theme, supplying ever new instances and illustrations and "old saws" in new attire. But with legal abuses it is very different. Let an attack be made in one journal, upon the grossest of them, and forthwith appear articles in others, in ridicule, in reply, argumentative, explanatory, condemnatory. The legal knowledge of the writer of the first is called in question by one. He is laughed at by another as utterly ignorant of the technical merits of the question. He is sneered at by a third, as a well-meaning, foolish man, that sees no further than his nose. And yet all three may set out by confessing that there are abuses in the particular point in question—doubtless there are—the writer who made the attack, however, is profoundly ignorant of their nature and bearings! and so what ought to be a calm consideration of a question of abuse and reform, becomes a sophistical diatribe in which the question is hardly touched, and the attention of the reader is diverted to quite other matters than the point which ought to be discussed.

The absurd weight given to precedent in our jurisprudence is an abuse, which every one must allow, who knows anything of the matter, and who reflects on it. Many a man's fortune has been made by hitting upon a lucky precedent in favor of his client's claims, quite irrespective of the merits of the case. The mere knowledge where precedents of any particular kind are to be found is an important element of legal success with all barristers, and forms a large portion of their available intellectual capital. Thousands are interested in maintaining this constant appeal to precedent, and its consequent abuses. A large portion of the time of our judges is devoted to considering, not the merits of the case before them, but the merits of the cases cited by counsel on either side as precedents, *particularly in appeals.* To the unsophisticated

it does appear absurd that Judge Bagwig should decide the case between A and B today in favor of A, because Judge Bigwig decided another case, three hundred years ago, between X and Y, in favor of X, when all the world knows the circumstances were quite different, and the moral bearings of the question by no means the same.

The contrast between our criminal and civil jurisprudence is striking in this respect. In no other countries, perhaps, does the accused get a fairer trial in criminal cases, whether rich or poor than in India and England. The forms of law are cumbrous and tedious it is true, involving questions of precedent and custom, that every one knows have little to do with the case in point, but the qnestion, "is this man guilty or not guilty?" is investigated with an honesty and a care, unprecedented in the world elsewhere, and that too irrespective altogether of the wealth or poverty of the accused. To all this our civil jurisprudence is a striking contrast. If a man puts his hand into my pocket and steals a rupee I can bring him before the Magistrate, accuse him, have him tried, and punished. The police assist me gratuitously. The court is open, and ready to hear my complaint. But if the same man swindles me out of a hundred rupees in business—clearly, plainly swindles me, what am I to do? To whom shall I prefer my complaints? If I have no money to pay an attorney and a barrister, how shall I get redress? Even if I have, and my opponent have more money than I, he may ruin me, and he knows it. Some clever advocate may discover for him, after large sums have been spent in bringing on a trial, that Judge Lawless decided, long ago, a similar case did not come under a particular statute or section, and Judge Lawful orders a nonsuit at once in consequence. My money has been all spent, and the swindler, emboldened by his success pays his barrister handsomely, and laughs at my discomfiture.

Why should there be this striking contrast between the trial of criminal and civil offences? Why should there not be

a court, as open to the complaints of the public, in the latter as in the former cases? in all cases of wrong-doing, civil as well as criminal?

It is not necessary that I should say anything about that particular class of cases which relates to the matrimonial tie, and offences committed against it. Every one allows that the action by which a man sues another for a sum of money as compensation for the grossest wrong that can be done by man to man, the seduction of a wife or daughter, is a disgrace to the statute-book. Every one admits that the laws of Divorce are such as invite collusion between the guilty and the innocent, or drive the innocent to crime, to escape misery. The sense of the public has been unmistakeably pronounced in these matters over and over again. Even the judges begin to see the injustice and impolicy of confining divorce within such narrow limits. It is a sign of the times that these things are being estimated in their true light, that all classes are convinced the present state of things, in this respect, is such, that it cannot safely be continued long.

Whilst we thus exclaim against the defects of our legal system, let us not forget its merits. That the abuses are great is indisputable—that justice is done, far and wide in the land both in India and in England, more or less imperfectly, is also indisputable. That a great criminal has as little chance of escape here, as in any other country in the world, is also indisputable. We must not ignore the good because we will not shut our eyes to the bad. The general impression that legal reform is necessary particularly in things pertaining to women is a healthy and encouraging sign. Let us hope that it will be entered upon with due caution and circumspection.

D. K.

HOW JUSTICE IS ADMINISTERED IN AMERICA.

IF occasional scenes in the House of Commons now-a-days rival the episodes at which Englishmen were wont to

smile contemptuously in Congress, the American Courts of Law can still claim a certain pre-eminence of rowdyism. A Mrs. Allen was lately tried at the Court of Special Sessions, Flushing, United States, for cruelly treating a girl named Mary Hammell.

Why Mrs. Allen was not put in the dock, and kept there, does not appear. Perhaps there was no dock in the court. At all events she appears to have roamed about at will, and criticized the proceedings with remarkable freedom. The Judge at one time endeavored to suppress the hisses called forth from the public by the evidence against the accused, and reminded the people that the court was not a theatre.

"Pardon me Judge" said Mrs. Allen, bent on giving her view of the situation—"Pardon me, Judge, if on my part there is any apparent want of respect or of attention. The relations of this Court to a theatre are so immediately obvious that, stranger as I am to the exact character of theatrical immorality, I am shocked. I am positively aggrieved and shocked. You see my point, Judge." The laughter to which this irrelevant speech gave rise was checked by the awful voice of the Judge, evidently displeased. "I want no criticism from you, Mrs. Allen, on this Court, or on its procedure. Do not forget that you are here on trial. I beg that you will behave yourself."

Mrs. Allen was not pleased with this reproof, but kept silence for a time. Presently, seeing a friend in another part of the Court, with whom she wanted to converse, she made forward in that direction. Her passage was barred by a certain Mrs. Henry, one of the witnesses for the prosecution, who thought Mrs. Allen wanted "to get at" Mary Hammell once more. Mrs. Henry therefore put out her "neatly gloved hand" and held it against the table, so as to prevent Mrs. Allen getting near Mary Hammell.

"What are you doing that for?" cried out Mrs. Allen "What are you putting your hand in front of me for?"

Mrs. Henry was apparently determined to keep her place, Mrs. Allen therefore took her hand, and violently removed it. "There, stop me, if you dare" shouted Mrs. Allen as she darted over to the corner she was approaching. The Court however decided that she was going too far, and the interference of an officer was sought. The District Attorney then continued his speech for the prosecution amidst frequent interruptions. He reviewed the facts from the time that the case first came under the notice of the neighbors, until Mrs. Allen could no longer stand it. "Judge, if I may be allowed" she broke in. "Silence in the Court" thundered the Judge and the tipstaff at the same moment. "She cannot be still" continued the District Attorney, "her conscience will not allow her to be still. That conscience speaks trumpet-tongued, and no restraint can hush its voice." "I'll show you whether it won't" shrieked the irate Mrs. Allen, struggling to get at the District Attorney. But the officers of the Court restrained her. In the end a sentence of a year's imprisonment and a fine of a hundred dollars, (two hundred rupees) was imposed, and she was removed by force, railing against Judge, District Attorney, Mary Hammell, and the officers of the Court. Such is the account of the trial, considerably abridged, as given by the *New York Herald.* It certainly does not give us a very elevated idea of the dignity of the American Bench, or of the procedure of the American Courts of Justice. We see much in our Indian Administration of Justice, both Civil and Criminal, that might be amended, but still a certain dignity and propriety of procedure are generally maintained.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

15th November 1877.

I.

I HOLD that Professor Wilson, De Quincy, Carlyle and Emerson are prose writers of the very highest type—indeed their dominions are the farthest frontiers of prose composition,

over which hang the crystal battlements of the inspired ground. Carlyle is an extraordinary literary phenomenon, uniting the keenest and steadiest insight into the mysteries of Nature, with a sublimed imagination. But his worst fault is sneering, which is habitual with him. For instance, read his *Sir Walter Scott.* Sir Walter was—practically *is*——a Scotch king, and Carlyle is a Scotch king. There can be no two kings in the same kingdom, but they must fall out: Sir Walter could not, because born an age too soon; Carlyle has done so, with safety and greater ill grace, like Mr. J. S. Mill examining the combative Sir William Hamilton *posthumously*, although with singular fairness, for one differing so greatly from Sir William, in almost every thing of any moment. But Carlyle has only one 'proud salam' for 'Caledonia's poetic child.' Carlyle sometimes seems to me to be 'full of sound and fury,' signifying the unhappy fact of a man of real genius, incessantly dealing in startling paradoxes for sustaining interest. In his writings such things are to be had for the gathering. He displays with a flourish of trumpets his knack at reading into ordinary things mysteries denied to ordinary ken; but it not unfrequently happens, that he ends in bombast and fustian. He sometimes dallies with words merely: he is sometimes obscure,—sometimes unintelligible; especially when talking of Eternity, Time and Space. (See *Sartar Resartus*) He holds that Eternity is where Time is not, and quotes as the quintessence of Philosophy, Prospero's

"——————We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep————."

Eternity may be a sublime thing in sublimer transcendentalism, but it is a figment in the only philosophy which it is of any use to study—*viz.*, the experiential, the philosophy of Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, of Milton and J. S. Mill. Indeed it is remarkable that so much should be made of the above passage by De Quincy also, who is less flighty and considerably more logical than Carlyle. I might also mention Professor Masson,

but that I consider him to be a writer of no power whatever. I for one see nothing in the above passage, save the fact that Shakspeare has crystallised into poetry one of those *ignis fatuii* of transcendentalism that flew about at his time and which owed their origin to the awful impression of the vanity and transitoriness of all terrestrial things. This Prospero thus expresses :—

> " And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
> And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind———."

What a grand burst! To this succeeds

> " ——— ———We are such stuff
> As the dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep———."

How are we of the dream-stuff? Our ' little life ' may be rounded with a sleep——that is death may be the entrance into eternal sleep from which there is no waking ; but this is materialism ; and how could Carlyle who was an idealist hold such an opinion? I ask again, how are we of the dream-stuff? Longfellow was more philosophical, when he looked the psalmist in the face, and exclaimed musically, truly.

> " Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
> *Life is but an empty dream !*
> For the soul is dead that *slumbers !*
> And things are not what they seem.
> Life is *real* ! life is *earnest* !"

Carlyle's language is German and artificial to a degree. Straining is stamped on the face of his sentences. He twists and twists and twists. He has forgotten through the potency of a vicious habit to show forth the natural body of his thoughts as they rise in his teeming and powerful brain. He *would* appear peculiar——his thought is peculiar, his style is peculiar. He disdains like *Manfred* and his author, like Hamlet, to mingle with the herd. " Prosers, avaunt !" the old man seems

to have said "I will none of ye. I am not of your clay. I must live in a region untrod by earthly feet like yours."

But with all his faults, and were they

> "——————————Thick
> As Autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa——————————."

the old man of Chelsea is mighty, an intellectual Titan. Mark how he grapples with his subject and brings it down! He is a writer in the best sense; a *vates sacer;* he can enter into the *heart of questions.* As he goes on talking eloquently and profoundly of the main point, he throws from his loins previous thoughts called forth incidentally. Indeed, he is a thinker—whatever comes before him, he has something to say of, lying

> "————*Deeper* than did ever plummet sound."

But he is not a systematic and co-ordinate thinker like Comte. He is often contradictory, sometimes values men and things too highly or too lowly; sometimes intrusts the life of his lucubrations to a reed of an assumption, which founders at the lightest breath of criticism. He *says* he is a *Christian* (*vide* his *Address* to some college or school, I forget which) but from his writings—a more trustworthy witness—he seems to be a Pantheist. He however scathes with his sarcasm disbelievers like Diderot and Mill:—his frequent and favorite mode of sneering is "Logic-Mill"—"must Diderot then be given up to oblivion, or remembered not as Man, but merely as Philosophical, Atheistic Logic-Mill." Is Mill a logician to be sneered at, or his logic of lesser proof than Carlyle's? DeQuincy could with propriety vent his bile on Watts; but with what face could Carlyle? Is Pantheism a very religious creed? It was certainly the creed of Carlyle's favorite Goethe; but that *as* certainly does not make it religious. Carlyle also makes the same sneering work of Utilitarianism. Thus fares at his hands the most rational theory of Ethics that has yet seen the light! Such is the force of a desire to be *alone,* without a second, not to speak of a third. "I would rather swallow the most ugly

contradictions than side with any body," said the old man to himself. In regard to the *great* question of the existence of matter—the central question of philosophy—Carlyle is an idealist. But he stands most markedly off from the uppermost philosophy of the day, namely of John Stuart Mill and Auguste Comte.

But with all his faults, he is a genius of a very high order; some of his sayings *possessed* me, diffusing the most exquisite and thrilling raptures over the minutest parts of my mental being—sometimes he sent fire into my very bones, as the Hebrew prophets did of old, who preached with a clarion voice the glad tidings of salvation to them that lay in bondage and the shadow of night. In very truth, he might always have preached to better purpose, if he could have profitted by his own wise injunction to writers,—absolutely merge yourself in your subject. His books with all their defects, possess the only characteristic, which, according to the sage of Chelsea, makes books worth any thing—namely, influence on the reader's character. His works are a 'grateful repast,' composed of knowledge, sweetening with fancy—"what a rich repast!" to quote Wordsworth over the grave of Burns. Milton, Carlyle considers as inferior to Shakespeare; this is saying that the Sun is better than the Moon! Moonshine! What is the measure wherewith to compare the 'organ-voice of England' with the myriad-minded bard of Avon? In sublimity, Shakespeare could not rival Milton, and he (Milton, that is) aspired after nothing else;—in also Milton's powerful influence on the Republican movement, Shakespeare cannot be compared with the blind bard. Look but at his life of thousand-fold glory—he was the spiritual leader of Liberty and its myrtyr! His life is one of those spiritual things, which have immensely enriched us. Shakespeare (not to speak profanely) has nothing to show on this side. In sympathy and natural and apt expression, the world has not yet furnished Shakespeare's second. He waved his magical wand, and out started into life a company—each of them typical, each representative. But

sublimity in life and work is Milton's own. Gray, who occupies only the immediately lesser heights of Parnassus than are occupied by Shakespeare and Milton, thus sings, after having sung of the former :—

> " Nor *Second* he that rode sublime
> Upon the syraph-wings of Ecstacy,
> The secrets of th' Abyss to spy."
>
> *Progress of Poesy.*

But, as I have already said, with all his faults, the old man eloquent is a great man, and what may not be forgiven to such as he? The old man still wields mightily his old pen; his writings proclaim with no uncertain sound that he is a worshipper of Power—physical, intellectual and moral. In politics he leans to the side of Comte; whom he also resembles in dogmatism. Carlyle is generally dogmatic, and woe to the man who asks for proof at his hands! Throw logic to the dogs;—it was meant for subjects and not for monarchs!

Altogether it may be said, that when he departs this life, it would not be easy to fill up the gap. May Heaven grant that his silver hair may laugh in the Sun for many a live-long year to come! He is a star and illumines England with matchess beams. Indeed, Carlyle and Tennyson are the two instances of genius universally revered by the most advanced section of contemporaries. Sweet sight! and reflecting credit on the present generation of Englishmen. The names of Carlyle and Tennyson are familiar in our mouths as 'household worlds'—they have leavened through and through English thought, they are admired as men of a very high order of genius. I have seen them quoted with admiration by philosophers like Spencer, Lewis and Bain. John Stuart Mill speaks very highly of Carlyle, as a man of genius, and dotes over his *Anti-consciousness Theory of Happiness.* Indeed, Mill confesses to his being inferior to Carlyle in insight and quickness of conception. That present Englishmen are in advance of the past generation is evident from their appreciation of such intellectual geniuses as Tennyson [may his harp

not lose a single string for full many a year !] and Carlyle, who write not for the vulgar and common people, but for the most enlightened. Wordsworth, alas! pined in neglect for many mortal years; and emerged slowly from neglect;—indeed he is still confined in his influence, Byron competing with him. Carlyle calls Shakespeare an *unconscious* genius (vide *Characteristics*, a masterpiece of philosophico-poetical medley), a saying which has been quoted by Mandesley, in his *Physiology and Pathology* (*!*) *of mind*, as a rare piece of wisdom. It may intelligibly be said of an *inanimate* thing that it is an *unconscious power;* but can the term 'unconscious' be applied with propriety to the workings of the Mind? Was Shakespeare a block when he created his Iagos and Hamlets? He might not labor like Carlyle; his brain might not ache for his work—which is undoubtedly true, but was he stone-unconscious then? Is thought conscious? If so, Shakespeare was pre-eminently conscious. Carlyle's meaning may be that Shakespeare was not *self*-conscious, that he was devoid of *pride*. But, then, the sage of Chelsea would be convicted of a flagrant misuse of language, only too likely to lead the reader to error and confusion of thought.

C. M.

THE RENT-BILL AND THE RYOTS.

By Tripuracharan Banerjee, B. A.

THE draft-bill drawn up by the Rent-Commission has, since its publication, been subjected to so much criticism,—though for the most part from the Zemindar's point of view—that had it not been for the several momentous questions involved in it affecting vitally the rights of the people and the landed aristocracy of Bengal in one way or the other, the writer who dares to handle the matter at this eleventh hour when its literature has grown so voluminous, could have found but little apology for his audacity. The overwhelming interest of the subject persuading me to believe, that it can never be discussed too much, I have been em-

boldened to embody my thoughts on it in the present form. Whether my strictures are justified by the facts and my suggestions practical it is for the public to decide, but I would be failing in duty, as a social unit, if I allow my oversensitiveness to get the better of me and prevent me from giving publicity to my impressions of the land-tenure of Bengal.

The ryots, it seems, are doomed. In 1793 when the permanent settlement was inaugurated, they as a body were almost totally ignored by the then Government and left to fare as best as they could under the tender mercies of the grasping landlords. The only safeguard for them against the insatiable cupidity of the Zemindars, was an empty but generous expression of wish by the Governor-General in the Regulation I., of 1793 that they should behave with their tenants with consideration but unfortunately they have been too cunning to mind what is not enforced by law. The clause runs thus:—'To conduct themselves with good faith and moderation towards their ryots is the duty at all times indispensably required from the proprietors of land, and strict observance of this duty is now more than ever incumbent upon them, in return for the benefits which they will themselves derive from the orders now issued. The Governor-General in Council therefore *expects* that the proprietors of land will not only act in this manner themselves towards the ryots but enjoin the strictest adherence to the same principles in the persons whom they may appoint to collect the rents from them.' The italics are mine. How far this *expectation* has been fulfilled, the history of the tenantry of Bengal for these eight or nine decades amply testifies. The late Hon'ble Justice Dwarkanath Mitter's phillippic against the high-handed ways of enhancing rent is a monument of the kindness shown to the tenants by their lords. To have left the ryots unprotected and helpless against the exactions of the Zemindars, is the darkest blot of the Permanent Settlement. Besides the ineffective and insufficient solitary provision quoted above, the Regulations are virtually silent about the ryots. For this pitiable plight to which they were condemned, they themselves however were in a measure responsible. The ryots of '93 were an uninfluential mass of ignorance and, emerging, as they were then, from the Mahomedan misrule but

recently, they could not fully realize that there was any higher law binding their governors save their individual caprices and so did not venture to represent their case to Government. Taking advantage of the supineness, and timidity, of the people, the handful of Zemindars, who from their position and wealth could easily get the ear of men in power, pushed their claims to the extreme and monopolized all the benefits themselves to the prejudice of the cultivators.

By the lapse of three quarters of a century since the proclamation of the permanent settlement, the condition of Bengal has materially altered. The sovereignty of law has been firmly established; the machinery of Government has to a certain extent been understood; the constitutional representation of grievances has come to be held legal and not inconsistent with loyalty; education has comparatively made wonderful progress and has opened the eyes of many to see to their own rights and interests. But in spite of the flood of light that has been breaking upon us, the mass unpenetrated by its rays is steeped still in the darkest gloom; a very high percentage of the people, as a matter of course, are illiterate and perhaps never will the millenium come, when the ploughman will seek recreation in Political Economy after the labors of the field. Thus it is evident that the peasants must as ever continue lukewarm to their best interests and stand aloof from the administrators. There are then two alternatives left for their amelioration, either they must have spokesmen willing to advocate their cause or that the rulers should of themselves approach them. The time is rather distant when the people will have an organized body of champions for themselves. The back-bone of the society—the influential middle class—has not as yet been fully formed. Every man of substance is in some way or other connected with the land. The reason of this is not far to seek. To all the favorites of Mammon, educated or uneducated, the investment of the capital in land is the only investment known and worth their ambition. The successful members of the bar, or the bench, the medical or the engineering profession, that is, all the educated men who can amass wealth, look forward to Zemindari as the goal of their lives. The tradesmen and bankers too are not exceptions to this general rule. Thus most of those, who by their position,

culture or wealth can be the educators of the popular opinion, are interested in the soil and consequently prove the upholders of the Zemindari-system. The tenants, forlorn and unheard, have to shift for themselves, rack-rented, unpitied and unknown. The Government is then the only quarter from which they might expect redress. However that it should move of itself to put the relation between the landlords and tenants on a more equitable footing and extricate the latter from the grip of the former is but an act of justice and is what the ryots might demand as their right and not as a matter of favor. Since their miseries have been brought on them by the ill-advised action of the Government, I mean the original unconditional surrender of the ryots to the Zemindars without any due regard to the means of protection of the former, it is meet that it should of itself remedy the evil.

The Government however benevolently might be disposed towards the ryots, unless its hands are strengthened by facts and arguments from their side, there is great risk of its being misled by what the landowners and their party are ceaselessly dinning into the ears of the administrators. What a melancholy contrast the agitation got up by the leading landowners against the rent-bill presents to the total blank on the other side! It is rather growing too late, so those, who having no vested interests in the soil are free to give their opinion, impartially, should begin at once. The silence is impolitic on another ground also, it would create a wrong impression abroad that the people are happy and contented under the present arrangement, but that the Government is forcing a new one in its stead upon them gratuitously. And this is the vaunted progress of Bengal, after more than a hundred years of the British rule, that it should have no association, no respectable organ in the press for advocating the popular interests, and fighting the people's battles, when necessary.

The want of demonstration on behalf of the ryots is the more to be deplored as that on the part of the landowners is the most complete. The accredited paper of the Zemindars besides writing reviews, notes, short letters and minor leaders, has almost exhausted all that could be said for its clients, by a series of thirty-nine articles specially bearing on the rent-bill. Its criti-

cism on the 'Irish land-bill' has also been made subservient to its original design of condemning the rent-bill. Comparison has been instituted between the two now and then and as usual hints have been thrown against the latter. The well-known friend of the landed-proprietors, now residing in England, is urging on the public of England tit-bits of various nature against the rent-bill. The 'British Indian Association' has presented a petition to His Excellency the Viceroy on the question, protesting against the interference with the Zemindars' rights. At the suggestion of the *Patriot*, several meetings were held by the landholders in the Mofussil, all condemning the bill and at last their exertions culminated into a conference in Calcutta with the veteran Hon'ble Kristodas Pal at its head. In fact the Zemindars have left no constitutional means untried to advance their own interests and frustrate the noble scheme chalked out by the Rent-commission for bettering the status of the Zemindar-ridden peasantry of Bengal. There is nothing in all these movements to wonder at, it is quite natural that community of interest should produce combination in action. My reference to these protestations is by no means intended to cast any reflection on them but to show they are but one-sided and can never pretend to be more unbiassed than an English landlord's version of the 'Irish land-bill' would be. However we have full confidence in our governors; they are born party politicians and will surely estimate these party pleadings at their true value.

The Government, to its credit, has given to the Zemindars, it must be acknowledged, sufficient opportunities for enabling them to fully represent their cases. (1) The few non-official members, nominated to the commission, were all Zemindars. (2) In taking the sense of the public on the bill, Mr. Reynolds conferred mostly with the Zemindars. (3) The pleaders and others, whose opinion was asked on the point, are most of them themselves landholders, and, so with only few honorable exceptions, are the partisans of the Zemindars. So if any conclusion, not quite to their mind, is arrived at by the Government, the landlords will have at least the satisfaction of having been fully heard. But quite otherwise is the case with the ryots. Had it not been for the inauspicious article in the 'Calcutta Review' on the rent-bill by Babu Asutosha Mukherjea, which has brought several free lances into the field to champion the ryots, they

would have literally gone unheard. However for the good luck of this pitiable mass of humanity their cause is not so weak, they can much rely on the intrinsic strength of it. They have a great stronghold in the increased knowledge of our rulers of their condition. The English are no more new to the country; they have the experience of more than a century of India and the Indians. The improved communications, and swifter means of locomotion have brought them directly in contact with the people themselves and places them above the necessity of depending upon second-hand information, supplied by interested parties for their guidance.

My object here is to examine a few of the points brought to prominence by the partisans of the Zemindars in their discussion against the rent-bill or rather the *reform*-bill of Bengal.

It has become the fashion to institute comparison between the peasants of Bengal and of Ireland and to make out a case against the rent-bill, from the apparently, or really, large number of immunities enjoyed by the former over the latter. The fallacy of this argument is patent on the face of it. Suppose it to be true that the peasantry of Bengal are not so dependent upon their landlords as the down-trodden ryots of another country, does it follow on that ground that no amelioration of the condition of the former is needed? There is unmitigated despotism in Russia, while the English live under free institutions and are allowed latitude of action, undreamed of by the Russians. Would it not be considered an absurdity too gross to be worthy of serious consideration, if some one were foolish enough to propose that the English should put up with the defects and imperfections, if any, of their institutions and should not endeavor to amend them, simply because they are superior to those of a benighted nation? In the chain of human existence, one race above another and that again below a third is the order, but if all nations were to direct their attention in their respective turn to those below them, the logical sequence must necessarily be the total arrest of progress and the move would be towards deterioration. Certainly to look upwards and not downwards is the law of progress. And should it be reversed in the case of the Bengal ryots? Should they be dragged down to the level of the afflicted Irish or raised to the status of the substantial peasants of France?

The above comparison furnishes a further argument for carping at the Rent-bill. The advocates of the permanent settlement dwell with great emphasis on the so-called prosperity of the ryots of Bengal, when placed side by side with the Irish people, and thence deduce that the bill is quite uncalled for. But may we enquire, when taking into account the alleged prosperity, do they make allowance for the vast difference between the modes of living of the two peoples? Though the standard of necessity with us as well as our people has risen much higher than before by the modifying influence of the western civilization, but still it must be confessed, that it falls far short of that of the advanced countries of the west. Besides this, the stronger physique of the Irish and the comparatively greater severity of cold have entailed a costlier and higher mode of living upon them. It is indeed true the Bengalee and the Irish peasant equally live upon mean diet but while with one 2½ lbs. of rice and curry are enough, the other requires 9½ lbs. of potatoes for keeping the soul and body together. Hence the cost of food of the latter, (the Irish) is heavier. Again, in our torrid clime a piece of rag round the loins is enough for the adult, and the natural nudity of children is not injurious to health, but in the colder climate of Ireland life cannot be maintained so cheaply, but a very high charge is required to be incurred in the shape of warm clothing both for the adult and the children. When deductions are made on these scores from the net earnings of the Bengalee ryots, the difference between the margins of profit allowed to the peasants of Bengal and Ireland for their own appropriation by their respective landlords, becomes perhaps nil. Thus the inuendo that the Bengalee Zemindars are less exacting than the English landlords of Ireland, loses much of its force.

In connection with the above another thing is also to be noted here. One section of the people, the day-laborers are indeed better off than before owing to the rise in their wages, in consequence of the establishment of manufactories in the metropolis and its suburbs and the opening of new branches of industries by the Railway Co.'s, and others. This part of the population gives an air of prosperity to the rural villages adjacent to such labor-markets. The petty half-cultivators too, who often eke out their poor income from the land by the handsome wages they earn when relieved of

their labors of the field, swell the rank of the prosperous. These two classes of people are the disturbing elements which send the district officers in many cases off the true scent. It is these who are found about and around the towns, well-fed, well-clad, with shoes on and with umbrellas of European manufacture in their hands. In drawing up official reports the good officers have rather these classes of people in their mind than the peasants proper, the dark side of the picture. The truth of my remark strikes with redoubled force when the attention is turned towards Behar. Here there are no manufactories, no new outlet for surplus labor, so the journeymen are worse off than their fellow-brethren of the sister province. They have to work at a great disadvantage, the food-grains have been growing dearer when there is no proportionate increase in their wages, the rate for *skilled* labor such as carpenters, masons &c. varies between Ans. 2½ and 3 and for thatchers and others between Ans. 2 and 2½, and for unskilled labor, between one and two annas. Hence wretchedness has reached its acme here; two meals are thought a luxury by the Bihari laborers. Now because of their poverty the whole aspect of the province is gloomy, and the sunny brightness and gaiety ascribed to the peasantry vanishes here in the dream land of chimeras in the absence of the happy working classes.

That the condition of the cultivators pure and simple has not sufficiently kept pace with the general advancement going round them is clear to every body acquainted with the interior of the districts. I shall presently show *a priori* reasons that it cannot be otherwise as long as the Zemindars remain vested with practically absolute power of enhancing rent. Three causes have conspired to keep the peasant in their abject condition, to wit 1st exhaustion of the soil, 2nd rise in the wages of laborers 3rd (the most powerful of all) rack-renting. For the impoverishment of the land, the annual yield of crops is *poor*, while the cost of raising them is almost enormous, because of the high rate of wages with which the day laborers are to be won over from other branches of industry to assist them in cultivation. (By the bye in Bihar though the labor is cheaper but in the want of skill and dulness of the laborers it has a drawback which more than outweighs the seeming advantage). Against these there is indeed an ample set off in the general rise of the price of food-grains but then it is more than counterbalanced

by the eternal enhancement of rent, which has in 9 out of 10 instances been trebled or quadrupled. And unless a major portion of the benefit of the high prices of grain be guaranteed to the ryots, as a make-weight for the exhaustion of the land, their fate is sealed.

A few wallowing in useless luxury and the majority struggling for the bare necessaries of life, is not a healthy state of society. The meanest as well as the highest should be alike the objects of the attention of the Government. And self-moved the task, which the Bengal Government has imposed upon itself for the amelioration of the peasants, is worthy of all praise. Every body who has correct sympathies feels that the rent-bill is not only not uncalled for but has become a positive necessity. And in its proposed action, the Government, I am sure, carries with it the heart of all the unsophisticated disinterested natives. Further such a step is quite in keeping with the spirit of the Regulation I of 1793, the art VII. of which says: 'It being the duty of the ruling power to protect all classes of people and more particularly those who from their situation are most helpless, the Governor-General in Council will, whenever he may deem it proper, enact such regulations as he may think necessary for the protection and welfare of the ryots and other cultivators of the soil." And has not the time come for such interference? Has the rent-bill been a day too earlier? Before attempting to reply, we should remember that

"——— A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Having disposed of some of the principal objections against the bill, let us now proceed to the consideration of that provision of it, which has caused so much gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair among the landowners. I refer to the contemplated formal recognition of occupancy rights of the tenants,—which by custom in many localities they already enjoy—and thus place it upon a sounder basis. The legalisation of 'the transferability of the occupancy tenure' argues the *Patriot* 'would tend to help the insolvency and pauperization of ryots'; as if security and permanency in possession lessens one's attachment to it and makes him reckless thereof. An unsounder piece of logic is scarcely to be seen. Had it been the case, the *mokrari* lands—(*i. e.*, the lands of which the

permanent right is purchased by ryots at 10 or 12 years' purchase with big *selami* to boot,) would have all passed out of their hands. However taking leave of such assertions and predictions, let us see how much the concession affects the prospects of the cultivators for good or evil.

In the present state of things it is impossible for the ryots to escape from the hands of the money-lender. They mostly live from hand to mouth, and so whenever there is need for a small lump sum in ready-money, for example for the purchase of seeds and manures like oil-cakes &c., or for the wages of extra-laborers to help them in the field or for the payment of rent, specially for those *kists* when no staple crops they have got ready for sale, they cannot but go to the money-lender, who stands in fact in the relation of treasurer to them. The Money-lender after all is a very important factor of society, without him the whole machinery for cultivation comes to a dead-lock. However he has a great risk to run; for the money advanced to the peasants he has no security save the future crops, and if these fail owing to drought or flood he will have not only to wait till the next harvest but also to go on advancing on all those counts enumerated above, and not unfrequently for their maintenance as well, so long as the paddy crops are not fit for the sickle. Then again he has not the primary claim upon crops; for if a single cowrie due to the Zemindar remains unrealized, they must go first to the satisfaction of it, and the balance only the money-lender can expect. This is a second source of insecurity, particularly if he be not in good terms with the Zemindar, who can, if so minded, deprive him of his legal dues by fabricating demands of arrears of rent in collusion of course with the ryot. It is quite expected that the money-lender to make up for all these risks should charge a very high rate of interest ranging between 24 to 37½ per cent., simple interest and in rare cases compound interest too. Nor is the landlord less usurious if the ryots would defer the payment of *kists*, till they could get their crops ready and convert them into cash, and thereby escape from the main necessity for falling into the hands of the money-lender and make a saving of the greater portion of interest paid to him.

The *talub-sud* or the interest on the rent remaining unpaid on the *Kista* day charged by the Zemindars' agents is exorbitant beyond

measure, rising up to 75 per cent per annum or more. To avoid the greater Jew, the lesser Jew must be sought after. Borrowing being unavoidable, as we have seen above, the legalization of tenant-right will be a material help to the ryots. Having double securities to offer *viz.*, land and future crop, they will be able to get money at a comparatively moderate rate of interest and consequently be encouraged to think that absolution from money-lender's bonds is feasible and be saved from the baneful effects of despondency. And instead of seeking to sell their holdings for the increased facility. as the *Patriot* foretells, the idea that these are family property and will go down to their own respective heirs would give the incentive to cling to them more firmly than ever.

A century is about to elapse since the proclamation of the permanent settlement in Bengal, but the Zemindars have but ill vindicated the high rank that has been accorded to them by that act of grace of the Court of Directors. Well might Sir T. Madhava Rao surprisingly ask 'what have the landowners of Bengal done to deserve such exclusive privileges' at the hands of the Government? In their relation to their yeomanry, there has hardly been anything nobler than oppression, and machination for wheedling out all the fishes and loaves from the ryots and overreaching them by curious verbiage in the *Pottah*. They have as a rule tried uniformly to elude their responsibility; spent they have but little either for opening up communications in their estates or for the education or enlightenment of the mass or for carrying out any large scheme for the improvement of Zemindaries, unless under some pressure from Government or unless it be a means of procuring some title of distinction from the rulers. To all intents and purposes, the Zemindars have acted as Sub-Collectors of the Government Revenue simply collecting it from a scattered population and transmitting it to the Collectors of the Districts. But the allowance they have enjoyed and enjoy for rendering this service to Government, is quite out of proportion. The Government Revenue with cesses for the lower provinces is in round numbers about 4⅗ crores, while the total rent with cesses for the same is 13⅔ crores approximately, thus the net gain of the Zemindars comes to 200 per cent. This enormous increase of rent is mostly attributable to the security of

life and property under the British Raj and to cessation of all internecine fights and wars and the consequent multiplication of population. These are all quite independent of the Zemindars' exertions. Under the circumstances is it equitable that the land-owners should partake of the advantages, derivable from the above causes, without paying any additional farthing, while the tenants cannot have their share of these without heavy payment—to whom! not to the real source of these blessings—the State—but to the Zemindars, the spectators of the progress, under the name of increased rent? Should not Government put a limit to their insatiable exertions and command thus far and no further—to 100 per cent., or 150 per cent and no more? Does it stand to reason that because a mistake was committed a century ago, it should be perpetuated for ever—that the arbitrary will of the landlords should still be supreme in the determination of the rates of rent, in the face of the sad failure of these trustees to fulfil their trust?

The three F's of the Irish land bill are no less imperatively wanted in Bengal than in Ireland. And the easiest way of effecting the introduction of the 'three F's,' without giving occasion to the Zemindars to raise the question of breach of the permanent settlement, would be, I hold with Mr. R. Knight, the gradual redemption by Government of the proprietory right of the landlords and the creation of peasant proprietorship. If the Government sets about it in earnest, it will be able in a quarter of a century or so to accomplish the object without any hitch whatever. If the list of Zemindars of Bengal is consulted, it will be found that by the vices inherent in the wealthy or other reasons, the descendants of those with whom Government entered into compact in 1793, have in 3 out of 4 cases, been ruined and their properties put to auction and new men have come in to be Zemindars in their room. If the Government goes on purchasing for itself the estates of defaulting landholders, in a short time a very large number of Zemindaries will be recovered. The redemption would also be facilitated, if by reserving the right of pre-emption to itself, Government can bring the private conveyances by sale of the estates under its control. By these two combined methods, it will be able to make itself master of the whole land in the territories under the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal.

Let us now examine the financial, political, and economical aspects of the scheme. We have seen the net profit of the Zemindars is to be about 8¼ crores of Rupees and Government might well rely upon these figures, since if there be any errors in the accounts submitted by the landholders, the Government would be rather the gainer than loser by them in its purchase of the Zemindaries. It might be taken as an axiom that returns of profit sent up to Government are seldom or never magnified on the credit side. The estates now fetch from 15 to 20 years' purchase for their price when sold. The Government in going to the market must have to pay at the above rate. As only in the few instances of the unexceptionally good Zemindaries that 20 times the annual net profit will be required to be paid, in estimating the total cost of purchasing the whole land of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, we would be quite near the mark if we accept Mr. Knight's average of 16 years' purchase. The capital required then for carrying out the plan would be 16 × 8¼ or 140 crores in round numbers. The interest on it calculated @ 4 per cent., per annum is Rs. 56,000,000. For the realization of all the Government demands, that is the present revenue of Rs. 43,900,000, and the interest on the capital to be invested for redemption of land and the sum to be levied for establishment, in all about 10½ crores, there will be needed 1,460 native deputy-collectors of revenue, each charged with a revenue area yielding about seventy-thousand a year. Each of these 1460 revenue-deputy-collectors with his establishment, costing say Rs. 250 a month, will necessitate the imposition of a collection rate of 10 per cent., over the sum due to Government as revenue; this consolidated cess amounts to forty-three lacs and sixty-thousand of rupees. Thus the Government after the resumption might resettle with the ryots directly for Rs. 104,290,000 made up in the following way :—

Present Government demands	Rs. 43,900,000
Interest on the capital of 140 crores invested for the recovery of the land, calculated @ 4 per cent.	Rs. 56,000,000
Realization rates @ 10 per cent., on the Government demand	Rs. 4,390,000
Total ...	Rs. 104,290,000

The rent now payable to the Zemindars comes to about Rs. 133,700,000, So by the proposed arrangement the Government will

be enabled to relieve the ryots of their burden to the tune of nearly 3 crores or one-fourth of the present demands on them, *i. e.*, the ryot, who has now to pay Rs. 20 as rent for 4 bighas of land, will then be required to pay only Rs. 15 without entailing any loss of rêvenue on Government. But the pecuniary relief is not all the ryots gets from the direct setttlement with him. Between the Zemindars and the tenants, there has intervened a large class of loafers called *mostazirs, dar-mostazirs &c.* They have no regard whatever for the welfare of the ryots. Their sole object is to suck their life-blood and enrich themselves at their sacrifice, within the limited period for which they can secure their lease of oppression. By the measure advocated above, all such interlopers would at once be swept away from existence and there would no more be their petty tyranny to embitter the life of the ryots.

Politically and economically the policy would be of immense advantage to Government. Firstly it will place at the disposal of Government a rich patronage, as it will necessitate the creation of 1460 revenue-deputy-collectorships. Our educated youths, daily growing in number, are becoming an object of serious anxiety to Government. These revenue-deputy-collectorships will go far to obviate the difficulty, as they would open a good career to a fair portion of these young men. They should form by themselves a service distinct from the Subordinate Executive Service, and if, as a rule, the latter is recruited from the former by the judicious selection of the meritorious officers in it, the former would be looked upon as the stepping stone to the latter, and it would acquire additional charms to attract the really able into it, though the salary of Rs. 150 or 200 which is the pay I propose for revenue-deputy-collectors,—by itself is not a mean consideration. Secondly great resources would be at the command of Government. To the peasants ground down as they are by rack-renting, any slight new taxation proves an unbearable hardship. At ease as they would be then, by having a large margin of profit to themselves, Government would be in a position by their help in the form of small contributions such as education-cess &c., to carry out those plans of intellectual, moral or material improvement, which might be thought necessary for their well-being. Thirdly the peasantry, substantial and contented, would be a new source of strength. Fourthly the

different rates of profit in the continuous estates are a source of great heart-burning and this source of discontent would be removed by the re-settlement. In Bhaugulpore alone, I know of *Toujies* of which the revenues are Re. 1, Rs. 6, Rs. 500, respectively, against Rs. 2,000, Rs. 300, and Rs. 50,000 their corresponding rents, while the rates of profit in the adjoining Zemindaries are 100, 150 or 200 per cents. only.

However some there are who do not sufficiently relish the idea of peasant-proprietorship. They point their fingers with secret triumph to the failure of Government management in the N. W. Provinces and Bombay. But they should bethink themselves that the failure affects the question but little, as, with more than equal triumph, the great success of it in other countries, such as France, might be pointed out. In theory if peasant-proprietorship is the most rational and the most tenable method of land-settlement, in practice too it must prove so; and the instances of its ill-success are but so many exceptions which, however might they go against individual cases of the *application* of it, cannot at all touch the theory itself. Eradicate the defects of the administration of it and it will work well. Sometimes exception is taken to it on the score that "the temporary settlement which varies from one year to thirty years, by opening up periodically the question of assessment has discouraging and demoralising effect upon the cultivators of the soil." But this is as much a defect of the proposed system as of that current at present. In the permanently settled estates revision and re-measurement are made oftener than in the temporary settled estates, as in the latter there are some fixed rules observed for those things, while in the former save the sweet will of the landlords there is no law. "While peasant-proprietorship has undoubtedly benefited" as a detraction from its merit it is urged 'it has materially checked the increase of population. Official statistics show that during a period of 25 years (1836-61) the rural population has undergone a diminution of 1·18 per cent., while that of the towns has constantly increased.' If there be a relation of cause and effect between peasant-proprietorship and decrease of rural population as it is assumed here, we should rather the more congratulate upon it than be discouraged by it; it solves the serious problem of the Indian over-population,

which has been of late so seriously engrossing the attention of the Indian economists, in the easiest way possible and provides for the famine an effective antidote, without recourse being had to any *coup d'etat.*

Our sentiments and associations are all for the perpetuation of the Zemindari-system. It is a very ancient institution ; the landlords occupy a very high rank in society ; they are the objects of veneration as the possessors of enormous power and potentialities of it, which lie latent in wealth. These are charms too great for the ordinary people to withstand ; it gives shock to the conservative even to imagine of its downfal. The absence of the class of landed-proprietors, they seem to believe, would bring a social chaos and bring all 'on a dead level.' However these are no arguments, they are prejudices and superstitions and to be dealt with accordingly. Those very things, which are brought forward to support landlordism, could with as much propriety be brought forward in defence of all the cast off customs and usages, which have long been sacrificed to the altar of liberalism, without producing the anticipated dissolution of society.

LINES.

Forget me not when thou art far away.
Forget me not by night, nor yet by day
Forget me not when others thou shalt see
For I will never, never forget Thee.

Forget me not, let mem'ry play her part
But lock my image in thy inmost heart,
Forget me not wherever thou may'st be
For I will never, never forget thee.

N. M.

THE THUNDERBOLT.

AND Jupiter has hurled his thunderbolt from proud Olympus' top. O what a fearful thunderbolt! When the hermits saw that the sharp arrow was about to pierce the tender fawn, piteously they cried—

ন খলু ন খলু বাণঃ সন্নিপাত্যো ঽয়মস্মিন্
মৃহুনি মৃগশরীরে তুলারাশাবিবাগ্নিঃ ।
ক্ব বত হরিণকানাং জীবিতং চাতিলোলং
কৃচ নিশিত নিপাতা বজ্রসারাঃ শরাস্তে ॥
তৎ সাধুকৃত সন্ধানং প্রতিসংহর সায়কম্ ।

"Now heaven forbid this barbëd shaft déscend
Upon the fragile body of a fawn,
Like fire upon a heap of tender flowers!
Can thy steel bolts no meeter quarry find
Than the warm life-blood of a harmless deer?
Restore, great Prince, thy weapon to its quiver."

And the great Prince restored his weapon to its quiver. We wish some sane monitor had admonished the great Prince of the Shrubbery to restore his quill to the quill-case when he was about to indite his awful Resolution on the case of the boys. That Resolution shocks the moral sense of man. Its name is মৃহুনি মৃগশরীরে তুলারাশাবিবাগ্নিঃ. It is æsthetics torn and mangled. It is North made South. It is South made North. It is a Horror! This is one point.

The next point is one of fact. What is the fact concerning the boys? How were they treated?

The Director's report to the Government of Bengal reveals a clear case on the side of the boys. We take up the question of the accommodation of the boys first.

Speaking of three lower-roomed bungalows, the Director says:—

"The floor of one of them was, however, in bad order, and on this being pointed out, a new Portland cement floor was laid down."

But why, we ask, had this to be pointed out by the boys? Why was not this seen by the authorities themselves so soon as the floor was laid down? Evidently they cared not to see it.

Speaking of four new bungalows which were run up very hastily in consequence of a large number of applications for admission, the Director says:—

"These were constructed in a very inexpensive scale, partly on account of the provisional and experimental character of the whole undertaking, but chiefly inorder to avoid delay, and to have

some sort of accommodation ready for all who might apply and be qualified for admission. They were in fact run up in a few weeks, in June and July. Unfortunately they were provided with only beaten-earth floors; and when the bungalows were finished, the floors were found to be very damp. The students represented to the Principal that the new houses were not habitable; and Mr. Downing, finding on inspection that the complaint was well founded, at once took steps to replace the earthen floors by asphalte, laid on a concrete foundation."

But where was the necessity for this haste-and-hurry? Surely the new admissions could have been put off for a few weeks more inorder to gain time to provide better accommodation, and some arrangement made for enabling the new candidates to make up for a little additional loss of time. And then why, after the experience of the first beaten-earth floor, were the new bungalows "unfortunately provided with only beaten-earth floors"? To what ought this mishap to be attributed? Surely to the negligence and indifference of the authorities. The Director's plea of economy, based upon "the provisional and experimental nature of the whole undertaking," is simply worthless. Admitted that the bungalows were required for a "provisional and experimental undertaking," does it follow that they needed to be made in such unspeakably wretched style when they were intended to contain human beings and not pigs or dogs? Economy is a good plea, no doubt; but even the very best pleas become the very worst when they involve the ignoring of humanity. And, again, these experimentalists ought to have remembered that the success of the 'undertaking' depended in no small measure upon the quality of the accommodation which they provided for the boys. If the hard training of the workshop raised doubts in their mind concerning the success of the new Institution so far as the Bengali boys were concerned, they ought to have had the common sense to understand that uncomfortable lodgings could only serve to render the workshop doubly trying to their delicate pupils, and their experiment doubly uncertain.

If the new floors were found to be "very damp," why were they not at once replaced by better ones? and why was it left to the students to point out to the authorities that the floors were bad? The Director says that it was after the boys complained about them that the Principal inspected and found them bad. Surely, then, there was no inspection of the bungalows immediately after their erection. Who shall say, after this, that the authorities were particularly attentive to the accommodation of the boys? The Director proves, in fact, that the authorities were grossly indifferent in this matter.

Speaking of the old bungalows the Director says that the students "complained that dust fell down on to their beds from the bamboos of the roof"; whereupon "ceiling cloths were put up, as Mr. Fouracres reports, 'without delay and without waiting for sanction.'"

In this instance, again, it was left to the *students* to point out a serious defect in the bungalows. Are we to suppose that Englishmen, who pride themselves upon their engineering skill and knowledge of house-making, could not anticipate that bungalows without ceiling cloths would shower dust upon their floors?

Speaking of the grounds around the bungalows the Director says:—

"When the rains had set in strongly, the water began to lie on the ground adjoining the native students' quarters, and they complained, with reason, that they were unable to get away from their houses with dry feet. It was in August, if I remember rightly, that Colonel Stanton, Mr. Levinge and myself paid a visit to the Seebpore College, inorder to investigate these and other matters. The native students presented a paper containing a list of alterations or improvements that they wished to be made, and all were at once agreed to."

Why, again, was it left to the students to complain of the water around their lodgings? Did none of the College authorities go near their quarters when the rains set in "strongly" to ascertain how things were going on there? Evidently, no one among them considered it his business to

look after all that, and the boys had, therefore, to *complain.* Perhaps, the case was worse than this. There was an investigation "into these and other matters," which seems to mean that higher authority had to be appealed to or to interfere because the College authorities would not heed the water-complaint of the boys. It may be argued that the College authorities could do nothing because there was the question of cost which higher authority alone could decide. But here we cannot forget Mr. Croft's triumphant and gleeful statement that Mr. Fouracres provided ceiling cloths "without delay and without waiting for sanction." Something could at least have been done to afford temporary relief to the boys. When the investigating party arrived the boys presented them with a paper containing a list of alterations or improvements that they wished to be made. This seems to mean that an appeal from the boys to *higher* authority had become necessary, and they were accordingly prepared with a remonstrance (for such it virtually was) or petition of appeal in view of the approaching investigation. This part of Mr. Croft's letter is most damaging to the College authorities.

Says Mr. Croft :—"On the 14th of August Mr. Fouracres went on sick leave to England, returning on the 7th January 1881. After his return, at the request of the native students, he built bridges over the drains in front of their houses."

Again "at the request of the native students" and not of his own motion!

And yet Mr. Croft is almost at a loss for words to admire Mr. Fouracres' 'forethought in *anticipating*' the wants of the boys.

We need not review the question of cook-rooms, latrines, and all that. There, too, the childish plea of haste-and-hurry is brought forward; and there too the sad and exasperating story of 'students pointing out' is repeated without the slightest suspicion of what it means!

It is thus clear that no one looked after the accommodation of the boys; that the boys had to complain of bad

accommodation at every step; that the subject of their accommodation was grossly neglected by the College authorities. No wonder then that Mr. Fouracres said to Mr. Croft:—"The native students are a *bit* uncomfortable now." Surely there was not one heart there at the Shibpore College that did really beat for the 'native' boys!

We have now seen how accommodation for the Native students was provided and looked after. We shall now ask any unprejudiced Englishman to say how the European community would have felt if similar accommodation had been provided for European or Eurasian boys and if the latter had been left to look after their own accommodation instead of its being looked after by the College authorities. We would ask right-minded Englishmen to say whether, if the question had concerned European or Eurasian boys, the Anglo-Indian community would have approved of the "haste-and-hurry" and "the provisional and experimental nature of the whole undertaking" as a valid plea for such wretched accommodation as was provided for the native students. And lastly we would ask candid Englishmen to say whether, if the boys for whom accommodation was required had been European or Eurasian instead of Native, the authorities themselves would have thought so much of loss of time or of the "provisional and experimental nature of the whole undertaking." It appears, in fact, that the pleas of "haste-and-hurry" and "the experimental nature of the whole undertaking" are an after-thought. For if we assume them to be genuine, we fail to account for the strange fact that no one among the authorities inspected the bungalows after their erection, when of course there was no haste-and-hurry, or made enquiries of the native boys now and then as to how they were faring with their hastily-built bungalows and their undrained grounds,—inquiries, which the "experimental nature of the whole undertaking" was not certainly calculated to prevent. If, however, we assume the pleas to be an after-thought, the whole affair becomes clear and intelligible, and all inconsistency disappears. The assumption of indifference

and contemptuous disregard explains *bad* bungalows as fully as it explains non-inspection and absence of inquiries. And as bad bungalows, non-inspection, and absence of inquiries are all facts of the same complexion and category, it would be perfectly logical to attribute all of them to one cause and perfectly illogical to attribute one of them to one cause and the rest to a different cause. That indifference and contemptuous disregard was *the cause* in the case is not only proved by the nature of the facts themselves but also by the endeavour which Mr. Croft has made in his report to prove by evidence collected at College Square and elsewhere that native boys are creatures of low domiciliary habits. The question of accommodation was, in fact, never seriously thought of by any one among the authorities because it concerned Native and not European or Eurasian boys! This enables us to dispose of

The second question of invidious distinction.

That an invidious distinction *must* have been made between the Eurasian and the Native boys is a matter of *moral* certainty. Our review of the question of accommodation has made it clear that the authorities looked upon the Native boys as somewhat lower than human beings. And there is no escaping the conclusion that the men who *felt* thus, could not possibly accord *equal* treatment to them and their Eurasian fellow-students. Internal evidence is naturally stronger in such cases than external evidence. But the external evidence adduced in para 34 of the Director's report to refute the charge is, we are sorry to say, painfully ridiculous in its character.

Was the 'mutiny' of the boys a groundless one?

Why this dreadful thunderbolt?

Is it because the warfare is between immortal *gods* and plain mortal *men*?

NIGHT-WORK AND LONG HOURS.

THERE are a thousand different ways of being intemperate, besides in eating or drinking too much, and each one of them leads to eventual pain, and shortens life. One may be intemperate,

and sadly so, in his pleasures, innocent enough they may be; intemperate in his studies, in his writing or reading, or even talking, to say nothing of his passions; or intemperate in the use of medicine, which can kill as well as cure, or even in the use of what taken judiciously tends to invigorate the system and cheer the mind, such as the bath, or exercise. As to the latter, many a man has killed himself by trying to ride or walk off some little illness which it needed but rest alone to cure. The well-to-do or wealthy in the world are the most likely to be intemperate in the pursuit of pleasure; those who have to struggle for the existence of themselves and their families, to be intemperate in their hours of labour. And intemperance in this respect assuredly means a waste of health—the only property that a poor man possesses. Many people, indeed—to use a homely saying—kill themselves in order to make a living. Long hours of labour are detrimental to the health, even when the work is carried on by daylight, but ten times more hurtful and deadly is night-work. There are those who must carry on their work at night, and those who need not do so; in this paper I address myself to both; the evils that accrue from the habit are the same in either case, and if knowledge is power, it will do both classes good to have them pointed out to them. First and foremost, then, long hours of night-work are injurious to the health from the loss of wholesome sleep which they entail. Sleep, we all know, is food to the nerves; in other words, it is only during sleep that the nerves can rest and readjust the balance of their functions, disturbed by the wear-and-tear of waking hours......

.....Professional men, literary men, artists and students, are very frequently the victims of nervous exhaustion, produced through the evil habit of turning night into day. For I maintain that good and health-giving sleep can only be obtained during the silent hours of the night. It may be averred, however, that the very best brain-work can also be performed at night. I doubt it, for the body of a healthy man is always more fresh in the morning, and his mind more light and cheerful, he is then in the best state to do good work without extra wear-and-tear of brain and nervous tissue. There is no disease so insidious, nor when fully developed so difficult to cure, as that species of nervous degeneration or exhaustion produced by night-work and long hours. It is easy to

understand how such a state of prostration may be induced. The brain and the nervous system have been very aptly compared to a galvanic battery, in constant use to provide a supply of electric fluid for consumption within a given time.........The symptoms of nervous prostration are exceedingly painful; we can afford to pity even the man of pleasure, who has by his own foolish conduct induced them, but much more so the brain-worker, who has been burning the midnight oil in the honest endeavour to support himself, and probably a wife and family, with respectability in life. He has made a mistake for which we can readily forgive him. In the pleasurable excitement of honest toil, he has forgotten that the supply of work cannot be regulated by the demand or need for it, but by the power to produce it. He has been living on his capital as well as the interest thereof, and when he finds the former failing, when he finds he has no longer the strength to work as he used to do, and starvation itself probably staring him in the face if he ceases to toil, why, the very thought of coming collapse tends only to hasten the catastrophe, and reason itself may totter and fall before the continued mental strain.........Probably the first sign of failing nervous energy is given by some of the large organs of the body; it may be functional derangement of the heart, with fluttering or palpitation, or intermittent pulse, and shortness of breath in ascending stairs or walking quickly. The stomach may give timely warning, and a distaste for food or loss of appetite, with acidity, flatulence, and irregularity of the bowels, may point to loss of vitality, from waste unrepaired. Or brain symptoms may point out to the patient that things are going wrong. He may not find himself able to work with his usual life and its activity; he may have fits of drowsiness, or transient attacks of giddiness, or pain, or heaviness, or loss of sleep itself. This latter would be a very serious symptom indeed, for in sleep not only are the muscular and nervous tissues restored and strengthened, but there is for the time being a cessation of waste itself; and if sleep be essential to the ordinary healthy man, it is much more so to him whose mental faculties have been over-tasked. Long hours and night-work lead to loss of sleep and loss of sleep may lead to insanity and death. Loss of memory, whether transient or general, is a sure sign that the brain has lost its power of healthy action, and needs rest and nutrition to restore it. Irritability of temper, and fits of melancholy, both point in the same direction, to an exhausted nervous system.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

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THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

By Mutti Lall Singh.

THE Zoological Gardens are interesting to all of us. The child fresh from village life, who has seen nothing of the great world, and the philosopher, fresh from the study of the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man," may equally learn something from a visit to these gardens. Hundreds of old ideas may be turned, in a single morning's ramble, into as many new facts. There they are bound up into a volume, superbly illustrated from the life. All the pictures of the animal creation, presented in one great panoramic canvas, are there stamped upon the memory for life.

A morning's walk in the Zoological Gardens translates into fact, from the great book of nature, a succession of wild romances familiar to all our imaginations from childhood. Long-cherished ideas are verified or dissipated by reality, and a constant succession of novel ideas may be obtained by study and reflection. The bears take us in a quick aerial flight

from the tropics to the frigid zone, the brown or black bear of our Rajmehal Hills, the grizzly bear of North America, and the white polar bear of the icy zone, all congeners, and yet how unlike—as unlike as the swarthy denizens of our own rich river banks, the nervous and cute Yankees, and the slow and solemn Esquimaux that live on blubber and occupy houses made of blocks of ice!

The giraffe suggests the boundless plains of Africa. As he paces down through the trodden mud to the pond to drink, the swaying of the reeds tells of desert herds waiting for their turn, whilst basking in the water is the unwieldy hippopotamus, a mighty swine-like creature, with half munched green stuffs hanging from his jaws. Beds of giant reeds, bright with lavish green foliage, surround the pool, pelicans disport on its oozy banks, and quack away to each other in idle happy gossip, whilst the careful ibis picks up its meal as it goes, daintily, from bough to bough. Lizards slip with a little rustle from perch to perch, and all is peaceful enjoyment and animal content. But alas, in an instant, the peace and contentment may be changed into horror, apprehension, and dismay. A gust of terror sweeps over the scene. A panic seizes the quiet group. The very reeds seem quivering with affright. The pelicans with a long loud scream, fling themselves terrified into the air. The ibis hides itself deep in the reeds. The hippopotamus sinks suddenly and without a ripple like a river-ghost, under the water, and the drinking herd bound away in a mad stampede. A lion and a lioness have made their way into the midst of the harmless throng. Each has struck down a victim, and the roar that caused the quivering terror of the crowd was but the prelude to slaughter. The sun sets upon a scene of death. The lions have their victims on the dry land, and the crocodiles theirs on the watery ooze.

But a truce to the imagination! Let us return to the matter of fact scenes of the Gardens. It is the fault of oriental writers—so we are told by western critics—to indulge too much in flights of imagination. Amid the fogs and leaden

skies of the Northern Atlantic one cannot expect the imagination to be brilliant.

The stags and antelopes of our Zoological Gardens are little affected now by the roar of the lion or the growl of the tiger. They have learned their own security by time and experience. And can we learn nothing of them? Few of us can fail to learn lessons of geographical and climatic utility in looking round the Zoological Gardens, even in a cursory way. The Polar Bear takes us to Greenland and Spitzbergen. The seal transports us to Baffin's Bay and Kamtskatka. The beaver reminds us of Canada and Mantchooria, whilst the moose takes us into the United States of North America. With the wild fowl we can journey southwards from Arkansas to Mexico, from Northern China to Australia. The map of the world is before us, and its denizens are marshalled for us as in a Noah's Ark, not fabulous but real. The alpaca leads us to South America, the armadillo to Honduras and Brazil. We have alligators and caymans enough in India, not to desire to see those .of Guaina and Paraguay. But the lama has more interest for us, the South American camel he has been called, but vastly inferior in strength and endurance to our own camel. The pumas and jaguars of the Brazilian forests are poor imitations of our own lions and tigers. But the serpent and monkey tribes seem represented in the South American continent by rich and vigorous specimens. The marmozets of the trees, and the wild horses of the prairies remind us of the vast plains of Central Asia, whilst the cavy tribe, of which the guinea-pig is the most familiar example, leads us back to the ocean again with its seals, walruses, and whales, monsters of the deep. They say that the tribes of these monsters inhabiting the Atlantic Ocean, and the shores of Southern America, Tasmania, and New Zealand, are totally dissimilar and distinct from those of Greenland and Siberia.

The animals we see ranged before us in these Gardens are preserved from the cruelties of their natural condition. The

antelope is safe from the tiger. The python is unable to feed on the lamb. The leopard and the fox can no longer indulge in meals of live poultry, or fluttering prisoners of the jungle, caught unawares. Are these animals happier in consequence? Let us sit with our backs to all the cages and ask ourselves a question or two. If they had their choice would these animals steal back into their cages, if set at liberty, or bound off into the jungle and to liberty? Do the littler, and the more feeble of the prisoners, triumph over their mighty oppressors now in captivity like themselves, pointing out to them in their own way that it is a clear case of "serve them right." Do the birds wonder what use their wings were intended for, or the snakes remember an outward world of trees, brushwoods, jungle fastnesses, and thick swampy brakes? Do the larger beasts think at all of the constitution of modern society, which condemns them to a few feet square of cage, instead of the shade of sunshine, the gloom and brightness of the forest, with all its varying fortunes of bloody fights, cruel slaughter, and pitiless destruction? In the days long past they saw multitudes of birds and monkeys, and hardly even a human being, and he generally a long way off. Now they see hardly even a bird or a monkey, but thousands of human beings, and they too, close and inquisitive. Surely these are great changes, enough to set a rhinoceros speculating, or a tiger ruminating. Is the meaning of this captivity altogether an enigma to them, or have they some faint glimmering of an idea that man has made slaves of them, and that they are there in cages for man to look at, laugh at, and admire? When the other animals hear the carnivora roaring, or the monkeys chattering away, are they conscious that all the others are shut up like themselves in iron prisons, their living tombs.

It is a pity things cannot be explained to them satisfactorily. Our books of fables, that we reverence as religious, tell us of animals talking, and of men that understood the language of animals. But these were the events of many centuries ago, not of these days, or of this nineteenth century.

There are many thousands amongst us who hear the green pigeons, the common wild pigeons of our jungles, calling out as they fly, "get up, my grandson, it is all well now." It is a pretty legend. An old woman and her grandson lived in a forest. She sold wood. The grandson was young and frolicsome, and often impeded her in her work by his untimely levity. One day he had been particularly aggravating. She took up a billet of wood, and struck him over the head with it. He fell and remained motionless. At first the poor old woman thought he was pretending, and took no notice of him, but after a while, she found he was dead. *Utao, pota, pura hua,* were the last words she uttered in her senses, and these she repeated for years, wandering through the jungles, till the pigeons took them up, and now, you hear resounding from every branch their *oota poota poora hooa;* but the little ones can only express the four first syllables, and so they fly about exclaiming *oota poota* only!

As a general rule the smaller animals are more lively and more full of natural gaiety, in confinement, than the big ones. Is it that the smaller animals remember they were usually *the eaten*, and the big ones *the eaters*, and therefore they are not sad? It may be so. Some of the larger beasts simply look bored; they yawn and stretch themselves, and doubtless think what a pity it is to have all this wealth of muscle, all this capability of speed and agility lying idle, and so they are bored, terribly bored, and yawn and blink and stretch themselves again in wearying and wearisome iteration.

POLITICAL TENDENCIES.

REPRESENTATION is the great need of India. The principle has long been conceded in Europe that the people who are to pay taxes to Government should be represented in the assembly which has the control of the finances.

But in reality, even in England, it is the land, the wealth, the houses and factories, the ship-building, banking, and agricultural interests, the manufacturing, and the mining, that are represented in the House of Commons, not *the people.* The representatives in that House ought to be in proportion to the numbers of the people. As it is they are the representatives of the material wealth of the country.

This brings us to those equal Electoral Districts so much feared and dreaded by a large class of politicians, as if the very idea were revolutionary, instead of being just, reasonable, and equitable. But then the manufacturing interests would be supreme says one, and the agricultural would be neglected. It is curious to remember that precisely the same kind of objection was made to the first Reform Bill, a measure of most beneficial effects, and with what truth, these objections were then made we all see now, after the lapse of nearly half a century. It was then most vehemently urged, that the first measure of the Reformed House of Commons would be a violent attack upon the Aristocracy, and many people are weak enough to believe that any further popularizing of our institutions must necessarily lead to this result. As long as the Aristocracy is true to itself that cannot be the result. As long as the members of the Aristocracy avail themselves, as they have done, of the existing order of things to keep in the foreground of the great strife with ignorance, superstition, and prejudice,. the thing is impossible. Only when they sink into the imbecility and helplessness which the nobles of Spain and France sank into during the latter half of the last century, is such a thing possible. They will not, however, sink into any such state in England. This very popular constitution keeps them active and awake, prevents lethargy, is potent for good in many ways.

But the agricultural interests? asks one alarmed. The agricultural interests, I reply, have the most powerful class in England to protect them, and that class is the Aristocracy.

Have they not a whole Legislative House to themselves, into which no manufacturing grandee, however wealthy, can intrude? Besides the manufacturing classes are not fools, particularly the more enlightened of them, who alone would, under this system, have a voice in the matter. The manufacturing classes know that the agricultural interests are the interests of England, although they remember, not without a smile, that the agricultural interests were declared to be ruined years ago by the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and have been flourishing ever since. This very repeal was but the beginning of a new system of taxation which is slowly developing itself in these days—and not of taxation only, as we shall see by a very cursory consideration of the subject.

Protection being the chief duty which the Government owes to the people—protection for foreign invasion and wrongs inflicted by the worthless at home—it follows that this protection should be granted with as small an amount of interference with the personal liberty of the subject as may be. There are those, indeed, who argue that the state has no right to interfere with education, with religion, with commerce, with the poor; but this straining of the argument to its utmost limit is at best unwise. We have now to do, at all events, with what is, and the tendencies which impel us towards that which will be. The most enthusiastic in favour of the theory of absolute freedom will hardly allow that there is to be seen at present any prospect of the state relinquishing its active operations in the fields I have named, or any pressure from without desiring that it should do so.

A revenue must be raised. How may it best be raised? is a question which has been agitated for the last thousand years in Europe, and will probably be agitated for a thousand years to come. The impression is gradually taking possession of men's minds in England that it should be raised in such a way as will least interfere with the supply of food, and the commercial transactions of the public. Free trade in some

articles has been established. Free trade in others is advocated. Free trade in all will probably be the ultimatum. The more Government interferes with the buying and selling of the citizen the more injury is done. When, in the olden time, statutes were passed declaring at what prices articles should be sold, the rulers of the day doubtless thought they were doing a wise thing. In the same way when they settled what wages should be paid. We, in these times, laugh at such regulations as eminently absurd and futile. Our descendants may equally laugh at our protective duties, our tariff, our customs, and our whole system of current taxation as ridiculous and costly. The higher the duty on any article the greater the premium bestowed on smuggling. Smuggling necessitates the maintenance of an armed force to prevent it, which has to be paid out of this very taxation, raised for far other purposes. The cost of collection is thereby amazingly enhanced. Public morals are injured. A sword is put into one man's hands by the State to be used against his fellow-citizen, who is running a risk in order to promote free-trade. All this is contrary to the law of morals, as well as to the law of policy. A State is weakened by arming one part of the citizens against another, and especially by losing the services of its most enterprizing men in time of need.

Direct taxation therefore, whether in good odour or bad, at present, must be the ultimate resort. Direct taxation which will require from the citizen an amount of money, for the protection guaranteed by the State, in proportion to the amount which the payer has to lose. This burden will fall most heavily on the rich. It is the rich who make our laws for us. It will therefore be some considerable time before the pressure from without is so great as to induce so radical a change. Yet such a change will ultimately come.

In the commercial dealings of man with man if it is best to leave the buyer and the seller to look after their own interests respectively, as all experience proves, it follows that the

currency should be equally free. The currency is merely the medium of exchange. Commerce will take care of itself in that respect as in others, when the trade is thereon open. Indeed, the plan has been partially tried in Scotland, and has been found to work well. "By law there has never been any restriction against any one issuing notes in Scotland; yet, in practice, it has ever been impossible for any unsound or unsafe paper to obtain currency.*"

The throwing open of Banking will materially influence all commercial transactions. Nor can the measure be delayed very long. Vested rights are difficult things to struggle against, particularly when held by the rich and powerful; but experience assures us that public opinion in England is more powerful, and that public opinion is beginning to pronounce itself emphatically in the matter. The development which commerce will receive under the new system of perfect freedom will probably be such as the world has never seen before. The wealth of England is proverbially great, and when that wealth is allowed to exert itself unrestrained and unfettered, we shall doubtless hear of much foolish speculation and many consequent failures, but we shall hear also of an amount of enterprize and success unprecedented in the history of nations. Indian Banking has always been free, with the happiest results.

One result of such reform as that to which we are inevitably hastening is plain—that all selfish legislation by a class upon other classes will be impossible. If this be to be deplored, let it be deplored forthwith, for the march of events is right onward to such a consummation, and no amount of wailing on the subject will retard it. Look at Spain, and its fallen aristocracy, and remember that for centuries the lands of the nobles and clergy were exempt from all direct taxation—at the France of the Bourbons, in which the *tiers-etat* had to

* Capital, Currency, and Banking, by James Wilson Esq., M. P., the Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer.

bear all the burdens of the state—at Hungary where, until lately, men of rank were free of all tolls and turnpikes, whilst the mercantile and working classes had to pay them. These are samples of class-legislation, and the results are before us, in conquests and revolutions written in blood. Nor is the English statute-book without such. The "Black Act"—the 9th of George 1—is a case in point. It declares that any one disguised and in possession of an offensive weapon "appearing in any warren, or place where hares or conies have been, or shall be usually kept, and being thereof duly convicted, shall be adjudged *guilty of felony*, and shall suffer death as in cases of felony, without benefit of clergy." Such legislation we would say was impossible in England, did not the fact stare us in the face that it *is* English legislation, and not foreign. Nor were the Inclosure Laws much less iniquitous, by which it was enacted that open commons were to be divided amongst the neighboring landowners, in the ratios of their holdings, without the slightest notice being taken of the rights of the poor squatters or cottagers. These are examples of class-legislation. When all classes are fairly and freely represented, such legislation will be impossible.

D.

LAST OF THE DACOITS.

(Continued from page 271.)

NURSE AND CHILD.

Chapter II.

On the banks of the Chenab stands Moultan, a rich and flourishing city. The importance of the place is maintained by the river. Situated as it is, it forms a very convenient landing place and depôt for the surrounding country. Steamers and boats are constantly plying between it and Bombay with grain and goods. A good number of the inhabitants are merchants of a kind, but their principal source of income is from usury.

Just outside the town and to the south of it, on the banks of the river, is a house, built in the form of a parellelogram. The space in the centre serving as a courtyard.

Between the house and the river is a garden closed in on all sides by a wall.

This is generally used exclusively by the females, as their recreation ground; and no male is allowed to intrude except at certain hours, to keep the garden in order.

A wicket opens on the river at the farther end of the garden; and a few stone steps lead down to the edge of the water.

That side of the house which faces the river is occupied entirely by the female inmates; the opposite side answers the double purpose of a dwelling place for the males and a place of business. The other two sides form the place of worship and quarters for the male attendants.

'Ah! thinking again child' exclaimed the nurse entering the apartment of Parbatee, the daughter of Thakoor Das, the master of the house and a usurer.

'How can I avoid it,' replied Parbatee; 'you have often promised to tell me of my parents and the past, but whenever I speak on the subject you put me off with an unsatisfactory answer.'

'Child, child,' said the nurse, 'will you never give over fretting yourself, to no purpose. You know I can tell you nothing more than I have already.'

'You have told me,' answered the child, 'very little, and that little cannot be reconciled either to reason or my own recollections. No, I shall never give over till I hear something more satisfactory.'

'And that you shall never know' returned the nurse. 'But come, listen to sense and be advised by me. Follow your father's advice and marry Behari Dey; he is a rich man and will make you happy.'

'No,' replied Parbatee, 'I will not marry him. I will marry no man for money. Are women no better than cattle to be bought and sold. If I marry, I shall marry for love. I have never seen this man, how can I think of accepting him as my husband? What

are his riches to me? Have I not all I want, except freedom. Wealth can never make happiness, if there be no love.'

The nurse stared aghast. She had heard a good deal from the child, but had never before heard such impious thoughts, had never before seen her in such earnest.

It was some moments before she could get over her consternation, and articulate distinctly, after Parbatee had ceased to speak.

At last she said with fear, rage and surprise combined :

'This is what your father had paid your governess to teach you? This is what you have learnt from your books? Ah! the folly of ever letting you gain knowledge! These are English ways you have learnt, and no doubt from your English instructress. What would be your notions, if your father had let you learn the infidel's language? I shudder to think of it. Have I not seen the *gora** women mix with the men? The shameless creatures! Have I not seen the men put their arms round the women's waists? The barefaced things! They have no shame in them. And that is what you want to follow; that is what you call freedom? Ram! Ram! Hear what a decent Hindoo woman's duties are; what you should know by this time. You should never let your face be seen by any male. You should marry the man your parents select for you. You should have no voice in the matter. Love! Marry a man of good caste and rich and you should be glad of the chance. If he is young and good-looking so much the better, but if not you ought to be content. Women to talk of freedom! A good house, kind husband, and money, money, should be your objects. Your ideas will be the ruin of you. You will become———

Her sentence was abruptly ended by the look Parbatee gave. The latter had been seated during the greater part of the conversation with face turned away, and had a great struggle to control her indignation and wrath ; but she could hold in no longer.

'Enough,' she said imperiously, 'you have said enough, and though you are an old servant, I will not allow you to talk thus to me.'

* White, fair. An appellation for Europeans.

The nurse was struck dumb for the moment. 'There, there child don't be angry,' she said in a conciliatory tone. 'Don't look at me like that,' you remind me—

'Yes, of whom do I remind you?' inquired Parbatee eagerly. 'Why don't you tell me that? Come, child I shall tell you about Rama,' answered the nurse in confusion, and trying to evade an answer.

'Again you put me off,' said Parbatee peevishly. 'I tell you I remember another home years ago, and in another place. I remember a fair lady, like one of the gora women, watching by my bed. I know it is not fancy. I can see her now, if I close my eyes. And then, as I told you often enough before, I feel sure I saw Thakoor Das before I came here, I can't recollect where. I took a fright at him and that is why I dislike him so.'

'Daughter,' said the old nurse, rather severely for she was alarmed at the girl's suspicions, 'you are no longer a child; give up your strange fancies, and dreamings; respect your father, he is good to you. You can gain nothing by being so perverse.'

The girl relapsed into silence, though by no means convinced. She said it was useless to expect to gain any knowledge from the nurse.

The old woman taking advantage of the silence continued:—

'Let me relate to you the story of Rama. You will see what becomes of marrying for love. Sita, the wife of Rama, fell in love with Ravana, the giant, and eloped with him. Rama, with the king of Lunka (Ceylon) and his band of monkeys, declared war against the giant to regain the beautiful queen. A battle was fought and a frightful carnage resulted. Ravana was defeated, as well he should be for his presumption, perfidy and breach of Hindoo customs; and the victors overran the whole land and even penetrated into Ceylon. Sita was brought back. She had had enough for her folly, but Rama, in a fit of remorse at the death of his brother Lachman, threw himself into the river and perished.'

The young girl's] eyes sparkled during the narration and her whole face lit up with animation, but she only remarked, 'I hope

some day a hero like Ravana will come and carry me away to the fair land I think of. No one will have the chance of regaining me.'

'Now' said the nurse not heeding the remark, 'ought you not to be proud being a daughter of and a believer in such a religion. The good are always rewarded and the wicked punished.' 'What you have related,' replied Parbatee with spirit, 'is only fable. I like the good to prosper and the wicked to fall, but your religion is horrible. Such images, such ceremonies. Frightful; frightful'; and she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the very thought of their forms of worship.

'Well, but child,' resumed the undaunted nurse, 'surely you will admit that we are the oldest race under the sun. We are descended from the *sun* and *moon*.* Have we not peopled all the earth, even the land of the monkeys (Ceylon)?

'No nurse,' replied Parbatee, 'I don't believe that the Hindoos peopled Ceylon. I have read that the flat-faced people (Chinese) were the first to inhabit it and when the Malabar exiles, the Galas, came to Ceylon, by intermarriage they produced the race that now inhabit the island and they are called Cingalese. I don't know about being the oldest race either, for these very Chinese trace themselves a long way back and so do the Jews.'

The nurse had come off second best in this interview, but she was glad she had been so successful in evading an answer, and was glad now to beat a quiet retreat. So rising from her seat she said:— 'I must leave you child, for a while to prepare things for the master, but I would fain persuade you to do *poojah*† to Kali. The evening is fine and cool, go float a lamp on the river and may Krishna, the boy god, wash away your evil thoughts as the stream your lamp.'

The girl having little else to do took the nurse's advice. She rose and taking a lamp, which consisted of an earthen saucer, with some tallow or oil in it and a wick, proceeded to the river

* Two distinct lines of kings are given in the Vedas. One descended from the sun, the other from the moon.

† Worship.

side. Women of the better class in India seldom have much to do; their whole time is spent in gossip and an occasional game at draughts, when they are free from worship and lavatory processes. Some try to fill up time by attempts at needle work and the loom. Only a very few follow any intellectual pursuit. It is prohibited by their religion and very few are bold enough to venture to break through or violate time-honoured custom. They never appear in public, indeed they ought never to be seen by one of the opposite sex. They lose caste if they are seen. Compassionate the ignorance of this truly intelligent people, gentle reader; deride them not, for you too have customs as absurd in your own land! Would you, answer this, not to me, not even to yourself, but to your heart of hearts, would you, I say, appear in a ball-room without the regular and requisite ball-room costume? No, you would not, you would be as ashamed as any Hindoo woman to show your face; and why; Because you would lose caste. Their dress is simple and picturesque, and would be decent but that the texture of the material is too thin. But little had better be said of decency of dress in this age of low neck, short sleeves, high heels, tight skirts &c.

From the above conversation it will be gleaned that Parbatee, though brought up as a Hindoo woman, with all the rigour of their customs, was far from holding the same views. She was of a romantic turn, and had too advanced views for a Hindoo female, who is considered merely a nonentity. Why Hindoo women should be kept so close, confined, and ignorant, is more than we are prepared to answer, but a cynic once said that because women have always been at the bottom of all mischief, the Hindoos very wisely keep that cause of mischief well guarded. Another said that the Hindoo men knowing their own weakness, are afraid to let the women have more privileges lest they lose their places in the world as 'lords of creation.'

But the real reason is to be found in custom, that cross tempered jade that will permit of no infringement of her laws except by slow and almost imperceptible degrees.

Parbatee was educated far beyond her years and age. Naturally intelligent and quick in mind, she improved her gifts by assiduous application. The fact was that she had had an English

lady, a Miss Godard, as teacher for some years, and though she was prevented learning the English language by her father, and had only been taught Arabic, Persian and Sanscrit, yet she only learnt the elements of these oriental languages. Directly she could read and decipher the mysterious characters of these, by a little cunning and connivance of her governess, she managed to learn European History, Literature and Science from books written in eastern characters but with European learning. She learnt several accomplishments from this talented English woman, such as European needle work, drawing, music, &c. It was from her that Parbatee's first suspicions of her origin were aroused, and from her enlarged views and extended knowledge she found it difficult to account for her presence at the Hindoo's, and her variance with their religion, and customs.

Ah! Thakoor Dass, you may be a wise man, but Providence will work his ends in spite of you.

How often it is that we ourselves, in trying to avoid or keep out a certain thing; to avert a certain eventuality; to do what will be best for us; to gain our own ends; how often is it that we just do the contrary; how often do we just bring about what we are most earnestly labouring to prevent! So it was with Thakoor Dass. By giving the girl an education, he wanted to divert her thoughts from her past; by giving her mental occupation to make her think less of herself and her origin.

It will have been also seen that Parbatee was of a high temper, but that was in her blood, as we shall see elsewhere.

She was about twenty years of age. It is impossible to give her real age as Hindoos keep no record of such events, except by such vague ways as, that she was born before or after a certain event, national or domestic. She was about the middle height, in fact tall for a woman, and handsome. Her features were really beautiful, and quite of a classic mould. A fair skin, aquiline nose, small mouth ruby lips, pearly teeth and black lustrous eyes; long black glossy hair, dark long eyelashes which softly raised her rosy cheeks; slender neck, rounded bust, narrow waist; and Oh! such pretty dimpled hands, and tiny little feet. Her carriage was stately. Indeed she was the personification of beauty, innocence and

intelligence. Gentle and kind to those around her, yet she chafed under restraint. Loving and loveable and keenly sensible of kindness, she could not bear neglect, injustice or cruelty.

Romantic we have said she was, she resembled more Shakespeare's Portia than his Desdemona. High spirited and daring if occasion demanded, yet submissive and quiet under ordinary circumstances.

Where she loved, she loved, and where she hated, she hated, with the whole intensity and force of her nature. A little impulsive; always generous. Nurtured in the very cradle of romance, she was given a little to dreaming, but still there was a good substratum of common sense underlying her thoughts.

Such then was Parbatee, but I leave each reader to conjure up his own ideal beauty and goodness and in that being let him centre all the attributes of perfection and call her Parbatee.

CONQUEST *versus* LAY MISSIONS.

ONE more oriental state, for the whole of North Africa is essentially oriental, has lost her independence. The French have seized on Tunis. Has this been a gain or a loss to civilisation?

That the cynical disregard of international morality shown by the French ministry in carrying out their policy of establishing a French protectorate over Tunis must, from the very nature of the case, have a most injurious effect on civilisation, it requires no lengthened arguments to prove. *Noblesse oblige,* and from the French republic a higher standard of morality might well have been expected. In the face of Salisbury proffers, Cyprus occupation and recent English policy in Afghanistan, the English press, in commenting on the proceedings of the French in Tunis, have not been able to be very loud in their censure of France; but they have generally expressed their surprise at the almost unanimous approbation with which the French nation has greeted the

Tunisian policy of the French ministry; and they have further pointed, with some degree of complacency, to the severe opposition that the Afghan and Transvaal policy of the Beaconsfield ministry called forth throughout the British Islands. We fully believe that the sense of conduct is much higher in England than it is in France; but it is not so much higher as it would appear to be on a superficial comparison of English and French public opinion on the occasions just mentioned. England in the situation of France, with a neighbouring state but too eager to annex a territory bordering on her most valued possession, would not have been so divided on the question of interference and establishment of political supremacy as she was in regard to the Transvaal annexation and the Afghan war. It has been the scarcely disguised eagerness of Italy to seize on Tunis that has led to its precipitate seizure by the French.

The conquest and government of one people by another is quite an abnormal state of things, and though not quite so bad a thing as slavery, it doubtless belongs to the same category. Slavery has done essential service to humanity by disciplining undisciplined races, and foreign subjection will for a long time yet to come do a similar kind of service. When an utterly unprogressive race falls under the yoke of a progressive, energetic nation, there can be very little cause for regret. When it is, however, a progressive state that passes under foreign sway, there must be great cause for regret. Tunis is a state that has shewn itself decidedly progressive of late, and the loss of its independence must be regarded as a heavy blow to the cause of progress in the Musalman world. We confess we should have felt very happy if, instead of Tunis, the far more exclusive and fanatical country of Morocco had come under French rule. But after all, we think the time has come for the work of civilisation to proceed among backward races by other means than war and conquest. War and conquest do indeed irresistibly prove the superiority of European knowledge and organisation, and in so far they may dispose backward nations to learn the ways of Europe. But on the other hand

they intensify fanaticism, and deepen the distrust with which European nations have long been regarded by those of Asia and Africa—a distrust that has its root in the career of spoliation pursued by the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the French, the English and the Russians. The crusades and razzias, persistently carried on for ages, further rendered the Moslem, who had previously been so ready to adopt and assimilate Greek and other foreign culture, most averse to receive any kind of knowledge at the hands of their deadly foes. War and conquest then can, on the whole, present European civilisation to the peoples of the East and the South in a but repulsive form.

America is the only great country that has finally abjured conquest, and the further progress, industrial, intellectual, and moral, of this mighty republic will eventually tell most beneficially on the civilisation of the world. England too is far on the road to a final abjuration of conquest. The most advanced continental countries, France, Germany and Italy, are still a good way behind England. But in all the above countries there are large numbers of noble-minded men who would greatly prefer to see backward races advance after the manner of Japan rather than after the manner of India or Cochin China. Cannot these men get up some kind of organisation for sending *lay missions* to backward countries to teach their people to take better care of their earthly concerns than they are able at present to do? The religious enthusiasm that has sent forth thousands of Christian missionaries to all parts of the world—to civilised China as to savage Erromongo—is deserving of all honour. But though inspired by the noblest motives, Christian missionaries have not been in all lands the pioneers of progress. In countries like India, China and Japan, that have well-developed social and religious institutions, the Christian missionary has rather retarded than advanced the cause of progress. Religion is a thing in which the susceptibilities of individuals and of nations are the keenest, as even the Europe of the present day well attests. The speculations of the highest philosophers and scientists of the West are vehemently

denounced in the name of religion, when such speculations run counter to the current theological belief. What wonder then that Western civilisation should make but slow progress when it is heralded by Christian proselytism? Chinese exclusiveness and Japanese too (now happily non-existent) was probably owing as much to the eagerness of the Christian missionary to obtain converts as to Portuguese piracy and Portuguese and other European conquests in the East. Free propagation of opinion, religious or secular, is no doubt a very good thing on abstract grounds. But before public opinion is educated by the advance of secular knowledge, and social and commercial intercourse between people professing different creeds, free religious propagandism may endanger the very safety of states. The rigid exclusion of Christian missionaries by the East India Company was an absolutely necessary provision for the safety of their Indian posssessions. Things have changed now, and free preaching by the Christian missionary can cause now no sort of effervescence among the people. If the missionary had been allowed to enter prematurely upon the stage, the result might have been political convulsions of a dreadful character.

Lay missions to Asia and Africa appear to be the great need of the hour. Coming with the avowed object of teaching the higher knowledge, and the higher morality which enable Western nations to live happier and nobler lives than those of the East and the South, such missions will meet with none of the suspicion and hostility that religious missions have to encounter.

To return now to Tunis. There is a good side to every thing bad, and the French seizure of Tunis may eventually be a gain to civilisation. This must be our consolation for an accomplished immoral act. It is better that the country has fallen under the power of France than that of Italy. France is a more vigorous country than Italy, and French civilisation has greater attractions than that of perhaps any other Western nation. The French know how to conciliate, and though their achievements in this direction may not have yet been as decided

among fanatical Kabyles and Arabs, as it has been among the Germans of Alsace, there can be no doubt that if there is any European nation that could soften Mahomedan fanaticism and make good citizens of the fierce Moslems of North Africa, that nation is the French. Their comparatively greater emancipation too from Christian dogma and aristocratic associations is again a special qualification for bringing on a fusion of European and oriental civilisation in the north of Africa. In spite of great natural disadvantages of climate, the French, notoriously bad colonisers as they are, have succeeded in colonising the Algerian sea-board regions; and the European colonists in the country, French, Spanish, Italian, Maltese and German now number over 300,000, out of an aggregate population of less than 3,000,000. Tunis has not been *annexed*, but only placed under French *protection*. Annexation however will soon be found a necessity. The insurrections in Sfax and Cabes have just been quelled, and the maintenance of French garrisons in those places must follow in due course, as a safe-guard against future risings. This will approximate very closely to annexation; and annexation, pure and simple, will doubtless come about, if not during the life-time of the present Bey, at no very distant date after his demise, in a manner analogous to what has recently been witnesed in Tahiti. Tunis is a finer country than Algeria in respect of soil and climate, and French and other European colonists may settle in the country in considerable numbers, and eventually assimilating to themselves the native races, may produce a people that would prove an accession of strength to France, would revive the glories of ancient Carthage, and carry a progressive civilisation southwards into the very heart of Africa.

S. G.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

II.

DE Quincey is less profound and poetical than Carlyle, although sometimes he sweeps over the solemn chords,

with marvellous effect. Witness in particular, *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth* (which to me is a phenomenon) and his *Letters to a Young man whose Education has been somewhat neglected*—a long title. De Quincey, as we have said, is more logical than Carlyle, and is free from the least tinge of pride. He was an eminently religious, moral and kind-hearted man. He was decidedly a man of *principle*. He was a sincere Christian, and a Tory of the liberal type. He could weep like a child with rare pathos and sweetness over the memory of Anne, a prostitute, but of no mean order, we may be sure, to affect powerfully a heart like De Quincey's. His religion blinded him not to the beauteous form and features of the 'fallen angel,' as he characterizes Shelley. It may be noticed in passing, that in charity and fairness, we should not accept the *Queen Mab* and the *Notes* on it, as the deliberate convictions of Shelley. (*Vide* his letter to the *Examiner*, in which he says that he wrote them in a moody state, and that they do not contain his ripe thoughts.) Leigh Hunt in his *Imagination and Fancy*, as also in his Edition of Shelley's *Posthumous Works* also gives us to understand as much. De Quincey was a worshipper of Milton, whom he calls at one place this *greatest* of men? He was also a very great admirer of Wordsworth and his fellow-Opium-eater S. T. C., to wit. It is pleasant to witness the way in which his veneration for the latter personage struggles with his love of truth-telling, in his *Recollections of the Lakes*: it is the lover sweetly, archly chiding his love and calling her to 'accompt.' His great veneration for the Laker of Westmoreland expatiates freely in the above work—witness in particular, his nervous agitation at the prospect of meeting face to face with the great W. How shall he look at him—whose poems were to him a new light, *in the face*—how address him and hold discourse with the venerable bard! His picture is highly interesting in itself and in shewing his character. This is the true key to greatness—if you wish to be revered, if ye must reverence your betters.

The rule of writing with De Quincey (as Mr. Masson assures us) is never to write on any subject on which there is no novel truth to set forth ; and well has he stuck to this wise maxim. Open whichever of his essays you like, and it is almost certain you come upon new views which did not before strike you. This is no light praise ; and it may be said with truth of him that he has treated *newly* the most hackneyed topics. It should be remarked that he places Schiller above Goethe, while Carlyle (who resembles De Quincey, in his German learning, though not in his partiality for German literature, Mr. De Quincey being essentially patriotic in literature) places Goethe above Schiller (?) De Quincey's English is model English—in an infinitely greater degree than the so-called 'masterly English' of Macaulay. Macaulay's English you can imitate, if you study his mannerism with attention, but De Quincey's style defies all endeavours at imitation. * * * * You cannot generalise upon the characteristics of his style ;—it knows no Rhetorical code except that of nature, conjoined with a perfectly classical taste. If you intend to study English, study it in De Quincey's multifarious and highly interesting writings. His method is :—He takes up a certain point on a subject, a minute point it may be, and apparently quite barren of any significance ;—he goes on talking and talking and talking, with Attic lips, heaping image upon image, thought upon thought, allusion upon allusion. Sometimes you lose your way :—"Is the eloquent and loquacious dreamer speaking to the point? Why? mark! I began in Heaven and has *now* been thrown *into a very abyss.* What has all this heaping Pelion on Ossa to do with the *point?* The point —the point, and nothing but the point, Mr. De Quincey! Why are you wandering from the point?" Reader! you are wandering and not Thomas De Quincey Esq. His is the most steadfast and the most unerring gaze—the world *it is* that is moving round the Sun (as Galileo maintained, despite the *Inquisition*) and not the Sun circling round the earth ; it is *you*, reader, that is to wit, who is wandering and lack the culture the author presupposes in

his readers. Looked at *attentively*, there is a thread on which are strung the jewels diverse and rare ;—*all*, I say, all is *logical*—all is consistent. Mr. De Qcincey writes (to speak pleasantly, anachronism notwithstanding, with a leaf taken out of Mr. J. S. Mill's *Treatise on Logic Ratiocinative and Inductive*. Grant his premises, all else is consistent. But Mr. De Quincey's style is not smooth and spontaneous—it is labored, although in a lesser degree than Carlyle's ; he writes evidently with effort, though that effort falls far short of the painful straining and tension of the sage of Chelsea. It is creditable to him that although a Tory, he could laud Edmund Burke to the skies (*vide* the article, *Rhetoric*). His castigation of Lord Byron for abusing his favorite S. T. C., (*vide Style*) is capital. With pleasure I notice here that in his Essay on *Style*, he considers William Wordsworth as the *only* poet of modern times who has written 'faultless English'—unlucky that he could not name himself also, thus consenting to tell an untruth for decency's sake.

One of the features of De Quincay's writings is the candour they display ; he gives out his whole soul to you—and who can help loving such a frank nature ? He has also shown undoubted instances of humour. (Read his *Selections Grave and Gay.*) As an amusing instance of his superstition, I shall mention the following circumstance :—In reviewing Shakespeare's *Tempest*, he insinuates that the Great Dramatist gave expression to his presentment of his coming end thus :—

"And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book———,"

And De Quincey charges home also with the passage beginning with

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision."

This is superstition. But I am very talkative and must bid Mr. De Quincey—Farewell !

Now claims my notice the redoubted Christopher North. Professor Wilson of Paisley was a hale man, if there was one—physically, intellectually, emotionally hale. In *physique*, he was a giant, so they say. He competed with Sir William Hamilton,

for the chair of Moral Philosophy of the Edinburgh University, and gained the day. He was somehow connected with Professor Ferrier, author of the *Institutes of Metaphysic*, a lucid and thoroughly reasoned exposition of the Berkeleyan Theory of the External world. Professor Wilson is both profound and poetical like Carlyle and De Quincey ; but his distinguishing feature is emotional *rush*. On the feeling comes, gusto by gusto, and as it comes, he pours it out naturally and with corresponding vehemence the dashes that besprinkle his prose-poems represent his breaking spaces : the intensity of his emotion makes him gasp for breath ! The sentence does not labor as with De Quincey or Carlyle, but it issues warm and reeking from his seething brain. He is singularly eloquent, and often bursts with tremendous might, (*vide Winter—a Rhapsody.*) In rapidity of conception and execution, he is without a parallel —to speak fearlessly, neither Shakespeare nor Sir Walter Scott equals him, and Byron but makes the nearest approach. He is, without question, *Nature's Darling*. From Nature he drinks inspiration by mouthfulls, and gives out as much. * * * * The tone of Wilson's writings is eminently Christian. Once he scowled on M'aulay (Macaulay !) Mackintosh had overpraised the unfortunate Mecaulay, and Christopher North took umbrage at this. * * * * * * *

In *De Quincey's Letters* is noticed an anonymous individual, whom the author praises for his extraordinary natural gifts, but who, he (De Quincey) gives us to understand, has not received the most intellectually intellectual education. I tried to find who was meant ; and at last surmised that it might be Wilson. But this is valueless as a fact. De Quincey and Wilson, to their eternal honor be it said, were the first to see the worth of Wordsworth, and it is mainly owing to *their* influential advocacy that Wordsworth has begun to be appreciated. Wilson's *forte* lay in description—he is not content that you manage to conceive his object—he makes you *see* it. I love Scotchmen, and that's another reason why I love Professor Wilson. C. M.

THE PRICE OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

ARE there races of men whose civilization is impossible unless they are forcibly conquered and arbitrarily governed by a more civilized nation? Unless this question can be answered in the affirmative, all conquests are acts of downright spoliation, and all alien rule an unmitigated evil. For the sufferings which a nation inflicts upon another by conquering it and holding it in subjection are simply indescribable. The rule of the sword is the most terrible of all rules, and it is by that alone that dominion can be maintained over a foreign people. Liberty, the most precious of all possessions, is necessarily wrested from them in the very act of conquest. They are governed with a high hand. In legislation, their wants and wishes are disregarded. In taxation their resources are ignored. Their aspirations are treated with open contempt and ridicule. The most insulting estimates are formed about their national character. The conquering country cannot afford to send her best men to govern the dependency. A horde of hungry adventurers is let loose into it. Their only care is to enrich themselves, regardless of the fate of the country which contributes to their wealth. They trample upon the tenderest sensibilities of the conquered people. Threats, frowns, rebukes, and insults are considered to form the only kind of treatment fit for them. Every bagman, shoeblack, and chimney-sweep that sets his foot upon the conquered country, considers himself suddenly translated into a sovereign, assumes the most insolent airs, and expects all except his own countrymen to bow down to him in reverence. The least disappointment in these expectations puts him out of his temper and he vindicates his dignity by committing outrages from the consequences of which he relies on the prestige of his nation to save him. The hirelings of the Press delight in tormenting the subject people by venting their spite in venomous tirades. Justice is almost impossible when the

opposite parties belong to the ruling and the ruled races. The qualities for which the individuals of the dominant class are eulogized and rewarded, are looked upon with a jealous eye when evinced by the vanquished people. Their actions are judged by a code of morals in which submission to tyranny is a cardinal virtue. The least acts of insubordination are visited with the most severe punishment. All attempts to secure a fairer treatment are construed into disloyalty and treason and are put down with a strong hand. The statecraft of the ruling race is exercised in devising measures to deprive the ruled of the power of complaining at the oppression committed upon them, and of the means of defending themselves from it. The members of the governing class form a compact in which the misdeeds of the lower functionaries are overlooked, hided, excused and apologized by the higher; while the eyes and hands of them all are ready to watch and punish the slightest misbehaviour in the ruled. They are cowed down in spirit, and are kept in constant awe. While all this goes on, the rulers wonder at their own moderation, justice and humanity. These are a few instances of the wrongs which a conquered people suffer at the hands of their conquerors.

Such a course of rigorous discipline a nation can by no means consent to undergo. Its infliction is excusable, if at all, only when there is no other means of rescuing it from a perpetual barbarism. The desire to civilize a people whose civilization is otherwise impossible, is therefore the only ground on which a nation can justify itself in depriving that people of its independence. Even in this case, it may be a question whether a nation is right, in forcing its good services on another nation. In any other case alien rule is no more justifiable than the act of a strong man robbing a weak man of all his property and turning him into a slave.

The English do not profess to hold India on this understanding. They urge their civilizing mission as their justifica-

tion for conquering and ruling this country. They think we were, and still are, incapable of governing ourselves and in support of this view they advance the internecine wars, foreign invasions, ignorance and injurious institutions to which we were subject and which rendered our progress impossible. Thus they stand very much in the same relations to us as the Court of Wards stands to rich heirs who are incapable of managing their own estates. The task they have proposed to themselves is that of civilizing us and of making us fit for self-government. It is on this desire to improve our condition that their right to demand our loyalty is founded. If they held India for their own benefit, if they stood in the position of robbers, loyalty to them would cease to be our duty, and it would have been incumbent on us to liberate ourselves from their sway as soon as we could. But though it is the duty of every man to emancipate himself from the power of a tyrant, yet it would be the height of folly if an heir sought to sever his connection from the Court of Wards, which, for a time, prevents him from conducting the affairs, and spending the proceeds, of his estates after his own mind. It is from these considerations that thoughtful men and far-sighted patriots in India do not desire to break the union between England and India, and do not repudiate the idea of the loyalty of the Indians to the British Crown.

Though it must be acknowledged to the credit and honor of the English that we are not suffering all the evils of an alien rule, yet it must be candidly said that we are suffering many of them, and that above all we are made to pay a very high price for our civilization. The Civil and Military Services of this country, one of the poorest in the world, are more highly paid than those of any other country. The number of public servants is far more than the work of administration requires. Offices are sometimes created only to make provisions for English youths and other candidates for employment. And then all the offices held by Europeans are most extravagantly remunerated. It is not true to say that the men who are occupying

them could not be attracted by the offer of smaller salaries. But supposing they could not, why not take advantage of cheaper labor? In four places out of every five now held by Europeans, Indians could be employed not only without the slightest loss of efficiency, but, perhaps, with greater efficiency, any superior qualifications that might be named on behalf of the Europeans being more than balanced by the advantages which educated Indians possess in being familiar with the languages, manners, and customs of the people in being better able to sympathise with their needs. But even granting that efficiency is somewhat impaired by employing the Indians, we cannot afford to pay for the efficiency secured by employing Europeans. Take a very simple illustration. Do English gentlemen in this country employ European butlers when they can only afford to keep a native *khánsámá?* Why then should the administrators of India commit a blunder when we are to suffer its consequences which they would not have done at their own risk? We could do with a much cheaper and simpler administration than that with which we are now saddled. The rules of economy which regulate the household establishment and furniture of a family also apply to the administration of a country. Expenditure must not exceed the means. We must not maintain a style which we cannot afford. The same holds good of an administration. We are a poor people. We would never have maintained an establishment of magistrates, judges and so on with such princely salaries as at present, if we had the option. The cost of administration, exorbitant as it is, would not have been so ruinous to the country if the money did not go out of it. Under the existing state of things it is a dead loss to the country. As much as onethird of the whole revenue goes direct to England in the name of "Home Charges," never to return. Of the remainder the greater portion goes into the pockets of the European Civil and Military servants and thence finds its way to England and is likewise an irrecoverable loss to India. And all this is perhaps nothing compared with the enormous amount of wealth drained by the English

tradesman every year from the country never to be returned in any shape.

Such is the prodigious price we pay for our civilization, besides bearing the thousand and one evils inseparable from alien rule. Under these circumstances we have a right, unless it is denied to us on the ground of might, to expect that the services done to the country in return for these immense sacrifices, should be real and lasting, that the English should faithfully discharge the duties on which their right to enjoy sovereignty over us is founded—that they should civilize us and make us fit for self-government. Up to the present this duty has been very imperfectly discharged. The only substantial work hitherto done is the partial education which has been given to a few thousand out of the many hundred millions of men. The condition of our peasantry, if changed at all, has been changed for the worse. Our industries instead of being developed, have been crippled by being subjected to an unequal competition. Let the Government hasten to fulfil the obligations which it has so long neglected. As a first step in this direction let it extend the present system of public instruction far beyond its present limits. Other Governments may leave the work of education in the hands of the people themselves. But the British Government has an exceptional position in India. It has not only to govern but to educate and enlighten us. Even in countries like America, Germany and Switzerland, where the rulers do not boast of a higher civilization than the ruled, education is admitted to be the duty of Government. But this duty becomes far more binding on the rulers of India who claim to be the givers of light to this country. To keep us in ignorance, to ruin our industries, to pauperize our peasantry, to debar us from places of responsibility, to deprive us of the use of arms—these are certainly not the ways in which they can civilize us and make us competent for self-government. They should seek their safety in humane and equitable rule rather than in our ignorance and powerlessness.

A HINDUSTANI.

BANGA-VIRA CHARITA.

PART I.

BY RAJ RAJENDRA CHANDRA,

Member of the *Chitya Ranjini Sahitya Sabha, Sreebati.*

THIS is a biography of Babu Ramdas Banerjea—popularly known as '*Ramdas Babu of Metiri.*' The extraordinary physical feats of this gentleman, who was endowed with a giant's strength, have become proverbial. Surely, Bengalis may well be proud of such a man; and the writer of the pamphlet has done well in presenting the public with the noteworthy incidents in Ramdas Babu's life. Should the writer give us biographical notices of the lives of Bengalis gifted with extraordinary bodily powers, his labors will be quite welcome. We cannot estimate too highly the importance of such examples. The physical improvement of the Bengalis is a question of vital importance and those who contribute their efforts towards the attainment of this great object, are justly entitled to the thanks of those who have their country's good at heart.

ON TRUANT SCHOOLS AND JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

BY JOHN F. MOSS,

Clerk of the Sheffield School Board.

AMONG methods of dealing with juvenile offenders proposed in recent years, the Truant Industrial School merits more attention than it has hitherto received.

Originally projected to meet difficulties encountered in the administration of the Elementary Education Acts, the system has succeeded in such a way as to warrant the expectation that it will develop a much wider field of usefulness than was at first anticipated. Recognising the principle that the prevention of crime is of even

more importance than its punishment, it aims at correction in the very earliest stages of wrong-doing, and deals with the child, not as a "hardened criminal," but as a tender plant, supple and susceptible of training. To call a child of eight or ten years a "hardened criminal" is surely a misnomer; yet her Majesty's Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools had occasion in his last annual report to quote a case in which a boy of eight years of age, "more fit for a nursery," had been sent to a Reformatory School after undergoing at least ten days of imprisonment in the common gaol. "He had," says Major Inglis, "been in company with two older boys, a brother of ten and a lad of fourteen, who were concerned in some petty theft; and there was no doubt that his companions had led him into the scrape."

Fortunately in this instance measures were taken to avert the doom to which the poor boy had been consigned, and he may still be allowed a chance in life. But, sadly, too many have been ruthlessly sacrificed. Cut off from all ordinary social humanizing influences, and herded with full-fledged criminals of riper years, what wonder if children so dealt with should catch the contagion, and become waifs and strays of society? Evil proclivities are not developed in a day, neither are vice and crime matured in a moment; but the downward career becomes appallingly easy when once the stamp of dishonor and degradation is given. Thousands who now crowd the ranks of habitual criminals might with judicious treatment at the outset have been reclaimed and restored. Many would never have become so fearfully familiar with prison life had greater care been taken to guard against their first contact with its pestilential influence. Often, alas! in very childhood the shadow falls, and from thence starts the melancholy "might have been," which must echo through far distant years. Happily, however, the Elementary Education Acts supply a means of dealing with the wayward, ill-trained child when he first turns aside. He may be dealt with for truancy or frequenting bad company, without waiting for the committal of acts to which greater stigma attaches. Let reclamation begin here, and the dark torrent which now disgraces the country will be sensibly diminished. Children classed as incorrigibles are often "more sinned against than sinning." In many cases it will be found that juvenile offences are the outcome of parental

neglect. Frequently brutality and selfishness on the part of parents incite children to acts of vagabondage, vagrancy, and vice. The application of the correctional process should, therefore, be in two directions—parents as well as children should be reached. In other cases over-indulgence produces the difficulty, and then the parent, though still to be held responsible, may become more an object of pity. But, however developed, bad habits, truancy, and evil companionship should be dealt with at the earliest moment possible, and it is to this end that the Truant School system is applied.

The Truant Industrial Schools already in operation are those of the London, Liverpool, and Sheffield School Boards, and they are certified under the provisions of the Industrial Schools Act, 1866. The London scheme differs materially from the others named, and will not come within the scope of the description now proposed to be given. The Sheffield School is, however, selected for special notice, not on account of any superiority over that of Liverpool, but because its operations and management have more immediately claimed the attention of the writer.

An official note entered in the log-book on the occasion of the recent Government inspection sets forth that "the Truant School system as carried on at Sheffield can scarcely fail to have good results." Let us see what that system is. The institution is intended primarily for the reception of children dealt with under the 11th and 12th sections of the Elementary Education Act, 1876. If a child of school age is not being provided with efficient elementary instruction, or if he be "found habitually wandering, or not under proper control, or in the company of rogues, vagabonds, disorderly persons, or reputed criminals," then the parent should, "after due warning," be summoned before the Magistrates, who are empowered to order that such child shall attend some certified efficient school to be named in the order. If this order be not complied with the parent may be again fined; or if he satisfies the court that he has used all reasonable efforts to enforce compliance, the Magistrates may thereupon order the child to be sent to a Certified Day Industrial School, or if there be no such school suitable for the child, then to a Certified Industrial School. In case of any second or subsequent non-compliance with an attendance order, the court may both send the child to an Industrial School and inflict a fine. In

relation to all these cases the Truant School occupies the position of an ordinary Certified Industrial School. Similar grants towards its maintenance are made by the Treasury, and it is under the same Government inspection. There is, however, this essential difference, that whereas to the ordinary Certified Industrial Schools may be sent children charged with offences punishable by imprisonment though not convicted of felony, cases of this nature are not admissible as such into the Truant School. Whatever wrong a child may have done he must only be sent to the Truant School for a breach of the Elementary Education Act, and thus it is sought to prevent stigma arising from his brief detention. The reasonableness of this will be obvious. In children of tender years there is not that fulness of moral perception and mental development which seem inseparable from the idea of criminal conduct, and the offences of juveniles should in this light be treated rather as proofs of defective control or want of proper training.

Usually a child is committed to the school till he shall attain his sixteenth year, but actual attention need not necessarily extend over more than a month. Three months seems about the average period. The object of committal for a long period is to give power of full control; in many cases it may protect children from the pernicious action of bad parents. Formerly children could not be licensed to live out of Industrial Schools till they had been eighteen months under detention; but the Elementary Education Act of 1876 gave managers power to license out after the expiration of one month of the period. The licenses from the Truant School are granted on condition of good conduct and regular attendance at some ordinary efficient elementary school, but they must be renewed every three months until a discharge be granted, or the full term expires.

The Sheffield Truant School is situated on the verge of the moors, about five miles from the town, and in a quiet, thinly populated district, beyond the reach of disturbances which might interfere with discipline or work. Attached to the school premises is a farm upon which some of the boys are employed, while others do a little wood-chopping or other light work. The buildings were at first certified for sixty boys, but accommodation is being made available for twenty more, and among those now under detention

are children from Manchester, Halifax, Nottingham, Derby, Hull, Scarborough, Rotherham, West Bromwich, Wednesbury, Huddersfield, Stock-ton-on-Tees and other towns.

On a child's first admission into the school he is isolated for a few days and set to the tedious occupation of Oakum-picking; at the same time he is made to understand that his conduct and work will be watched, and that the discipline will be relaxed as he shows himself worthy of being trusted. He only mingles with the rest of the scholars at prayers, at meal-times, at lessons and at drill; but care is taken that his health shall not suffer, and the superintendent—who is exceedingly jud'cious and kindly disposed, though equally firm—often finds it quite practicable to dispense with a portion of this treatment, which may in first cases extend to four days, while in the case of children returned to the school after being once licensed out it may be extended to fourteen days, or in the case of a child over twelve being returned a second time, the confinement may be imposed for one month. Sometimes the task is assumed with sullenness or open defiance, but a little quiet reasoning and timely counsel have an astonishing effect under the circumstances, and better feelings usually soon prevail. When his conduct commends him for removal to the probationary stage he finds his lot an easier one—indeed, it would be bearable enough but for the want of liberty, which appeals in an especial degree to those who have hitherto known too little of restraint. Now, however, he has the chance of redeeming himself, and he knows that freedom can only be gained by industry and good conduct. Here too comes the opportunity for a little special drill. Sometimes it transpires that a boy has been led to dislike school because of some inaptitude or backwardness in a particular branch of instruction, and then care is taken to afford special assistance, so that his motive for truancy may be removed, or at least the temptation lessened. Amid both work and play he is taught the important lessons of truth and honor, and that evil-speaking must be abjured. He is surrounded by boys of spirit who have learned some at least the lessons intended to be enforced, and they too have their influence upon him. If one of the number should commit a fault their sense of justice is appealed to, and they are made to understand the necessity of strict discipline and obedience to rule. Punishments

are not frequent and are not lightly given. Mere mischief or thoughtlessness can be overlooked; but lying or swearing, or other serious offences are visited with fitting correction and it is given in such a way as to have full moral weight. The majority of the boys submit themselves to authority with a real good-will, and though some of them make sorry beginnings and have "many a slip," most striking changes have been wrought even in cases which seemed unpromising, if not hopeless. Still, although a boy may admit that he has been kindly treated, he never asks that he may stay. As one of the first candidates put it, they "don't like being under lock and key."

The same boy had, prior to his committal, walked out for Sheffield to see what chance of escape there would be if he should unluckily be sent to the school, and he then expressed great contempt concerning walls which could so easily be scaled. Actual experience, however, convinced him that escape would be worse than useless, and that moral restraint became as intolerable as "lock and key." Punishment, short and sure, follows any attempt at desertion, and such offences are not frequent. Boys are freely trusted in the garden or on the farm, and for the most part they faithfully respect the confidence reposed in them. One little fellow not yet eleven years of age did repeatedly run away, and three times got to a distance of between sixty and seventy miles from the school, but after being brought back the fifth time he declared himself determined to win his liberty this time by "being a good boy," and he kept his word. It is amusing sometimes to see the zeal with which boys on probation "mount guard" over any one suspected of a desire to abscond. Such an one is looked upon as a common foe, reflecting discredit upon the whole body. Nothing seemed to please the little reformed runaway already referred to better than being intrusted with duties of this nature.

Licenses are not usually granted before the expiration of from two to three months. Some boys are intrusted to the care of friends earlier, but others are detained for a considerably longer period. The superintendent is required to submit a special report at the end of the first three months, and a further report quarterly if detention be still further prolonged. Sometimes it is found that boys cannot be sent out because their home surroundings are unsuitable, but in

such cases arrangements may be made for placing them under the care of respectable employers directly they reach the standard of education entitling them to exemption from the obligation to attend school. Some are so quick and so successful in their studies as to render this the work of a short time only. One who on admission could barely read the simplest monosyllables and had been in a shockingly neglected condition, managed, after sixteen months, to pass very creditably an examination according to the 4th standard of the new code—a rate of progress certainly not common in ordinary schools.

The food is plain and suitable, costing a little over 3*s.* per head per week; and amid the pure, bracing air of Hollow Meadows it has an evident relish. A simple warm uniform is provided, with special provision for the boys who are told off for outdoor work. The total cost, including salaries, will, with a full school, amount to about 8*s.* per head per week, a portion of which is met by Government grant and contributions from various School Boards. The contributions levied upon parents varying from 6*d.* to 5*s.* per head per week are appropriated by the Treasury towards the Government grant in each case, and only when the amount is greater than the grant is any allowance made to the school on this account. In most districts the police are intrusted with the collection of these contributions, but in Liverpool the duty is performed by the officers of the School Board, acting as the agents of the Government authorities; and the result has been satisfactory in that very special attention has been given to the enforcement of payment as far as possible. It is a common mistake to fix the contributions only at such a figure as will render the collection easy and the burthen upon the parents light. But this is positively mischievous in cases where the parents themselves are the real culprits. For such the contribution should not only be fixed high enough to make its payment inconvenient, but it should be relentlessly exacted. Better by far that they should suffer the just penalty of their infancy than they should be encouraged in so rearing a whole family that each member may in turn become the head of a future race of vagabonds and criminals. A curious calculation recently made is said to have revealed the fact that in one of the States of America one single family of illiterates had in

seventyfive years produced 1,200 criminals, paupers and drunkards, and had cost the country, directly and indirectly, more than 1,000,000 dollars. It would have cost the State less to have held the head of this unhappy race strictly to his duty at the right time. The school must not be made a convenience for those who would only be too glad of thus shelving their responsibilities. Some have been known to even incite children to crime with the object of getting them easily off their hands; but, on the other hand, not a few have found means of working a wonderful improvement without any intervention of the law, directly they found that the "incorrigibles" would not be taken without some suitable contribution being exacted towards maintenance.

Nor is the deterrent effect of the system confined to children actually received into the schools. Every boy let out on license becomes a sort of missionary in his way, preaching terror to evil-doers. His wholesome dread of the discipline which a second detention would entail has no slight influence upon both himself and his companions, though unfortunately sometimes temptations prove too strong and he has to bear the consequences. During last year twelve children were returned once to the school, and one was returned a second time.

Many pleasing instances are reported in which children have done exceedingly well when restored to liberty; but a number of licenses have been revoked on account of irregular attendance after the first few weeks of trial. In nearly all these latter cases, however, the parents are at fault, and it is believed that with proper care on their part reclamation might have been made complete.

Taking it altogether, the result of the experiment proves the possibility of refractory children being reclaimed otherwise than as quasi-criminals, and without waiting till they actually render themselves liable to imprisonment with all its blighting consequences.

As compared with Industrial Schools, into which children are received for long terms only, the expenses of management are of course heavy, as with short terms the labour of the children cannot so well be made remunerative, and indeed many are too young for much physical work. But if the system succeeds it amply repays the cost, and it is really economical in the end. The issues are too

momentous to be measured by monetary cost, and must be appraised by a far higher standard, for who shall tell the ultimate results, penetrating, as it is hoped they will, into the unseen future, and affecting generations yet unborn?—*Good Words*, April 1881.

LINES BY THE LATE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

I.

"Till Death us part."
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Thro' blessing and thro' curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

II.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

III.

Till Death us join.
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime;
Thro' lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.

IV.

Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;
Till, thro' the Only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one for ever.

Spectator.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

THERE are, it seems, in existence copious materials for a detailed biography of Sir William Herschel. But we may very well be

content with the intelligent and sympathetic sketch which Mr. Holden, himself a student of the same science, has given us in this volume of the great astronomer. William Herschel, born in Hanover in 1738, came of a family of musicians. It was as a musician that he came over to England, and in teaching and conducting that he spent many of the best years of his life. He was, indeed, still by profession a musician when, in 1781, he made his great discovery of Uranus. How great that discovery was, we, who are used to the almost monthly discovery of new members of the "asteroid" group, can hardly estimate. But, as Mr. Holden well remarks, "it has absolutely no parallel, for every other major planet had been known from time immemorial." The following year, music, as a profession, was abandoned, though Herschel retained his love for the art to the last. He removed to Datchet, receiving a salary from the King of £200 a year. As some one remarked, he was "bought very cheap." Now it is not the fashion for royalty to buy at all. George III. was genuinely fond of at least the spectacular part of astronomy, and Herschel had constantly to transport his telescope to the palace for the royal observer. From Datchet he removed, in 1786, to Slough, and there continued to work almost up to the time of his death, in 1822.—*Spectator.*

THE LIFE OF MAN.

Ah! Fortune on thy fickle blast
Unfixed are we for ever cast
Thou fickle show'st a smile or frown
And merc'less striv'st to cast him down
Whom recent thou did'st mark his fate
Ambition's heights to emulate.
Ah! man, thou weak and powerless thing
Luck leads a pauper or a king,
Fetter'd art thou to every ill
Without a power to use thy will
Without a power or might to save
Thy body from the oblivious grave,
Know! Fortune when she strives to rise
A dissolution prophesies.

T.



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THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

By Mutti Lall Sing.

IT is a very different thing to gaze at a troup of monkeys in a cage, from gazing at parrots, jackals or cats. There is a suspicion of mind and soul about the monkey that prevents one thinking idly or lightly of him. I suspect the child in Calcutta thinks more highly of the monkey than the child in London. The traditions of Hindu faith invest the monkey with a heroic importance in India that can never be attached to him in England. His history runs back, with us, to heroic times when his ancestors were the allies of gods. Hunoman has been heard of by every body in this country, as the ally of Rama, and how he held his court upon the mountain peaks by the Pampas Lakes, and how the sentinels on the topmost rocks saw Rama approaching and recognized him, when he came to ask Hunoman's assistance to recover Seeta, the lady of the lotus eyes, from Ravana, black Raja of the Demons of Ceylon.

These are tales that interest us all, not in early youth only. The picture of Hunoman coming down reverently to great Rama, stepping from ridge to ridge, and leading the hero up to the council peaks where the princes were assembled together, is not one to be soon forgotten. Told in the tender time of youth, when every thing makes an impression on the mind, it is not likely indeed to be *ever* forgotten. Did not Hunoman sit apart upon a separate peak alone? Was not Varana, the white ape, there, like a snow-drift on a Himalayan ridge, and Aungadha of the portentous tail, with the strength of a whole herd of elephants in each of his hairy arms? Shall we ever forget how the great army of monkeys was to be divided into four, each to search a quarter of the universe? and how 'the southern fell to Hunoman; and who does not remember his jump across the straits into Ceylon, and his finding the beautiful Seeta shut up in that wonderful enchanted garden? Is it possible that we should ever forget how Nala, the wizard of the four-handed soldiers, made stones float upon the sea for a bridge, and how Iambuvat, king of the bears, led his people down from the hills to help the noble army of monkeys? No, such things can never be forgotten,—the prowess of Indrajet, mightiest of the sons of black Ravana, is as much a fact to the Hindu child as the political ability of Akhbar, or the military skill of a Clive or a Wellington. The destruction of the city of the Demons, the triumphal progress of Rama escorting Seeta back to Ajudhya, the departure of the monkey army for their merry hills by the Pampas Lake,—all these are facts as indelibly woven with the early recollections of the Hindu child, as the destruction of Pharoah and his host, the miraculous manna, and the wise sayings of Balaam's ass, with the recollections of the child brought up on the banks of the Thames, the Seine, or the Tiber.

No, we cannot help looking at monkeys very differently in this country from the people of Europe. There is a certain halo about them, a halo, if not of sanctity, at least of superstitious interest. We smile at the story. We may not believe a word

of it, just as the educated people in Europe do not believe in the Deluge and Noah's Ark, but the tradition lives in the memory nevertheless, and will probably never be eradicated.

Yet the monkeys are not proud of their antique lineage and noble deeds in times of yore. They will consent to eat our rice, and to frequent our village bazaars, disdaining not our simple fruits and our vegetable repasts. Nay even the wild berries and green shoots of the jungle will content them when they find a lack of food in our village stores, or when the housewives are forced to practise a more rigid economy. There is no pride about them, but gravity and sadness of face rather, induced, perhaps, by the recollection of classical glory and present decadence. Æsop tells us that an ape wept when passing through a cemetery. "What ails you, my friend?" asked the fox, in real or affected sympathy with this flow of grief. "O nothing particular" was the reply of the sensitive creature "but I always weep when reminded of my dead ancestors." Æsop meant this for satire of course. Our human forefathers, he would teach us, were little better than apes after all, notwithstanding Chinese ancestor worship and sentimental poetry. But Æsop knew nothing of Hunoman and his exploits and is therefore to be forgiven.

Even in play monkeys are serious, and wear a tearful expression of countenance—their eyes are wistful and disconsolate even when engaged in the most riotous games. Peeling an orange they will look at it with immeasurable grief. You may see one of the elders sorrowfully cuffing a youngster about the ears for some offence, real or imaginary, but with so woebegone an expression of face that it is evident the cuffer suffers more from mental tribulation than the cuffed from bodily pain.

The green monkey of Ethiopia was a god in Egypt, in the times of the glory of old Memphis. He was the type of the god of letters, often associated with Thoth, and is found embalmed in numerous vaults. He is sculptured on the obelisks of Luxor, and lends sanctity to a hundred shrines. Pthah, the

little baboon, was one of the gods of learning in ancient Egypt. You may see him in a cage in our gardens, looking grave and solemn enough for a Scotch Professor of Metaphysics. He muses now, with pensive sadness, over the skin of a plaintain. I have seen him weeping over a nutshell. Pthah was worshipped for centuries in the city of Thebes of the hundred gates; without him Hermopolis would have been desolate, and now he resigns himself to a little straw, a nutshell, and the skin of a plaintain, yet not without sad protest on his melancholy face.

The farm goats in our Bengal villages still perch themselves on the highest bank they can find, a broken wall, a fallen tree, a heap of refuse. Their wild ancestors once stood as sentinels on the heights of the Himalayas, and, in memory of this, our village goats climb and muse, on every "coign of vantage." Our village dog turns himself round and round before lying down to sleep, and why? Because, in his old wolfish days, his progenitors cautiously took several looks round before venturing on the dangerous pleasure of repose. And is there then no cause for the gravity, the melancholy, the sorrow, that characterize the faces of our poor relations in the monkey-house? Why will they never laugh? If memories of Hunoman and his exploits have nothing to do with their grief, can it be that they remember sadly how the god, that was worshipped in Egypt, was cooked and eaten in Abyssinia? It was so, and if our modern commentators tell us truth, the very same monkey that was worshipped in Egypt and eaten in Ethiopia, was a favorite with the fair beauties of ancient Greece, those Delias and Aspasias who captivated the wisest and the bravest of mankind. Nay they had to be remonstrated with, those fair ones, for nestling their monkey favorites in their own couches!

Strange peoples those ancient Greeks and those still more ancient Egyptians! Herodotus tells us that when a cat or a sacred monkey died in the dwelling of an ancient Egyptian, the owner shaved his eyebrows as a mark of grief, embalmed the

defunct animal in a consecrated coffer, and solemnly carried it with pomp according to his wealth, to be interred in a city of Lower Egypt, a considerable city and a sacred, known as Bubastis, the Sepulchre of Dead Monkeys, as the name imports—nay rather the City of Sacred Cats, says Wilkinson. I cannot tell which, not being learned in hieroglyphical lore, but certainly one of the two I suppose, and equally curious either—whether Sepulchre of Dead Monkeys, or City of Sacred Cats!

There is a little baboon in a corner of that cage that affects solitude, and appears to think hard all day. But apparently nothing comes of all his thinking. In Madras his relatives are called, "the wise ones," and if contemplation and meditation, silent and profound, induce wisdom, they should surely be exceeding wise. In the pleasant old days of Pan and Mercury, these pigmies waged war on the cranes we are told. They were mounted on goats and made foraging expeditions on the cranes' nests, runing away with the eggs and the fledgling, eating both without sauce or cooking, knowing nothing of curries, and innocent of pillaus. A friend of mine, who has recently returned from London, tells me the educated people in that overgrown hive of humanity, are beginning to appreciate our eastern cookery now, and to turn from their own barbaric joints of huge slaughtering-houses, legs of beef and haunches of mutton, flesh, fowl, and fish, to the more exquisite gastronomic productions of Hindu and Moslem cookery in India. We may educate their palates in time as our forefathers evidently did something in times past to civilize the superstitious and unpolished Egyptians.

That grave little monkey in the corner is called *the Monk* in Europe, and he wears habitually a look of gravity and distress on his face that might well beseem a Jesuit or a Capuchin of these troublous times for the Church in France or Germany. His hair seems blanched with extreme old age, and a black skull cap appears to rest on his crown, doubtless from which he gets his peculiar title. Wizened old grey beard though he looks, however, the gay deciever is still quite

young, an adept in deception like his congeners in Europe! That aspect of venerable weary thought was on his features when he was born, and he uses it as a mask to concoct and perpetrate the merriest sins, the most playful and airiest breaches of morality! His countenance invites confidence enough to make him director of a bank, if the monkeys of Brazil whence he comes, have banks. By the bye has any learned lexicographer told us of the connexion between the two words, monk and monkey? They are connected as goose and gosling, as eagle and eaglet.* A monkey is a little monk, but this peculiar white furred, venerable looking deceiver, with the black skull cap, is *the monk* by right of birth.

The common squirrel-monkey of our Bengal jungles is as strange a fellow as any of the tribe. Look at that family of them, three little ones and one senior. Nothing can be more becoming and decorous than their conduct for a time. The young ones romp with idle frivolity amongst the straw below, whilst the old one, discountenancing such levity, looks severely on from a perch above, turning every now and then, with a twitch, to look wistfully over the spectators' heads, as if he was expecting a fashionable visitor every moment. On a sudden, without the slightest notice, a change comes over the scene. One of the young ones, grovelling under the straw, forgets that it has left its tail protruding, and the temptation is greater than the grave serious steady elder can resist. In the twinkling of an eye he accepts the challenge to a romp, as if a sudden inspiration had seized him! He jumps down, seizes the tail and twitches it, tumbles a number of somersaults, and conducts himself generally like the most frivolous of youngsters, whilst one of those very youngsters has taken his place on the perch above, and contemplates his venerable father's antics with mild but solemn disapproval! The father, lately so respectable and austere, has suddenly resolved himself into an irresponsible fool,

* This hint for examiners in English I give freely, gratis, and for nothing.—M. L. S.

committing every kind of absurdity, and subjecting himself to the severest condemnation of the youthful members of his family. Those who do not respect themselves cannot of course look for respect from others. No body could have believed, seeing the steady solemnity of the parent only a few minutes ago that he could possibly degenerate into a vulgar romper like this. But so it is. Another of the mysteries of monkey life!

Is there not metaphysical study necessary to explain these mysteries! There is no arguing from probabilities, they despise and set at defiance all logical formulas. The unforeseen always occurs with them. See how the monkey from Gibraltar fraternizes with yonder specimen from Rohilcund, and how both make friends with him of South America, yet through myriads of generation, their progenitors were never in each others' company. They understand each other. Each hides at once what the other would most like to have. Each takes for itself from a basket of food the very article coveted most by his two companions, when he gets a chance. They will combine for games and gymnastics. They seem to understand each others' chatter. It is not easy for us to catch a monkey's eye, it is still more difficult to catch his idea. They remain, the whole tribe of them, a mystery and an enigma to the philosopher.

HINDU HOLIDAYS IN GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Delenda est Carthago was not more constant the cry of Cato the Elder than that of the English merchants in this country for the abolition of Hindu holidays in Government offices. The demand, to say the least, is a most selfish one and could be urged by the "nation of shop-keepers" alone. These holidays—especially the holidays for twelve consecutive days on account of Durga Puja, falling in the midst of the working season, are said to interfere with their business, and loud is the complaint therefore that they should be observed in Government offices with which

they have transactions most. Business no doubt suffers on account of these holidays which involve the closing of offices, but it is unavoidable. Durga Puja is dear to the hearts of the people of Lower Bengal. It is a religious institution and has concerns mostly with their spiritual affairs. But the universal observance which it imposes upon all Hindus on account of its being a religious institution of very special merits reflects so strongly upon the social and domestic affairs of the people as to give it an additional feature, and taken in this new feature alone, no violence could be offered to it without doing violence to the feelings of a vast community. The observance of the Puja in all its aspects and with all the obligations, religious, social and domestic, which it imposes, cannot be put a stop to. The idea is sacrilegious and repugnant to the feelings of the people. In spite of the English merchants of Calcutta all Bengal must observe it and observe it in the particular season of the year—the Autumn, and if, during the period when all Bengal would be devoutly engaged in the performance of Durga Puja in the hopes of obtaining salvation for their souls and in the discharge of the attendant obligations which have grown upon the people for ages past, the Government were to keep its offices open and to insist upon the attendance of the Hindu Assistants employed in those offices, it would prevent a vast number of men who have the misfortune to serve the Government from performing what is incumbent upon them to perform on account of their caste and creed. The number of men thus employed is not inconsiderable, and we concede that the Government being their employers are in a position to dictate terms upon which they are to be employed. But it ought to be considered whether the sacrifices which a large portion of the community would incur by being deprived of its holidays would not weigh heavier than the pecuniary loss of a few English merchants—foreigners at best whom the love of gold alone induces to these shores and to establish relationship with them it may be at the point of bayonets. The religion of a community, composed of the children of the soil,

and the consideration of its social and domestic concerns are on one side, and the gain reaped from that soil by a number of foreign adventurers who seek it from motives of that gain alone is on the other, and let every unprejudiced observer declare which ought to have the preference. The merchants no doubt bring in considerable wealth to the country, but it must be remembered also that they take as much out of it, if not more. The advantage is therefore reciprocal and if the general holidays involve any interruption to business, both parties—that is, the children of the soil on one side and the foreign merchants on the other, suffer equally from that interruption. If the latter went to any other port with which they had no relation whatever and to which they are permitted to carry their trade by sufferance alone, would they venture so much even as to petition its Government to abolish any local institution, any local customs or usage which they found caused interruptions to their trade? The difference as regards this country consists in the difference of the relation between it and England whose merchants trade with it, and it is on account of that difference in the relationship that the latter clamour against the indigenous institutions of the land when they imagine those institutions interfere with their earnings. India is a conquered country and the English nation is the conqueror. It is by virtue of the right conferred by conquest that the English merchants cannot bear to see unmoved any regard being paid to the feelings of the native population in the matter of its religious and social observances when those observances interfere with their interests. This feeling operates powerfully in the minds of the English merchants and their persistent demand for the abolition of Hindu holidays cannot but be traced to the operation of this feeling. They cannot calculate without unconcern their annual earnings at so much the less because the natives would not work on certain days in the year. So powerfully does this feeling operate in the minds of the Englishmen residing in this country that it becomes most unmistakeably visible in their outward actions. Under ordinary circumstances

they would fain conceal their feelings but at times the struggle to keep them in check becomes most violent and in spite of all their efforts they betray themselves in their true colour. An instance might be mentioned of the ebulition of this feeling which occurred not many years ago in the city of Calcutta. It was during one of these Durga Puja holidays that an English lady, wife of a respectable English merchant, who had considerable influence in the mercantile community, went to China Bazar to buy sugar. She had been accustomed to buy it at so much for a rupee. But the price of the article having gone up on account of the festival she had to pay a much higher price than her usual *nerick.* She was indignant, she hanged the shopkeepers, she hanged the Durga Puja, she swore that she would see the Puja abolished; and full of her position in her mind she never doubted of her success. Forthwith an informal representation went to the Chamber of Commerce, her indignation was pronounced to be just, but it was considered inexpedient to go up to Government and after a pic-nic at the Botanical gardens the question dropped. The agitation against the Durga Puja holidays revives itself every year with the return of the festival and the hostile feelings which the holidays have evoked this year are to be traced to the discomfiture of some of the merchants by the cancellation last year of the orders of abolition passed in 1879. It will be remembered that in 1879 representations got up under very powerful auspices had gone up to Government for the abolition of the holidays. The Government referred the question to a committee composed of leading merchants and native gentlemen. A report concluding with a recommendation for the abolition of the holidays was drawn up by the committee but the native members dissented from the recommendation. A strong protest was entered by them but the merchants carried the day. Their exultation knew no bounds but it was short-lived. For, on the return of Lord Lytton to Calcutta he took up the question again and upon reconsideration rescinded the previous order. This discomfiture of the English merchants in a conflict with the conquered nation was too galling to be quietly passed over. Hence the

present agitation and it will not be surprizing if a representation against the rescinding order again went up to Government. The characteristic selfishness of the English merchants, their disappointed feelings and their ideas of dominant right would revolt within themselves if they quietly submitted to the final decision come to by Lord Lytton's Government. Their inducement to go up to Government would be all the greater in consequence of the change of administration which has since taken place. But their prospect of success is not hopeful. Lord Ripon is not likely to upset the decision of his predecessor—a decision arrived at after much deliberation and on an appeal against his own previous order.

A HINDU.

OUR ANTIPATHIES.

BY MUTTI LALL SINGH.

BY the mouth of Shylock, the merchant of Venice, Shakespeare has shown us how unreasonable our likings and dislikes are—

"What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipes sing i' the nose,
Cannot contain themselves"—

"Life is a bundle of prejudices, made up of likings and dislikings, sympathies, apathies, and antipathies." It was Charles Lamb said this, and he was right. Great men, as well as little men, have evinced striking proofs in their conduct of that unreasonable aversion to certain objects and sensations common to many, and instances of which meet us constantly in our walk through life. The wise man tries to free himself

from this baleful submission to unreasoning prejudice, whilst the foolish man supinely submits to it..

There is a cheap and easy kind of popularity to be acquired by ridiculing the opinions of those around us, as if they were all necessarily and equally false. So there are men, as Bacon tells us who do little or nothing very solemnly. "Some are so close and reserved that they will not show their wares but by a dark light, and seem always to keep somewhat back, and when they know within themselves that they speak of what they do not well know, would nevertheless seem to others to know of that which they may not well speak." And so Bacon's summary of the whole matter is that in matters of business we had better have to deal with "absurd men," men of prejudices, sympathies, apathies and antipathies, than with those of formal manners, who pretend to have forsaken all these, without having the wisdom to have got rid of any of them.

Byron honestly confesses his antipathy to a dun, and creditors who want payment of their dues are not pleasant companions either in Calcutta or in London. Byron's dislike was of—

"A dun—
Whether a sky or tradesman is all one."

That gloomy leaden sky, so common in the latitude of England, was as hateful to him as the tradesman who came, for the eleventh time, to get payment of his little account. Extravagance had perhaps something to do with it. Men do not become energetic in cursing their creditors, or in bemoaning

——"That climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of your weekly bills"—

till they have added improvidence to folly, forsaking the ways of economy, and going down that steep descent that leads to ruin.

But if such men are to be pitied and deplored, there are others of our crotchety fellow-men who are simply detestable, such as those who *will* make your business their own, whether

you like it or not, and who, when any misfortune occurs, console you with the venerable phrase *I told you so.* Such men are constantly prophesying calamity and vaticinating evil—

> "That portentous phrase, 'I told you so,'
> Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
> Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
> Own they foresaw that you should fall at last;
> Solacing their slight lapse 'gainst *bonos mores*,
> With long memorandums of well-known old stories."

Henry III. of France and the Duke of Schomberg had their little aversion in common, neither of them could sit in the room with a cat. Erasmus, in addition to all the ills poor crotchety human nature is heir to, though a native of Rotterdam, had this superadded to the others,—an aversion to fish; such an aversion that he asserts the very smell of it sent him into a fever. But even Erasmus may be pardoned for a little harmless exaggeration. The author of "the Turkish Spy" tells us that he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Asia, provided he had a sword in his hand, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark. He admits that no reasonable account can be given of these likings and dislikings, but humorously attributes them to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls—as if the belief of hundreds of millions of the human race were to be made a jest of—a thing absurd and ridiculous on the face of it. But he, poor man, knew little probably of the metempsychosis, and still less of the countless multitudes who believe in it. As regarded himself, he supposes he was once a fly, and having been persecuted cruelly by spiders, he naturally retains a horror of the cause of his former agonies.

But there is in fact nothing too small or insignificant, too shadowy or obscure for the honest hater. Solomon dreaded *something*—it does not appear what—which he likened to—

> "A continual dropping on a rainy day."

And yet there was some sense in his simile when he compared it to "the tongue of a contentious woman." Shakespeare saw

something worse in it—did it drive him from Stratford-on-Avon in his youth? perhaps so—

"The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth."

Such aversions were by no means unreasonable. Nor was that of Tom Moore, when he preferred an iceberg to a bore, one of that race of mortals whose business seems to be to pour their stream of small talk into the ears of other men, whether the others like it or not—

"Oh, waft me, Parry, to the Pole
For, if my fate is to be chosen
'Twixt bores and icebergs—on my soul
I'd rather of the two be frozen."

M. de Lancre gives an account of a sensible man, who was so terrified at seeing a hedgehog, that, for two years, he imagined himself being gnawed internally by one of them. Perhaps the right translation of M. de Lancre's epithet would be a *sensitive* rather than a *sensible* man. The same writer tells us of a very brave officer in the French army who could not see a mouse without drawing his sword, and who could not hear the animal spoken of without turning pale. Such a man might be, under other circumstances, "a very brave officer," but it was quite certain he might be justly styled

"As valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse."

A lady born and brought up at Tours, De Lancre tells us, used to faint on seeing boiled lobsters, though nothing is said of any antipathy to eating them, when denuded of their red coats.

Joanna Baillie tells us she was ready to faint when she heard

"The yell of pain, the wail of woe,
Or the short shrill shriek of fear"

and Crabbe, the poet of the Chronicles of the Poor, abominated

"The kind of cool contemptuous smile
Of witty persons, overcharged with bill."

There are men who cannot endure the sound of musical instruments near them. M. le Vayer tells us of one of these who

would run away from a fiddle, as if it were the very foul fiend himself, and yet delighted in thunder! There are musical instruments and bands in Calcutta, as well as in other large towns, enough to make any ordinarily sensitive man run miles to avoid them; and Organ Grinders and German Bands appear to be the special aversion of literary men in Europe, but surely all this is compatible with love of true music, and men thus acting are neither to be set down as irrational nor unreasonable.

Cowper disliked

> "The Club, that scene of savage joys,
> That school of coarse good fellowship and noise."

But probably the clubs of Cowper's time were different from those of the latter part of the nineteenth century—coarseness and savage joys are equally removed from the Club-life of the present day. The Club was one of Cowper's antipathies. I suspect he knew little of it, except by repute, for he was always recluse.

The philosophical Boyle could not conquer a strong aversion to the sound of water running through a pipe. He declared it drove him "distracted." Mr. John Rol would swoon at the mention of the word "wool," although he had a woollen coat on his back, and Herr Vaughemim, a mighty hunter of Hanover, would faint at, or, if he had sufficient time, run away from, the mere mention of "roast pig." The poet Massinger detested

> "That vile composition called small beer."

Crabbe's antipathies were more reasonable, when he denounced

> "The ills that rise where money fails,
> Debts, threats, and duns, bills, bailiffs, writs and jails."

Vladiolaus, king of Poland, was much more unreasonable when he professed a horror of apples, and could not even hear the name mentioned without animosity. If an apple were shown to Chesne, Secretary to Francis I. of France, we are told he straightway bled at the nose. The mewing of a cat effected the

same calamity upon the Chamberlain of the Emperor Ferdinand, however great the distance from him, and for the truth of this Froissart vouches. There must have been a limit, however, or that Chamberlain's nose would have been always bleeding. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs, although I am told by some who have lodged in London that to be disgusted at the sight of eggs is by no means peculiar even at the present day.

Likings and dislikings, prejudices, aversions and antipathies go to make up the sum total of life, and are by no means the peculiar property of the

"Sedentary weavers of long tales"

like myself.

ONE FAITH, IN MANY FORMS.

["WHAT is the Being that is ever near, sometimes felt, never seen; that which has haunted us from childhood with a dream of something surpassingly fair which has never yet been realised; that which sweeps through the soul at times as a desolation, like a blast from the wings of the Angel of Death, leaving us stricken and silent in our loneliness; that which has touched us in our tenderest point, and the flesh has quivered with agony, and our mortal affections have shrivelled up with pain; that which comes to us in aspirations of nobleness and conceptions of superhuman excellence? Shall we say 'It,' or 'He?' What is It? Who is He?"—F. W. ROBERTSON.

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."—SHELLEY.]

WHAT is His Name? What name will all express Him,—
The mighty Whole, of whom we are but part,—
So that all differing tongues may join a worship
Echoing in every heart?

Then answers one,—"God is an endless sequence,
Incapable of either break or flaw,
Which we discern but dimly, and in fragments;
God is unchanging Law."

"Nay," saith another, "Law is but His method.
Look back, behind the sequence, to its source!
Behind all phases and all changes seek Him!
God is the primal Force."

"Yea, these are great, but God himself is greater;
A living harmony, no dead-cold rule,"
Saith one who in sweet sounds and forms of beauty
Hath found his soul's best school.

"Law, force, and beauty are but vague abstractions,
Too unconnected with the life of Man,"
One answers; "Man hath neither time nor power
Such mighty thoughts to scan.

"But here upon the earth we find him living,
And though in little time he fail and pass,
And all his faiths, and hopes, and thoughts die with him,
Surely, as ripened grass;

"Yet Man the race,—man as he may be,—will be,
Once he has reached unto his full-grown height,
Calm, wise, large-hearted, and large-soul'd, will triumph
In self-renouncing might.

"Who will not own, even now, with sight prophetic,
Life is divinest in its human dress,
And bend before it with a yearning reverence,
And strong desire to bless?"

Yea! Worship chiefly Love, but also beauty,
Wisdom and force; for they are all divine!
But God includes them, as some great cathedral
Includes each separate shrine.

So, Brothers, howsoe'er we apprehend Him,
Surely 'tis God himself we all adore,—
Life of all life, Soul of all souls, the Highest,
Heart of all hearts, and more.

Spectator.

DURGA.

Mysterious Power!
Omnipotent Spell!
Unfathomable Purpose!

WHY do men worship thee? Thou art Beauty—beauty more beautiful than poet ever conceived or painter painted. Thy beauty is the whole beauty of a nation's mind—a nation's

handiwork of numberless ages—beauty beautified with all the energy of a nation's love and affection. The most beautiful of forms is thine—thou art the opening Day—thou art the smile with which primeval Nature smiled into Life. Thou art কমলে কামিনী—Grandeur beautified—Poetry enthroned. But it is not as beautiful Beauty that I would worship Thee!

Why do men worship thee? Thou art Love—love deeper and truer than the love of the poet—love more wonderful than the most wonderful of things. As Love, thou sweepest away the landmarks of ages and the landmarks between nationalities, and makest one wondrous Whole of time and space. As Love, thou art the destroyer of Time and Space! The landmarks, huge as hills and mighty as mountains, set up thousands of years ago between man and man, between family and family, between tribe and tribe, vanish like the evanescent as the breath of thy love falls upon them, and Diversity passes off into Unity with music more soft and softening than the *Music of the Spheres.* Thy love is more revolutionary than the greatest of revolutions worked by human love in Asia, Europe or America. But the revolution Thou workest is silent as primeval darkness—it breathes no note of Agony, it breaks out in maddening music. Thy love is Magic. But it is not as Love that I would worship Thee!

Why do men worship thee? Thou art Might—might more mighty than all the might of Matter. The shield, the buckler, the spear, the lance, the dagger, the battle-axe—every weapon that is or can be made of matter to destroy matter is thine. Thine is the whole armoury of war; thou art the Genius of war. At thy nod, armies vanish like mists; at thy wrathful glance, worlds dissolve like bubbles. Thou groanest, and this 'universal frame' is shivered into atoms. Thou art might and the source of might. But it is not as Might that I would worship Thee!

Why do men worship thee? Thou art Harmony—the harmony of the soul-world—the harmony of Life. Thou art

the destroyer of Darkness, the queller of Discord, the eternal foe of Evil. Thou art the vindicator of Law and the repressor of Lawlessness. Thou art the music of the soul-world, the charm which keeps the soul alive. Thou art Order, Law, and Harmony. But it is not as Harmony that I would worship Thee!

Why do men worship thee? Thou art Sublimity. Men know not where thou art, and yet they see thee everywhere. Men make images of thee in their minds and yet their minds cannot contain thee. Men fear thee and yet they are not afraid of thee. Thou art sweet and sour, gentle and fierce, tender and harsh, knowable and unknowable. Thou art comprehensible and incomprehensible. Thou art time and space but not in time and space. Thou art what is and what is not. Thou art past, present and future. Thou art the dreadful Whole. Thou art Sublimity itself. But it is not as Sublimity that I would worship Thee!

And yet I must worship Thee. For thou art Sorrow! For thou art Life! Because Sorrow is Life. The Land resounds with mirth, for it is now visibly in Thee. But above the sound of Mirth swells the sound of Sorrow. Above the rejoicings of men, women and children are heard their wailings. This is the ONE day for the bereaved mother, the bereaved wife, the bereaved sister, the bereaved child, the thrice bereaved, the bereaved bereaved! This is the ONE day for departed darlings, the departed dear. This is the ONE day when from the dark deep of unconsciousness issues the conscious soul, when the lost are recovered, when the dead live again. This is the ONE day when the Past is converted into the Present, and the Generation is converted into the Race. This is the ONE day when life becomes whole and man speaks a strange tongue of Ecstacy and Agony. Durga! thou art Life because thou art Sorrow! Let me worship Thee!

A BEREAVED MOTHER.

"I SAW THE OLD HOUSE GRIM AND LONE."

(1)

I SAW the old house grim and lone,
Its oaken portals lost and gone,
The creepers in its ample halls,
And shady nooks and garden walls.

(2)

I saw the lily on the lake,
The rose upon the tangled brake,
And as I paused methought I heard
A song as of some love-lorn bird.

(3)

The wild note lingered in mine ears,
It chased the shadow of long years,
The past revived—how oft in vain!
And thou, my love, wast mine again.

(4)

I saw thee full-blown, young and bright
And my heart burst with old delight
The thrilling joy, the tender pain,
And thou, my love, wast mine again.

(5)

I sought the well-head as of yore,
The bank of roses near the moor,
The rustic seats where oft we've lain,
And thou, my love, wast mine again.

(6)

The bank, the bush, the grove and all,
The very shadows on the wall,
Recall thee yet—though grim and lone,
But thou, my love, the soul art gone.

MOHINI MOHAN DATTA.

LAST OF THE DACOITS.

THE FAKIR.

CHAPTER III.

WE saw Parbatee proceeding to the river, when we were distracted by sundry reflections and descriptions. These were

necessary, as they will help us to understand the nature of the people, as a nation, with whom we shall have much to deal, as also the individual, who is our heroine.

She descended to the lowest step by the water's brink, and having set her lamp afloat, sat listlessly playing with the water with one hand. Her mind was fully occupied and she gazed almost vacantly over the running stream; but yet there was an expression of indignation, discontent and determination, about her face, that could not be mistaken.

She was pondering over the conversation she had had with the nurse. She could not see that she was wrong in her contempt of Hindoo manners and customs. How could she revere their idolatry; how could she submit to their preposterous customs?

But why did they keep her past such a secret; what was the mystery about it? How was it they were so anxious to dispose of her? Then her thoughts went back to what she remembered of her childhood. These and other thoughts still more perplexing troubled her mind and stamped dissatisfaction on her brow, or rather the workings of the mind were unmistakeably mirrored on her face; now serious and thoughtful; now sad and dejected; now brightening with hope, now fixed in resolve, or one might have said in the determination of despair; now resigned, now haughty; according as one or other feeling gained ascendency. The sable curtain of night was spreading over head. The first 'lamps of heaven' were lit, and shed a pale sickly lustre, as Parbatee rose, heaving a deep drawn sigh, to consign herself once more within her prison walls, a helpless and discontented captive.

She started from her reverie as she beheld the figure of a bent, old man, within a few yards from her, in the garb of a *fakir*.*

'Lady' said the fakir, fear me not, shun me not; I am but a harmless, decrepit creature. I too have once been young and have had my share of melancholy reflections, misgivings and heartburnings. I have also nursed my thoughts in solitude, and have pined for the light of freedom. Yet I would not change age, serene and passionless, for youth, with its yearnings, desires and hopes. Age is the

* Devotee. Beggar.

retreat from the storms and blasts of passion; to which retreat youth is but the highway. Grieve not fair lady, for though you are on the highway and from the retreat of age, yet there is a haven of rest, a refuge of tranquillity, which you will soon enter, where you will be preserved from the inclemency of the tempest which rages in this ocean of life, and where you will enjoy the safety, repose and boon of age, without its infirmities. Pray give me alms, and receive the blessings of an old man?

The fakir had for some time been a silent observer of her meditations, and had gauged very rightly the bent of her thoughts. He had had ample time for gazing at her beauty. Directly Parbatee had bent her look on the octogenarian she drew her veil more closely over her face and turned as if to escape the intruder. But directly he spoke she felt rooted to the spot. Old though he was, she felt fascinated by his speech, and spell-bound, as if his breath carried in itself some subtle charm, some mysterious power, to bind her to attention. She felt as if he had pierced her very heart and had read there its despondency; her inmost thoughts had been laid bare to his penetrating gaze. She felt his eyes on her, and her modesty revolted at her thus violating custom; at her doing a thing she had never ventured to think of doing, much less to do it.

Yet she could not depart. She stood with her head half averted and replied: I have no money with me, but go round to the main entrance, where you are sure to meet some of the men, who will relieve your wants.'

'Ah lady fair,' answered the fakir, 'you too will not help me.' He then went on apostrophising, speaking more to himself, though his listener was rapt in attention and rivetted to the spot, and only here and there asked a question or made an observation.

'Man is selfish,' went on the beggar, 'man is ungenerous, unkind, suspicious, hypocritical, cruel and unjust. Yes, even among the rich, the poor, the young, the old, the handsome, and the ugly, do we find the same nature. O for those noble men, those few god-like souls, who devote their all to the benefit of mankind; who labour night and morn; who devote years to the study of herbs, and knowledge of the stars; who search for that elixir which gives life eternal and happy, who go from town to town, from district to

district in pursuit of their aim, to increase their knowledge; who sacrifice health, wealth, position and even life itself to serve their fellow creatures.'

The girl stood amazed at the fakir's vehemence. The old man paused a moment for breath and then continued in the same abstracted way: 'Observe one, loud in his protestation of love and friendship, gushing in sentiments, and profuse in promises. Believe not in him. Probe him far enough and he shrinks into the meanest and most malignant creature born. Another is cold, distant and frigid like a huge icebergh. Sometimes a smile plays upon his lips, but he never thaws. Deep within this mass of ice there is one ever living spring, which never freezes; it is I, I, self, self. What will not man do for self?

'As circumstances demand, he will frown, or be haughty; he will cringe or fawn. When he is most suave, when he is trying most to serve another, he is then best serving his own self, he is best working for his own object, man is purely a creature of circumstances; and wise is he in the world, who can suit himself to circumstances, if circumstances will not suit themselves to him. I have seen the sycophant court the rich, but the poor are always suspected. If a rich man enter the house everything is done to show him honour; but let me do what you bid and go round to the house; let a poor man intrude and the whole household is on the alert.

Religion, wealth, and virtues, qualities which ought to be above pandering to mundane gratifications, are each as occasion requires, and in their turn, made to do duty to cover hypocrisy and selfishness, cruelty and injustice. The old man stopped for want of breath, then fixing his eyes on the girl, who stood in mute astonishment, greatly interested and a little awed, to watch carefully the effect his words had on her, and if what he was about to say would touch a sensitive chord.

It may be here mentioned that the fakir's object in denouncing was not either to vent his impotent rage on mankind, nor to betray his wrongs, but to try and discover what the cause of the girl's discontent was; what her character. Though the girl had not spoken all this while, yet her countenance had betrayed to the fakir's keen scrutiny, her concurrence, by the varied expression of her features,

The beggar resumed:—'Such is the cruelty and injustice of man's laws that the rich may rob the poor of what are most dear to them—honour, an unsullied name, freedom'—Parbatee's whole face lighted up at the last word, it was not unnoticed, but the beggar went on:—'and nothing is said but that the poor deserve it. But let a poor man, who is starving—and there are thousands such—, or whose wife and children are destitute, presume to enter the precints of the rich man's domains, to beg for a crust to appease the cravings of hunger, to satisfy the demands of nature, and he is forthwith suspected and denounced a thief and sent to jail. He is not allowed to vindicate himself; he is condemned ere he is heard. There is one law for the rich and another for the poor. If one will violate the laws, let him at least do something that will make him feared. In fear, if there be not respect there is, at all events, safety. Let him live while he lives, else die.'

The girl at last found her tongue, as the old man ceased.

'Wrong can never be right,' she said, 'be it done by rich or poor, and the magnitude of the offence will not justify it.'

'True' replied the fakir, pleased with the truth of the remark, for it confirmed his opinion of the girl's nature. 'But I say, fool is he who tries to prolong his miserable existence. It would be a charity to let him die, but so refined has become the cruelty of civilization, that it would prolong the life of those to whom life is a burden; of those who are suffering from hunger, privation, disease and remorse. Death to them is not punishment, it is relief. No, they must live and drag out an existence, to which death in all its horrors is a pleasure. They must live with a hell within them, where all the furies of suffering, pain and remorse, revel and riot, and consume his body and soul, till kind nature brings relief in dissolution, and Death, the greedy monster, is hailed, welcomed and received with open arms by the victim. Better perish than suffer thus, before one is forced to violate the laws, by a paltry offence. Rather defy the law altogether and lead a life of freedom, unfettered by social conventionalities, like the dacoits, than protract a suspected, if not tarnished life, and leave even among a few a cherished memory, than for the sake of keeping body and soul together commit a crime and let yourself be captured by the

law, and be branded as a felon, and your name stigmatised with shame, a name which your posterity will curse you for.

The beggar ended from sheer exhaustion.

Parbatee seized the opportunity to speak. He had spoken of cruelty, selfishness, injustice, all, all that she had suffered from, and now that he had dwelt on freedom, and cited the dacoits, of whom she had read and heard much, as an example, she longed to learn more of them.

'Though I don't agree,' she said, 'with you in thus inveighing against all mankiud, and making the dacoits the pattern of law breakers, yet I would like you to tell me more about those extraordinary men.'

'With all my heart, fair lady,' he replied, 'I shall tell you of them, and when I am done, you will see they are not bad patterns.' He then detailed several examples of their daring and courage; of their charity and generosity to the poor; of the help he had known others receive, and of the kindness and hospitality he himself had at one time received. He spoke in terms of praise of their present captain, and of the moral tone he had given to his followers in character, men who were, when they came to him, regular desperadoes. He explained that not a few of these men take to the calling from love of adventure or disgust at the baseness of man. In conclusion he said, 'Let any one be in difficulties or be wronged by the world and let them but know of it and they would sacrifice their own lives in an attempt at rescue. Honour, love of liberty, charity, and justice are the main springs of their actions! Daughter! the night draws on apace, I must begone.'

'But tell me' she enquired, 'don't they steal and plunder?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'from the rich only to give the poor. Why should one roll in wealth, while thousands starve? What are riches? Ashes, if they be not employed as means of helping others! What has the accident of birth, or wealth to do with making such a difference as is shewn in your world?' 'Would you then,' she said rather haughtily, 'have all equal?'

'If not equal,' answered he, 'at least provided for on a better scale, and free to think and act. Poor and wretched as I am, thousands, like you, envy my freedom, who are bound either by law or by prejudice. We can never be what he or she might till they are

free. There is a secret in each one's life, which if discovered, will make his life.'

Parbatee started at the last sentence. She thought that he meant there was a secret in her life, which this man probably knew. But what he meant really was that if we but knew what we were most fitted for, we should, by pursuing the proper course, succeed best in life. And, to be able to judge we must be free.

She eagerly asked, 'what—secret—my life?' But he went on unheeding her query, 'Lady the fates decree, you shall obtain your desire. Adieu, we shall meet again.'

POLITICAL TENDENCIES.

THE combat that has been waged for the last fifty years upon the Continent of Europe, between absolutism on the one hand, and popular institutions on the other, has caused a closer investigation of late into the political constitution of England than it was ever subjected to before. As Russia is the gigantic head of absolutism on the Continent, so England is the island-mother of liberalism over the world in these modern times. The antagonism of the two may remind us of the Persia and Greece of old—the one huge, slow, unwieldy and barbaric; the other active, small, civilized, and commercial.

The investigation to which the political institutions of England have been subjected, in consequence of her position in the world, has been productive of much good. A free press prevents the hiding of a fault when it is once discovered. Large or small it is dragged bravely into the light of day to be questioned, to be examined, to be denounced, to be threatened, to be destroyed, if possible. This proceeding has its evils—to those in authority it is, of course, fraught with annoyance; but it has also its advantages; and, without a disastrous revolution, it cannot now be altered, even were it desirable that it should.

The past progress of political life in England may serve to convince us that for years to come the progress will still be towards institutions more and more popular. Such is the state

of things which we find existing, and on such a state of things we must reason. Whether it be for good, or whether it be for evil, the fact is apparent that there is at present no tendency towards reaction, it is with difficulty even that we stand still for a year, the cry is ever-onward! ; progress! ; liberal progress!

In one sense indeed it is impossible for nations to stand still, as has been already remarked. They are always either gaining or losing influence in the world, either improving or deteriorating. But it is quite possible, as all history informs us, for a nation to continue advancing for centuries with the same political constitution, or at least with such slight modifications in it, as shall not alter its working, but simply adapt it to altered circumstances.

This, however, is not the case in England. The "progress," of which we hear the ripples and feel the surge around us from year to year, is a change of system which is being gradually effected. Catholic Emancipation, Reforms, Free Trade are all steps in this progress, and the demand for Education, to open the House of Commons to all religious denominations, and for further Reform, are all significant signs of the times, which the thinking man will not allow to pass by unheeded. Whither is this popular demand leading us? what will be the end thereof? These are significant questions. The future of England is bound up in the answer—the future of its colonies and dependencies, and of our country, India, and with that, perhaps, much of the destiny of the Aryan race throughout the world, generally. The fact that there is a growing popular demand for this kind of "progress" cannot be denied. The history of every year writes it more plainly on the pages of English life. It is not simply a device of the hustings and political pasquinades, but a conviction that is talked even at home, written about in the popular tale, and accepted as a real thing in every scheme that has for its object, religious, or political, or social improvement.

Nothing is looked upon as final. Everything is a compromise. Let us grant so much now and the rest at some future

period, is the cry. When that future period is to be, no one knows, but every one seems to expect it will come.

The constitution of England has this advantage over those of other states. It is, like the native oaks of England, the growth of centuries. It was not mapped out by any man, or any body of men, sitting down to devise a constitution, as they would a village tax, or the regulations of a College. That which is born and comes to maturity in a few hours, or in a few years, is likely to perish in the same. That which it takes centuries to mature will last, we may hope, for centuries. All the analogy of nature, then, gives us well-grounded hope that, whatever the "progress,"—the power and worth of England will not be diminished. Altered circumstances demand modifications of old plans, and, as long as the general cries for change are confined to such modifications, all will go well. Revolutionary cries however, *are* heard, and do not by any means stop at such reasonable alterations, but they are not general, but wholly partial and local—and a judicious policy now may prevent their ever becoming otherwise. The worthless and the very poor will never cease from the land, and, as long as there are those, there will always be some ready for any change,—ready to bring about, if possible, a total change, by the most violent measures, because they have nothing to lose.

Communism is one manifestation of this revolutionary spirit, inciting and inspiring restless discontented men to violence, if need be, in order to attain to fancied rights. Yet even Communism has a basis of truth on which it is founded. That basis is this—the absolutely poor have not benefited as they ought, and do not benefit as they ought, by the prosperity of England. They have a right to something better than the squalor, and starvation, and crime and misery, which pervade its large towns, they have a right to greater exertion on the part of the Government, and of the ruling classes generally, in their behalf. What they have a right to in the way of Education and what they have a right to politically they look for rightly or wrongly from the House of Commons. People put

their trust in it in these days. Let Mr. Carlyle say what he likes, in his grim trenchant way, about gathering together six hundred fools to do dexterous tongue-wagging, which is useless—this fact is certain, that the English people believe in the Commons, and that there is no sign of their faith in this respect waning.

By the Reform Bill of 1832 much of the power of the Aristocracy over the House of Commons was destroyed. A large and extended influence remains, and will always remain, as long as the Aristocracy comprise the best educated members of the community, which must be the case always under the present system. At present the popular demand is for extended right of suffrage, and for such an alteration of the present electoral system as shall remove some of the anomalies of the much abused constitution. "Universal Suffrage" is the cry of the most violent, but universal suffrage is a name without a meaning. There *can* be no such thing. To be universal, suffrage must be given to all. Would you give it, we may ask, to men and women, to children and adults, to idiots, and mad men? If you would not, then discard the cry of "universal suffrage," for you do not mean that? You would give it only to adult males of sound reasoning faculties. Why not then to adult females? They have an equal stake in the country with yourself, they are quite as likely to judge truly and wisely. Some would go the length of extending the franchise to the female sex, and there is no reason in morals or political economy why they should not. Still there must always be restrictions, and "universal suffrage" remains an idle dream.

But what we want is a reform of the House of Commons that will admit a proper and efficient representation of India and the Colonies. We want Representative Councils in India itself, similar to those in the Colonies, in Australia, the Cape and New Zealand. But that is not enough. There should also be fair and efficient representation of India, as of the Colonies, in the Imperial Parliament. Any reform less than this will be insufficient and unsatisfactory.

It is useless to enlarge on the difficulties of bringing all this about as some writers do. All political changes are difficult. At the foundation of our local representative bodies stands the question of education. Without education representation is a mere farce. That representation must come in time we firmly believe. Let us then push forward education as much as possible, the foundation of our future political edifice, a foundation without which the superstructure, however imposing, is likely to be but a short-lived chimera.

D.

SONNET.

(AUTUMN NOON.)

THE day is warm and from the western hill
There comes the balmy breath of noon-tide hour,
The winds are hushed and there is not a rill
But sends its murmur o'er the leafy bower;
The magic of shade and stillness pervadeth all,
A darkness profound reigns o'er the forest glen,
The garden, grove, fields, rock and waterfall
Stretch like a picture far as eye can ken;
The eagle sweeps through air towards its prey,
And thousand merry things disport around,
A fresh smell floats in air of new-mown hey,
And the heart leaps up at all the joious sound;
Sweet time! when all is lulled to rest and sleep,
And our spirits repose in the silence deep.

MOHINI MOHAN DATTA.

RUTNA-MOEE.*

THIS small and unpretending publication is not entirely devoid of merit. It is a sentimental opera composed partly in rhyme and partly in blank verse. And there are in it natural touches which do credit to the writer's faculty of observation. Its plot is simple and may be easily told. The external beauties of nature operating upon his imagination,

* *An opera in Bengali.* By Babu Charu Chunder Mookerjee.

the hero of the piece Benode Behary repairs to a fairy garden to enjoy the beauties of the sceneries the more. While in this garden Benode Behary falls asleep and dreams of a young lady who makes an impression upon his mind and for whom he conceives love. When he awoke the fairies contrived to place before him the likeness of the lady reflected in a mirror. The lady is the heroine of the piece and after her the piece is designated. Benode Behary became passionately fond of her. But there were difficulties in his way of obtaining her. Those difficulties appeared to be insuperable and with every obstacle his love for *Rutnamoee* became more and more intense. At last Benode grew desperate and as in a fit of desperation he was just going to plunge into water with a view to put an end to his existence. The fairies again intervened and contrived to throw *Benode* and *Rutna* in each other's way and an union came to be effected between them. The attempt at suicide in a fit of desperation especially when the feelings are worked upon as Benode's have been, is natural, and the intervention of fairies represents the mode of thought and belief that was at one time prevalent in this country and entered largely into poetic compositions of the day.

DARJEELING.

I AM at, or rather very near, the abode of the dread Deity Mohadeva. It is here no doubt that most of our *Munis* and *Rishis* passed their lives in the solemn contemplation of the Infinite Being. This is the territory of Himalaya—father of the Goddess Parvati. Whichever side you look, you find lofty and gigantic hills uprearing their heads in solemn grandeur to the skies. Every day I see the snow-capped Kinchingunga standing like a colossal giant on the far northern horizon, in the midst of his matchless satellites of surrounding peaks. In the early morn it puts on a dazzling silver robe of snow, which it changes for one of magnificent gold under

the rays of the setting sun. The outlook on all sides is indeed grand and sublime in the extreme. All around the scene consists of a mass of mountainous spurs— which are all offshoots from the great Himalayan chain. Each range with its numberless peaks rising one above another, is separated from the contiguous range by a deep khud or valley, and is most densely overgrown with trees and vegetation of all sizes and of countless varieties, almost every one of which however, is not found in the plains. The sides of the hills are cut up at places by jhoras or cascades, most of which keep up a perennial supply of water.

The town of Darjeeling is situated on a rather narrow ridge, the summit and upper flanks of which are occupied by the houses of the European and the Bengali residents, the lower slopes forming native Bustees and Tea Gardens. Darjeeling is a most charming little hillstation. As a place for quiet enjoyment, pure air, bracing climate, and varied and beautiful scenery, it is unrivalled. It is kept eminently neat and clean. There is no place freeer from offensive smells. All the station houses are built in the form of bungalows with sloping roofs. The walls are made of small pieces of stones, which are substitutes for bricks, the flooring is of plank, and the roof consists of a wooden framework on which small thin pieces of plank are fastened with nails, the exterior of the roof being generally covered with sheets of corrugated iron. The inside of the rooms is covered with canvas or paper. One drawback (which, however, is common to all hillstations) is that most of the roads are not very easy of ascent or descent. You will hardly find here a flat piece of ground of more than 500 feet square. The station boasts of an excellent Town Hall, a most spacious and neatly kept playground, a very tastefully laid out Park on the Birch Hill, and that very picturesque building the "Shrubbery"—which is the residence of the Lieutenant Governor. The Europeans and even many natives generally go out on horseback, and the usual mode of locomotion among the European ladies is by *Dandys*, a sort of litter

or ambulance carried on the shoulders of generally three stout Bhooteas. The Bazaar is held here once a week on every Sunday. Vegetables of all sorts can be had, but no fish. Occasionally, however, a Pahariah brings for sale, fish caught in the neighbouring hill stream called Boro Rungit. Cabbages are available throughout the year, and potatoes grow in abundance. Best potatoes can be had now at 3 pice a seer. Excepting goats, which can be had at about 2 rupees each, all things sell here at double the prices which obtain at Calcutta.

The aboriginal inhabitants of these hills belong to three great tribes—the Lepchas, the Bhooteas, and the Nepalis or Pahariahs. The two former are sprung from the Mongolian stock. The Lepchas are of short stature, with muscular arms, but small hands and slender wrists, broad face, flat noses, with no beard and moustache and with a womanish cast of countenance. They have a rosy complexion. Their hair is plaited into pigtails. He is dressed with a striped cotton vesture, loosely thrown round the body, reaching to the knee and gathered round the waist by a belt. The women often wear two braided pigtails. The Bhooteas very nearly resemble the Lepchas in their countenance. But they are taller and more stout-built, and are not so quiet and peaceful as the Lepchas. The Nepalis are emigrants from Nepal and are very useful as servants and coolies. They mostly live by agriculture and as laborers on the Tea Gardens.

Darjeeling, which was hitherto outside the track of excursionists and travellers, has now been made easily accessible to the people of Calcutta by the Tramway.

A. G.

THE PARSI SPIRIT WORLD.

THERE is no chapter in the social history of the Parsi more interesting than that relating to the *Doslan* holidays,

which are now being celebrated by every member of every Parsi household. The festival, as originally enjoined by the Parsi scriptures, was comprised within the last ten days of the Parsi year, and should, therefore, have ended to-morrow. But eight more days have now been added, so that the present *Muktat or Doslan* festival includes New Year's Day and the other feast days belonging to the new year. These eighteen days are held sacred to the memory of the dead, and are spent in prayer and ritual, in fasting, rejoicing, and feasting. The spirits of the dead are supposed for this short time to revisit their earthly abodes, and to live again among their relatives, in order to see for themselves "who" of those left behind, "revere them, who love them and cherish them, who praise and adore them still." It is not a little singular, in these times of progress and scepticism, that these shrewd men of business, who form so important a section of the Bombay community, should withdraw for several days from their offices and cotton mills, their shops, and godowns, to devote themselves to the pious duty of entertaining relatives from the spirit-world. The Parsi belief corresponds with the prevailing sentiment of their Hindu neighbours at the time of the *shradhs*, when they also welcome their *Pitroos*, or "elders" to their households. But the idea is not actually borrowed from the Hindus, for it is to be found in the Furvurdeen Yesht, an important chapter of the *Zend Avesta*, which relates to the adoration of *Farohars* or holy spirits. These *Yeshts*, though not the composition of Zoroaster himself, and though mere poetical allegories of what may be called the Parsi mythology, are written in the most ancient style of the Zend language, and are held as high authority in matters of the Zoroastrian faith. It is the general Parsi belief that *Farohars*, or spiritual counterparts, are created not only of human beings, but of all living beings, and not of all living beings only, but of the whole inanimate world. Thus the spirits of the towns are now supposed to be revisiting the towns, the spirits of villages the villages, those of the streets the streets, those of the temples the temples, and those of the

household the household. Zoroaster taught a respectful recognition of all other beliefs, based on the worship of one true God, excluding, of course, idolators. The Zoroastrian faith is, he said, "the best, but there are others better than the rest," and the names of many non-Parsi *Farohars* are given in the *Furvurdeen Yesht* as worthy of remembrance and adoration. The whole *Yesht*, including this list, is recited by Parsi priests during the present holidays, and occupies more than an hour in delivery. But as the Zend language is understood by none, the recital is a mere matter of form to the family groups surrounding the priests.

Before we come to the customs peculiarly appertaining to these commemoration days of the dead, it will be well to give a brief *resumé* of the death ceremonies, which precede these observances during the *Doslan* festival. Throughout the whole ceremonial, there is the one prevailing idea, that the dead have not actually gone for ever, that while the fleshy frame in which the soul dwells has been lost, the soul, released from its prison-house of clay, exists for evermore, with all the joys and desires, all the feelings and affections it experienced here. The mere body, after it is deserted by the soul, has no associations and no sanctity; and the Parsi custom of throwing the carcass to the vultures is quite as much due to this feeling, as to any primitive sanitary reasons. The soul or spirit is, on the other hand, most ardently revered in every Parsi family. The place where the dead body has laid on its bier on the ground-floor of the house before being borne to the Towers of Silence is strictly reserved for four, ten or thirty days. A small brass-pot of water and some fresh flowers are always kept waiting there. *Afrins* or praises are daily recited near it; and one or more women of the household stay there night and day, so that the living soul, which is still hovering about, may never be left alone. The mourners and the mock-mourners, the long rows of benches standing in front of the house for three days, the women squatting on the ground-floor for three days, are all

Hindu forms of condolence to the living which the Parsis have adopted in India. But it is not so with the other observances; and the relatives and real mourners in their own feasts and prayers take thought not only of the memory of the deceased, but for the comfort and nourishment of his spirit. It is forbidden to light a fire or cook a meal while there is a dead body in the house, and for three days all blood-relatives have to abstain from any animal food save fish and eggs. On the fourth day, however, a grand and solemn dinner is given to relatives and friends and a number of Parsi priests, who receive an alms of silver pieces after the festival. Food is also sent ronnd to relatives' house in basketsful. But before the fast is actually broken, some of the choicest dishes and a suit of cotton clothes, with the shoes and sacred waist-band, together with fruits and flowers, are offered to the spirit of the deceased. Then, after suitable prayers, the clothing is shared by the family and the family priest; and then the time has come for the feast. This *chiharam*, or fourth day's offering, is often a costly affair. In the Mofussil, the whole caste are entertained by the poor as well as the wealthy, and these ceremonies eat into the resources of many a Parsi household. In Bombay, however, the custom has been shorn of its worst extravagances. Besides the *chiharam*, or fourth day, the *Dusma*, or tenth day, the *Massisa*, or thirtieth day, the *Chhamsi*, or sixth month, and the *Varsi*, or the anniversary, have each and all their feasts and dinners, and lavish distribution of sweets. Large dishes full of various cakes and confections, peculiar to the occasion, together with fruits and flowers, are prayed over by the priests, first offered to the spirit of the deceased, and then distributed to numberless relatives and friends. On the day of the first and sixth months, and particularly on the anniversary, the richer families make a prodigious display. The number and variety of viands sent in a lot to the houses of each relative are often as many as seventy-five or eighty "dishes,"—many being, of course, piled in the same dish or plate—instead of the ten or twenty of former years, when Parsi confectionary peculiar to the occasion,

was considered sufficient. Now European cakes and pastry are added, as well as such Hindu sweetmeats as *burfi* and *pendas*, which, however, have all to be prepared by Parsi hands. Maunds of ghee and flour and sugar are consumed, and the Parsi confectioners, who must be of the priestly caste, are mightily busy for two or three nights before the distribution. In the orthodox families the tastes of the deceased are remembered, and the dishes he loved of old are always placed before his spirit. In wealthy families valuable articles are presented with the dishes, as, for instance, the alleged present of a watch and chain by a widow to her husband's spirit. These things afterwards belong to the priest.

This practical and material adoration of departed spirits is carried to an extraordinary extent during the eighteen days of the *Doslan* festival, when the spirits are actually supposed to have returned to their old haunts for one brief interval in the twelve months. Before the festival the houses are cleaned and white-washed, and due preparations are made for the reception of the returning souls. A room is set apart for them, and fitted with suitable furniture, including mirrors and pictures and a large number of lights. Space is reserved for an iron framework, called a *machi* or "chair," which looks something like a large longish arm-chair with an iron ridge on its sides and receptacles for holding waterpots. For each individual spirit who is now expected, a set of three or four goblets of brass or silver are set upon this iron frame-work, and filled with water. If, from want of means, a family are unable to keep the *Doslan* festival at home, the sets of lotas are carried to some other house where the ceremony is being held, and the spirits are supposed to accompany the water-pots. Each *machi* then has a compliment of some five or more sets of shining lotas, and is adorned with flowers and evergreens, the whole being surrounded with glasses filled with flowers. Behind the *machi* there is another iron stand, much higher, crowned with a cupola covered with a court robe. Beneath this stands a dish full of cocoanuts, betelnuts, pomeloes, melons, and other

fruits, large and small. The sides of this stand are adorned with tall sugarcanes; and thus a temporary tabernacle is erected for the spirits to dwell in. Some of the more ignorant women actually believe that the cocoanut represents the head, and the canes the hands and feet, of their spiritual visitors. The *machi*, adorned with its shining lotas and crystal vases of flowers, is held so sacred that none but the officiating priest or priestess is allowed to touch it, and, indeed, any other hand would carry contamination. It is for the priest alone to change the flowers and pour in fresh water every day, or every other day, and to change the fruit also when they are over-ripe. Every morning and every evening the choicest viands are offered to the invisible guests, amidst prayers and incantations, and on the last morning of the festival, called the *Vurava*, or day of departure, a set of travelling outfit is prepared for their use during their return journey from earth to heaven. This offering consists of one travelling-suit with money bound to it, for each spirit, and an ample stock of provisions. Then the Parsis congregate to the Towers of Silence to say their farewell prayers to the spirits as they depart on their mysterious journey.

These observances last, as we have said, for eighteen days, during which time the room reserved for the spirits is wonderfully picturesque, especially at night when the lamps are lighted and fires of sweet-smelling incense are burning. The silver water-pots glitter again in the bright light from innumerable lamps and *batties*. The scent of flowers mingles with the rising incense till the whole air is heavily laden with perfume. And before this "paradise on earth," as it is called by one of the *dusturs*, the men make incantations and prayers to the spirits who dwell therein, and the gentler voices of the women and children mingle with the loud monotonous chants of the mobeds or officiating priests, as they recite the 1,200 *ashems* and the 1,200 *ahunavars*, and the various *yeshts* and *afringans* and *satums*, till they come at last to tell at full length the names and virtues of the departed.—*Times of India.*

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THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

BY MUTTI LALL SINGH.

LOOKING at the wolf the other day, I saw a little child feeding it with cake of some kind. I could not help thinking how much rather the wolf would have liked to make a meal of the child than of the cake. I wonder if he was thinking so, as he glared, gaunt, hungry-looking and implacable, at the simple little child. Perhaps he was. There was a cruel cunning in his eye that said under other circumstances he might act differently.

We think highly of the elephant; and not without reason. The lion and the tiger inspire us with feelings of respect. But for the wolf we can find nothing but repugnance and dislike. The fox is the subject of a thousand tales in Chinese and Japanese. He is a magician and necromancer. But not so the wolf. We may worship the ox, and feed the monkey in

India, but who ever thought of respecting, honoring, or caring for, the wolf?

The English language itself lends us no words of sympathy applied to the wolf, no consolatory sympathizing proverbs —hungry as a wolf! fierce, cruel and ferocious as wolves! "Waiting to be treated like a wolf" says the Laureate, as if no worse treatment were possible—"a wolf within the fold, a pack of wolves" exclaims the Princess.

Nor is it wonderful that we should hate the animal in India, for no where else, perhaps, does he destroy so many human beings annually. His victims are more numerous than those slain by the tiger. The destruction of child-life by the wolf is prodigious. It is not alone in the remoter districts, amidst jungle haunts and rocky fastnesses that this monster holds its fearful carnival of death, but in the suburbs of busy towns, and sometimes in their midst. He will creep into a house, and snatch the baby from its mother's arms. The soft warm touch of the implacable beast's tongue melts the guardian fingers' hold. They open. One by one they loosen their grip, and as the wrists sink apart, the baby glides out of the protecting arms against the soft fur coat of the wolf. It does not wake. The wolf bends down its head to find the infant's throat. There is a sudden snapping of teeth, a strangling cry, and the mother starts to her feet to find her child gone, and to hear the rustle of the grass screen that serves for a door. She is too late, the animal has gone, bearing with him her precious offspring!

From the *wan-tola* of Madras to the *loup-garou* of Brittany, the wolf is an object of hatred in all climes. It typifies pitiless cruelty. It is the very emblem of perpetual strife between man and beast, between law and rapine, the formula of implacable and relentless rebellion. Yet there is nothing in its appearance, on a cursory inspection, except that sinister proximity of its eyes, to betoken a creature so eminently dangerous. It looks like a shabby dog, and howls like an

unhappy one. There is no fierce tiger-eloquence of eye about it, no ravening hyœna-clamour in its voice, no lion-majesty of form. It seems a poor sort of thing for any one to be afraid of, for it appears to be half-fed and weak-limbed. As it trots backwards and forwards, within its iron cage, it seems difficult to believe that these pattering feet are the same that can swing along the country pathways in untiring gallops, defying even the horse to keep up. Nor can we conceive of that thin scraggy neck bearing even the weight of an infant, and yet we know the wolf has made countries ring in all ages with its deeds of rapine, that it has desolated villages, that it has aroused the resentment of kings, and that its thin muscular neck can support the weight of a sheep, if need be.

In the frost-bound frozen north, where arctic snows forbid the multiplication of small animal life, the wolf would often starve, if it were not for man and his domestic animals. The larger beasts of prey are unknown there. What wonder then that the wolf should be the popular symbol of all that is tragic or to be dreaded—signifying indeed the supreme superlative of ruin? When the last tremendous Night shall overshadow the earth, say their legends, when our planet shall sink out of the firmament into the blackened gloom of endless darkness, then the Fenris Wolf will appear and devour the gods themselves! The mythic lore of Scandinavia is replete with tales of wolfish cruelty, cunning and strength. All over Russia, Germany and France similar legends appear to prevail, and of these the *loup-garou* of Brittany is one of the most terrible, a horrible night-mare, partly ghoul and partly wolf-man, as implacable as death, and more relentless than the tiger. The *wehr-wolf* of Germany and the *wolf-children* of southern Europe are but milder forms of the same tradition, surviving legends of the struggle primeval man had once to wage with the wolf—a fearful struggle when man had but sharpened flints to defend himself or with which to assail his enemy!

In all countries there is legendary tradition of human connexion with wolves. Doubtless in the far-off infancy of

our race man had to do fierce battle with the wolf for the possession of his caves and woods. The food that the one sought was that which would sustain the other. Desperate must have been the contest when man stood with his club and his flint-pointed arrows to defend his cave, his wife, and his children from the hungry wolf! Such combats there must have been often when a band of wolves would attack the weakly defended rocky home, and tear their victims to pieces, when they had first succeeded in bringing down the rude warrior who had to fight to the death to try and save his home from their depredations.

In all the records of human violence there is nothing more tremendous or awe-inspiring than the deadly patience with which troops of wolves will pursue their victims, or the fierce attack with which they will rush in a body on their prey. A party of eighty Russian soldiers, fully armed, were marching in mid-winter from one post to another, when just as evening was closing around them an immense pack of wolves dashed out, famine-driven from the neighboring forest, right in the soldiers' path. Which began the attack we do not know, but certain it is that the wolves were the conquerors, two mounted officers alone having escaped to tell the tale of the destruction of their party—not the simple defeat of it, as by an ordinary enemy, but the death of every soldier, and still more horrible, his having been devoured by his savage enemies on the field of battle!

It was against such foes that the Erics and Oscars of Scandinavian tradition exerted their strength and cunning, their heroism and their dauntless intrepidity. The wolf was an enemy not to be pleaded with, not to be softened by pity, or captivated by promises. Man, whether black, brown, yellow, red or white, found him ever the same, implacable and unappeasable. War to the death the only resource, when the wolf was the foe.

There can be no sympathy of nature between man and the wolf, and yet in the days of yore the citizens of Rome

boasted of the suckling of their founders and progenitors, the twins Romulus and Remus, by a wolfish foster-mother! They exalted Lupa into a kind of goddess. Was it only to strike terror into the neighboring tribes? or was it rather in propitiation, hoping thereby to prevent depredations from the hardy bands of the Apennines?

We have all heard of children brought up by wolves, but such specimens of humanity are fortunately rare, and when met with, no one feels anxious that they should be multiplied, no one feels grateful to the wolves. With ferocious and solitary habits, gluttonous tastes, and a kind of incapability of receiving instruction like others, these wolf-boys are distinguished by repulsive features, callosities on the knees from the habit of going on all fours, and a disagreeable odour like that of their lupine friends.

When men go "wolf-mad" in Europe the result is something more terrible still than the wolf-boys of Oudh. Those who go wolf-mad appear to consider themselves changed into wolves, and under that horrible form of insanity, attack their own kind indiscriminately, and try to tear in pieces children and grown-up men and women alike! No age, no sex is safe from them!

A somewhat similar superstition prevails in parts of Central India, the legend asserting that the worst of tigers and the most destructive are those which were formerly men. When a tiger has killed one man, they say, he was safe from danger afterwards, for the spirit of the man guided him from danger. Why the spirit of the murdered man should thus befriend the murderer does not appear.

In the wood between Saugor and Deoree men turned into tigers were vulgarly believed to roam about in search of prey, the most cruel, relentless, and destructive of all tigers. A certain root is said to have the effect of causing the transformation, if man eats it.

Nearly fifty years ago Sir W. H. Sleeman was conversing with the Rajah of Myhere, between Jubbulpore and Mirzapore.

The depredations of the tigers infesting the Kutra Pass were the subject of conversation. "It would be easy enough to kill these tigers" said the Rajah "if they were of the ordinary sort. But the tigers that kill men by wholesale, in this way, are, you may be sure, men converted into tigers by the force of their science."

"And how is it, Rajah Saheb," asked Sir William "that these men convert themselves into tigers?"

"Persons who have once acquired the science can do it easily" replied the Rajah. "But how they learn it, or what it is, I do not know. There was once a high priest in Myhere who was in the habit of getting himself turned into a tiger, by the force of this science. He had a magical necklace which one of his disciples used to throw over his neck when he desired to resume his human shape. One day an irrepressible desire came over the high priest to become a tiger again, when the disciple with the necklace was away on a pilgrimage. And so he bounded into the forest with a great roar, and was a tiger ever after, a tiger of fearful cruelty, strength, and cunning."

Superstition is pretty much the same in all countries, whether in the far East or the far West. But is it not possible that the Rajah was amusing himself playing upon the credulity of his listener. Sir W. H. Sleeman was ever ready with his note-book, and took down much that was absurd, just as Mr. Pickwick did when journeying from London to Rochester, as recorded in the Second Chapter of that veracious chronicle "the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." Many a time and oft enlightened Anglo-Indians, who think themselves clever, are made dupes of by those who appear to them to be incapable of perpetrating a joke.

Go and look at the unkempt and restless creatures that wander to and fro incessantly in the Gardens, condemned to propriety and civilization, and you will soon discover some traces of that ferocity and cruelty which have distinguished th

wolves in all ages and in all climes. But it is only after some little study and watching that you will discover these characteristics. There is nothing valuable about the animal except his skin. His flesh is so rank and bad that all other animals reject it with disgust. No animal but a wolf will voluntarily eat a wolf. The very smell of his breath is offensive, for to appease hunger he will swallow indiscriminately everything that comes in his way—corrupted flesh, bones, hair, and even skins half-tanned, or more than half-rotten! Odious and destructive alive, his skin is the only useful portion of him when dead.

ATHENIAN STUDENT LIFE IN ANCIENT TIMES.

By James Duhan Ph., D.

TO me, much musing, the discussion as to whether the Bengalis are the Athenians of India appears to be useless, a mere war of words. Situated in the midst of tea plants, "tea ready at all hours" in the bungalow, as they say in the shop-windows in London, it is a relief to turn from the details of planting to the classical studies I was once accustomed to. So from Plutarch and Polybius I now endeavour to put together a few notes relative to the life of the students in ancient Athens.

How any one can write of the students of Calcutta as being like those of ancient Athens I cannot conceive, for the latter wore black gowns until the time of Herodes Atticus, in the second century of our era. That celebrated rhetorician, one of the noblest characters of later Athenian history, bore himself the expense involved in the change. He detested the black gown, and got it changed for a white one. He was a man whose wealth, generosity, and skill as a rhetorician made his name famous all over the Roman world, and he spent his wealth in a generous, noble and disinterested manner. He was made consul, in 143 A. D., by the Emperor, Antoninus

Pius, so that he certainly did not appertain to ancient Athens, in the ordinary acceptation of that phrase.

The youths of Athens, in the good old time when they were just passing into manhood, and were subject to severe discipline, were called *Ephebi*, and were carefully prepared by the state for their future career as citizens. Inscriptions on marble tablets, still extant, no less than the works of Polybius and Plutarch, give us accurate and precise information as to the nature of their studies, and the discipline to which they were subjected.

When entering on their nineteenth year, they appeared in the presence of their kinsfolk and acquaintance, to have their names put on the Civil Roll as citizens. They were armed in public with a shield and spear, and they took the oath of allegiance to perform loyal service to their country and to the gods. Efficient physical training was a very important part of their discipline. Every citizen was necessarily a soldier, and the youths were drafted into companies of national guards, and patrolled in country districts or posted in out-lying forts on the frontiers, in defensive service, till their two years of probationary exercise were complete.

Was this like the student life of Calcutta? I think not.

The students all matriculated together. Their names were entered on the registers, and they took part in a religious service at the Town Hall at the opening of each term, the first term being a little after the time of new year. Special stress was laid on religious influences in Athens, but then the religion of Athens was very tolerant of novelties. Days of ceremonial observances were frequent, and must be observed. In their black gowns they joined in state services, such as those in honor of victories, as for instance, the victories of Marathon and Salamis.

The gymnasia appear to have been the only public buildings for the students, and to these the popular lecturers

resorted. Very violent was the party feeling displayed at these gymnasia, amongst the rival religious, philosophical, and political sects—the philosophical being the most bitter and acrimonious in their disputes. College libraries existed in several of these gymnasia.

The students of Athens often acted as guards at the sittings of the National Assembly, listening to the debates, and thus gaining an insight into official life. How long will it be before the students of Calcutta can thus profit by the political debates of a local Parliament? My own experience of Calcutta leads me to come to the conclusion that there is very little there of this kind at present worth listening to. Yet the educated people of Bengal are unquestionably gifted as public speakers.

In the theatres too the students of ancient Athens had their places, and in this respect I am bound to admit the students of modern Calcutta are like them. Particular galleries were set apart for the students in the Athenian theatres, and their censure or applause was vociferous, and of moment to the actors and authors.

The lectures which they attended in the gymnasia were chiefly on philosophy, rhetoric, and grammar. Stoics, Platonists, and Aristotelians, all alike attended them, and all alike had their favorite tutors and lecturers, whom they loudly applauded. All too were equally patronized by the state. But *not* the philosophy of Epicurus; whilst that is the very philosophy too many of our students now-a-days learn, patronize, and practise.

Thus the training of the students of ancient Athens was gymnastic, martial, intellectual, moral, and religious. They were not exempt from the payment of College dues, and numerous are the stories, in Athenian literature, of the difficulties the students had to surmount, when poor, in order to find funds for each term. Our Scotch and German universities, at the present day, are full of such cases and incidents. There were subscriptions for the library also, and compulsory offerings to the Gods. All these—College dues, library subscriptions, and

religious offerings—were regulated by public decrees, many of which are still extant. To all this must be added the expense of their academic gown, their military uniform, and their arms. At the end of each year, public examinations tested their proficiency. Plutarch mentions "literature and geometry, rhetoric, mathematics and music" as subjects of these annual examinations. They were probably oral. Prizes were given, as much for proficiency in gymnastic exercises as for literary and scientific attainments.

The students of Athens were not allowed to riot in the streets, or to engage in drunken brawls. The Head of the College was the *Cosmetes*, or Rector. He made it a point to attend the lectures with his pupils, partly to observe their demeanour, and partly to exercise a necessary supervision over the lecturers. There was also a Sub-Rector, who attended to the physical exercises only. The Cosmetes was not necessarily a learned man. He was always a wealthy one, a citizen of good repute, and was elected for one year only at a time. He often bore all the expenses of the religious offerings and services; for devotional expenditure was a passport to good society in Athens, in those early days, just as it is now in Europe and India.

The *Sophronistæ*, or proctors, looked after the morals of the students. Like the Cosmetes, the Sophronistœ were appointed by the State, and regarded the appointment as the stepping-stone to official or civic dignities. They had usually votes of thanks passed to them on the expiration of their year of office, and sometimes had these votes engraved on brass or marble slabs. In rare instances their busts and statues of marble were placed in the halls of the gymnasia. Many aliens from Syria and Asia Minor attended the Colleges of Athens, with some Jews, and a few Romans, not more than one or two, out of a hundred, were Romans, in the second century of the Christian era.

There were four great schools of thought in Athens about the time of the Christian era, all the offspring of the teaching

of Socrates—the Platonists, Peripatetics or Aristotelians, Stoics, and Epicureans. Sometimes they taught in separate buildings, as did Plato and Aristotle, but generally they lectured in the public gymnasia. Plato had given three thousand drachmœ, about twelve hundred rupees, for his garden on the road to Eleusis, called the Academy. His successors lectured there for some centuries. Aristotle taught in the Lyceum, near the river Ilissus, and left his house and garden to his successor and disciple Theophrastus. But the property was soon diverted to other uses, having been purchased by the state to enable the city to carry out municipal improvements. Epicurus gave eight thousand drachmœ for his garden, the Ceraunicus, a sum equal to three thousand, two hundred and fifty rupees. He too left his house and garden to his disciples, but both were soon sold.

Some of the professors at Athens had as many as two thousand disciples, Theophrastus for instance, but such a number was of course unusual. Philosophy gradually degenerated; the professors of the four great schools sank into sophhists or mere rhetoricians; and other towns became the rivals of Athens in learning, notably Alexandria, Antioch, Smyrna, Rhodes, Berytus the modern Beyrout, and even distant Marseilles. Rome was supreme, and the ablest of men in all departments of literature, science, and art flocked to Rome. The civil wars of Rome began what the Goths afterwards finished, so that in the fourth century of the Christian era, philosophy and the fine arts fled from the mistress of the world, and the schools of Athens once more revived, rhetoric and dialectics being the chief objects of study—rhetoric taught the art of composition generally as well as that of oratory, and dialectics was that branch of logic which taught the rules and modes of reasoning, particularly the art of disputing. The dialectics of the Stoics included grammar. Ten orators, called *rhetores* were annually elected by lot in Athens, to plead public causes in the senate house and popular assembly, and received a drachmœ for every cause in which they were retained.

The new student usually put his name down on the roll of that professor of whom he became the disciple, paying his fees at the same time. Nor was he exempt from harsh discipline on the part of the older pupils. Angry words and party fights were common. They often had rows too with the citizens—town and gown fights—in which the students were too often the aggressors. But Athens was anxious not to lose its schools. Trade was gone. She was no longer mistress of Greece, and she depended very much upon her schools. So that undue leniency was too often shown to the turbulent students, who were frequently unruly in the lecture halls, applauding the professors as they pleased, and sometimes loudly expressing their disapprobation, and showing but scant courtesy to their teachers.

Discipline was much more severe in Rome. But the crowd of miscellaneous students in Athens, from the islands of the Egean Sea, from the cities of Asia Minor, from Syria and even from Africa, soon learned their own importance to Athens, and abused it.

The poorer students had apparently a sad time of it. They were obliged to fag meanly for their wealthier fellow class-men, and the punishments inflicted on them were severe and derogatory. If they rebelled pecuniary assistance was witheld from them.

When Christianity was triumphant elsewhere, the University of Athens remained a stronghold of Paganism, and as Christian influence waxed stronger in Constantinople the schools of Athens declined, until in 529 A. D. Justinian forbade anyone to lecture on philosophy, morals, or law in Athens. The Sophists and Rhetoricians then abandoned the city to teach elsewhere, many of them going as far as Persia.

DISCORD IN HINDU FAMILIES.

THE subject of this short essay refers to the members of the Hindu joint family of the present day among whom dis-

union resulting from various trifling circumstances largely prevails. I shall here endeavour to trace the principal causes of such disunions, and the baneful effects accruing therefrom, in the hope that good sense might ultimately get the better of folly and selfishness in which many a nincompoop is miserably sunk. The office-going people, the journeymen, in fact those who earn their livelihood by the sweat of their brow, could scarcely be found fighting about shadows. There exists among these busy-bodies a perfect harmony of feeling undisturbed by any vexatious causes. Of course there might be exceptions, but such exceptions could be told off on finger's ends. The general belief is, that among those who possess a few silver clippings and a few acres of land bequeathed to them by their forefathers, a collision of understanding not unfrequently takes place in a virulent type and too often ends in the ruin of both parties. I do not understand why persons born of the same parents, or of the same stock, brought up together from the very cradle by the same nurse and by the same tutor, trained in the same atmosphere, and afterwards, when grown up, linked with one another in the holiest of all friendships, should ever break lance, be devoid of any kindly feeling and ever entertain the idea of practising deceit upon one another. The reason assigned by certain people in support of this domestic warfare, which, when left unchecked in its incipient stage, inevitably leads on to a complete disorganisation of the family, is very shallow as lacking the force of wisdom and common sense. They say that there has sprung up among the rising generation a spirit of independence that can ill brook the controlling influence of another. I believe the reason lies further in the culpable avidity on the part of the managing member, and this creates these disturbances. A strong incentive to self-aggrandisement is again imparted by some one standing behind the screens and exercising a more potent influence. And who, do you think, can this being be? It is woman—the source of all mischief. Generally speaking, why does not a person fall out with another—say a brother—

before he is led to the hymeneal altar? The reason lies in a nutshell. He has no wife to pour into his ears horrid lectures by night and day—no beloved soul to poison his auricular holes with exaggerations and absurdities with which her statements are too often crusted. From a natural proneness to blindly believe her words, and sometimes from a vague apprehension of incurring her displeasure, the husband, hoodwinked by affection, cannot and will not see all that is preposterous and impossible. He has not the courage and sense to look below the surface of things and dismiss them as mere follies. The seeds of dissension thus sown gradually spring up into a fatal tree and spread ruin and decay all around. But, on the other hand, should this befooled person, in the interest of society, weigh the statement of his wife as also those of others whom he fancies as inimically disposed to him in all their details, and try to bring about harmony and reconciliation by means otherwise than inconsiderate, I confidently believe there would no longer be any tornado of wild whirling words—any deluge of blistering accusations, but a regular stream of tranquillity running through the family.

There are indeed other causes which stir up dissension among the different members of a household, but they are too insignificant to deserve enumeration. Some of these members are found possessed from their young age with a desire to live detached and isolated, yet such a desire can never be wholly without a cause. They must have experienced certain dissatisfaction at the management of the individual under whose tutelage they were placed or they must have been blindly tutored by their wives or relations to pull down the patriarchal system and build a new one on its ruins. The curtain lectures of our women and the influence thereof, are like the lectures and influence of the Devil in serpent's clothing. But the blame should not be wholly ascribed to them. They have been kept as "cabined, cribbed and confined" by us. They have not received the light of education and cannot therefore distinguish right from wrong, good from bad. The influence proceeding

from this intellectual bondage cannot therefore be otherwise than pernicious.

The spirit of independence to which I have adverted in the preceding paragraph probably owes its origin to a spirit of selfishness engendered by the influence of English education. I do not hereby insinuate to deprecate Western education—at any rate I have unfeigned respect for the English authors who are secretly moulding the minds of the young people of our country. I regret only the inability of our young countrymen to copy the good traits of the English character. Whatever injurious influence then, the wife or English education might exert, our young men ought to possess, before they split up into different families, a full knowledge of the benefits they derive from living in commensality with one another. In patriarchal times when the management of a household was vested in a particular individual, selfishness was little known and every one was happy and contented. Widows and orphans could dine in numbers and were allowed a small pittance every month to defray their private expenses. Gratuitous distribution of food and raiment was so largely prevalent that it furnishes a striking contrast to the absence of all such charitable feelings in the present day. Married women used to regard their superiors with veneration and awe. The strength of the family was like that of an impregnable rock, and dignity was maintained on a firmer basis. In short everything was complete to ensure peace and happiness, comfort and amusement. Our young men are the very antithesis of by-gone people. Each family is splintered into several fragments and each member has a separate house of his own. His wife and his children are the only objects upon whom he bestows his sole care and affection. Seldom if ever a widow or an orphan is found to live and dine in his house except it be for the purpose of accomplishing his selfish ends. Even a mother and a dear brother are sometimes not provided with food and clothing! Married women instead of paying due regard to their superiors do not hesitate to treat them contemptuously and are always at variance with them.

They are now-a-days the prime movers of every great event within the domestic circle. The force of the moral inculcated in the story where a dying father tells his children to break a bundle of faggots is lost sight of. Selfishness has become the motive of every action, and an uncompunctious indulgence in all its mean suggestions is the outcome of it. Nor is this all. This family disagreement which principally owes its origin to the injudicious management of the household by the guardian who is prompted in his dealings by a base motive to palm upon others also produces a very baneful effect upon the mind and character of the members. It suggests ill-feelings, paralyses the humanising sympathies of the heart, and brings in dissatisfaction and discontent. There being no restraining influence to prevent the young members from pursuing a life of dissipation it prepares the way for it. And what is worse, lying, slander, double dealing, malice, and other manifold vices naturally follow such family discord. I may here observe *en passant* that in countries where the law of primogeniture obtains, the state of things, in this respect at least, is infinitely superior to ours of the present day ; inasmuch as the whole family is kept in tact with all its halo of pomp and dignity, and the affections, which bind the different members of it instead of being embittered by constant feuds and bickerings, continue to exist unaltered among them in a state of purity and holiness. Calumnies they seldom utter against each other, dissimulation they seldom practise, falsehood they seldom speak, in fact such deviations from the rules of moral rectitude as retard the growth of excellence in mankind they are not so easily led into. But if the case were otherwise, if the planets were to jar against one another, the whole system of the universe would be disorganised. Our guardians would therefore do well if they tried to moderate their selfish spirit for the purpose of keeping up the family union and removing the vices into which the members of a disjointed family are too often betrayed. Bearing in mind that trifling causes generally lead to painful consequences, they should see that no such cause is occasioned.

Should any question involving the dismemberment of the household turn up, some how or other they must endeavour to settle it by mutual concessions ; thus paving the way for moral excellence and social elevation that is so much needed at the present day.

The reformers of our country are a class of long sighted people. They can see things and events at a distance but are blind to what passes under their very nose. They are preaching right and left the necessity of establishing a feeling of amity between nations, but let me plainly and positively assert that no social amalgamation of the masses can ever be effected so long as these domestic broils, which shake the roof of almost every house, sweep away all brotherly feeling and disturb the peace and tranquillity of a family, continue to reflect discredit on our modern Hindu Society.

H. C. G.

Since the above was written I have found the following just remarks of Dr. W. Knighton on Hindu Households in the *Fortnightly Review* for June last :—

There is perhaps no point of contrast, between the domestic life of England and that of the Hindus, more striking than the concentration of households amongst the latter. Father and sons, with the sons' wives and children, all congregate together under one roof. That roof is enlarged to meet the enlarged requirements, but the establishment of separate homesteads appears to be opposed to national instincts, custom, and religion. But the enlargement is not always possible or convenient. The evils of overcrowding are plain, and yet they are submitted to, rather than cause a violation of custom, for custom and duty are convertible terms. When a Hindu can say of his opponent's argument, with truth, that it is a "new saying," or a "novel idea," it is looked upon as a crushing refutation.

None like to take upon themselves the responsibility of change, whatever the inconveniences experienced, none dare abruptly propose a separation. May we not in part account for the Hindu's dislike of travel by this feeling, the offspring of time-honoured

custom? He has yet to learn that some customs are more honored in the breach than in the observance.

I was talking to a tehsildar, or native collector of revenue in Oudh. He had recently been moved from Fyzabad to Utrowla, from the right to the left bank of the river Goomtee, one of the large tributaries of the Ganges. He had been compelled to leave the family homestead, and was inconsolable.

"What makes you so sad, Gunga Persaud?" I asked him.

"Protector of the poor!" was his answer, "you are my father and my mother! The Commissioner Saheb transferred me from Fyzabad to Utrowla. I am sad because I have been obliged to leave my native land, and to dwell amongst strangers and foreigners."

"But you are still in Oudh," I suggested. "Fyzabad is not so far away. It is only at the other side of the river, and a little farther south."

"To me this a different country, O lord of great might! and I am disconsolate."

"But look at us English, Babu," I urged. "We are ordered thousands of miles away from our homes, and we go without a murmur."

"It is true, mighty one," said Gunga Persad; "but you Sahibs, drink English water (soda-water), and the strength of it enables you to bear up under all fatigues and sorrows."

His idea was that the effervescing force of the soda-water, which drove out the cork so violently, gave strength to the drinker of it. And I found on inquiry this idea was prevalent amongst both Hindus and Mohammedans.

In the town, or in the country, the senior of the family is the common father of all its members, and in this respect there has probably been little change for some thousands of years. No legal act is signed, no important business negotiated, no new connection formed, no family ceremony connected with birth, marriage, or death permitted, until the head of the family has been consulted in the first instance. Nor is this merely an idle ceremony. His voice is supreme, and all the members of the household so regard it. The head of the family looks for this attention on the part

of all its members, and, in a well-constituted household, he regards their interests as his own. Of course there are instances of favouritism and neglect; undue affection for one and enmity to another are sometimes exhibited. Nay, there are instances of a stranger's interest and welfare being preferred to those of the members of the household, but not commonly—nay, very rarely.

In a well-ordered household, several advantages arise from this system of domestic life. The interest of one is the interest of all. The relatives do not shrink from holding out a helping hand to the poor struggler, well-nigh overcome by the waves of adversity. Nor are complaints made if they are put to inconvenience thereby. They will sacrifice their own comfort, they will voluntarily retrench in their own expenditure, that the needy members of their household may not want. They feel a satisfaction in administering to the wants of their brethren, and this satisfaction is founded upon social and religious feelings of duty. There are such households, thousands of them, amongst the Hindus. I am not describing an ideal condition of things. But there are also many others in which strife and enmity reign supreme, and in addition to physical evils, the result of overcrowding, there are also envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness. This sometimes results from the wiles of the female members of the household, who, quarrelling amongst themselves, endeavour to inveigle the male members of the family into their quarrels. When separation or litigation occurs between the members of the Hindu household, woman is generally at the bottom of it. "The younger sons, with their wives and families, shall be maintained by the eldest son if he inherits the estate of his deceased father," says Manu, and Gautama similarly, "Whether the eldest son take the whole or only his share, the younger sons and their families shall be maintained by him as their father." Rather hard this on the eldest son if he only gets a share of the paternal estate!

There have been instances of young men using all the weapons of the law against the head of their house, the patriarch of the home-stead, and that unsuccessfully. Such men have been received again, penitent and repentant, with all the enthusiasm of the prodigal son's reception on his return. Such conduct is more than

amiable, it is magnanimous; yet such conduct is to be met with frequently in the large towns and village communities of Bengal.

Another point, worthy of all commendation, is the impartiality with which rich and poor members of the community are invited to the festivities. Neighbours, living in the same village circle, are similarly treated, although no tie but a common residence in the same little republic binds them together. For, in truth, each village community is a little republic, with its own laws and regulations, its own municipal and departmental officers. The heads of the households form the local parliament. The headman, *lumberdar* or *malguzar*, is the president; the kanoongo is the justiciary; and the village chokeedar, or constable, is the representative of the police authorities.

When the property of the different families united in the home-stead, is separate and their table common dissensions will sometimes occur relative to the share of expenditure to be paid by each. Some of the members may be in no condition to pay their quota. In such cases mutual forbearance is necessary. Nor is economy forgotten. Luxuries that can be dispensed with are discontinued, and frugality reigns till peace and harmony are re-established.

On the death of the head of one of these households without leaving a will, confusion worse confounded is too often the result. It is like an ant-hill whose stores have been pillaged, a bee-hive that has lost its queen bee. There is much running to and fro; loud altercations mingle with wailings; every one is on the alert, and yet no one knows exactly what to do. The leaving behind of a formal will is of importance to all households wherever they are, in America, in Europe, or in Asia. But in the Hindu family homestead it is of double importance; without it altercation, litigation, and often ruin. A household of this kind ought to be as a fortress, and its inmates always armed against external aggression. But this cannot be the case when dissensions arise, the result of disputes as to property, or of the confusion incident on the death of the senior without a will.

LAST OF THE DACOITS.

Chapter IV.

CONSPIRATORS.

TOWARDS the dusk of a short Indian autumn evening twilight, there were assembled in a small room in the heart of the city a band of men. The peculiarity of costume denoted their being of both classes—Hindoo and Mahomedan—and of every caste in each class. They were waiting the arrival of their leader and were filling up the time by a friendly chat on indifferent subjects, as each was suspicious of the other, though they all belonged to this league. There was a sudden pause in the conversation as a man entered. He was the leader or rather secret spring of the organisation. He was short and very stout in appearance. His face was far from prepossessing. A fat round face, with high cheeks, which obscured his naturally small eyes, that inclined to a decided squint; the eyebrows met over the nose in the middle, which was flat except at the extremity where it was of a bulbous form; a low, receding forehead, which denotes generally a low standard of brain development; a large mouth with protruding teeth, and a chin directed nearly at 90° from the plane of the face; made up the features of this man, who was Thakoor Dass. There was always about him an expression of distrust and insincerity. He never could look one in the face, and though with averted face one could not fail to notice the unsteadiness or unfixedness of his stare.

This man entered with all the pomp and dignity of his cowardly nature, into the room and having cast a furtive glance at its occupants, proceeded at once to the business of the evening before him. He began: 'Brothers, ours is a common cause; whether a worshipper of Kali or a follower of Islam, it is to our common interest to dislodge the unbelieving Englishmen from our country; nay, we must extirpate them; and

exterminate and annihilate them not only from our land, but from the face of the world. We have money, we have men by the million, and if we all rise as a man, we can sweep them from their own mite of an island. It is not far, our ships would take us there, where we should land like locusts on fresh pasture. Having rid ourselves of an enemy, we could divide this great land among ourselves, half to Hindoos, half to Mahomedans; and you my friends, would each be nominated governor over districts, for your zeal in the cause, and for being the prime-movers in so grand a scheme. Do you know how these interlopers first came to our land? Their sovereign sent one of their great men to offer friendship to our king. This our generous, noble-minded, yet simple king accepted, as also the presents that were sent to propitiate him. Then came a petition craving to be allowed to offer for sale some of their goods. This too was granted and a small place given them to settle in at Surat. This was a fatal mistake. Observe what followed. Their business increased and with it the necessity of guarding it, and what was a factory turned into a fort. This was not sufficient, but these lying dogs must needs petition the king for having more men to guard their goods, for they said that the natives were robbing them. Served them right if they did, the greedy and ambitious rogues. Well the fort was established and grounds given for their soldiers. This was done in all the three presidencies. They were rich and lent money to our kings and princes; they are savages and can fight well, and hired out their soldiers; and as recompense for these two good turns they claimed lands and went on gradually taking in a bit here and a bit there till they got a footing, and by intriguing now with one, now with another chief, they have swallowed up our kingdoms and principalities. This is what they have done. They have established laws of their own; they have changed our old and time honoured customs. The land is now divided and governed as they think right and our religion even is not held sacred. Numbers of their priest are all over the land preaching Christianity. All this is bad enough,

but what are they after now? You, my friends, are no longer safe from disgrace and are not free from eating beef or swine flesh. 'Ha'! resounded through the room and every eye flashed fire.

The wily Thakoor Dass paused to let his assertion have time to pierce the dull intellect of his hearers.

'Yes I say it,' he continued, 'you are not sure that you are not eating beef or swine flesh. You are asked to join their ranks, and some of you are in it, but why do they ask you to bite the end of the cartridges. What is it made with? You don't know. How was it that formerly there was no such custom in the army? I have seen them make their cartridges and the paper you bite off is steeped in ox fat and pig's suet'. All present were on their feet even before his sentence was finished, with a wild cry of 'down with the goras, men, women and children'. They were for rushing out and executing their threat at once, but Thakoor Dass interposed. 'Brothers'! he said as soon as he could get a hearing, 'We must not be hasty. The English are hard lived and will not be killed by a handful of unarmed men. Pause awhile. I have news that Moolráj is about to rise in revolt. Shere Singh and Chuttur Singh are wacthing their opportunity and I know for a fact that the English are asleep. They don't believe Moolraj will rise, so much the better. In the meanwhile let us employ ourselves so as to have every thing in readiness. What I propose is this, let each man of us take a scrip of flour and set out into the country. Every man we meet we must give a handful of flour to, swear into loyalty and command him to take a scrip of flour, proceed to the country and get as many followers as he can. Then after three months, we, the leaders of our time, shall meet here and each state the number of adherents he has. We shall separate again and each go to his district and watch vigilantly till the 12th day of February and on that day all shall rise and vanquish the English, chase them to their ships, killing all we can and then following them to their home, of which we shall possess ourselves and be masters'. . . .

A buzz of applause rang through the room and after earnest protestations of good faith, the assembly dispersed.

Such was Thakoor Dass, a conspirator; vain and ambitious, yet not ignorant of the chances of his success in the revolt; cowardly and lying in his nature he did not dare to do more than the speaking in connection with this affair; if things came to a failure, he could easily wriggle out of any implication by the sacrifice of these infatuated, fanatic dupes of his, whom, having worked up to a pitch fanaticism, he left alone to work his end or perish by their folly; regardless of whom he served, he took care to hand in the names of his victims to General Edwardes and thus enjoyed the unenviable position of being seated between two barrels of gun-powder either of which might explode any moment; he was a spy in the employ of the natives and of the English at the same time and in his intercourse with each he gave the proper colouring to his assertations so as to look like truth, and generally brought in a good dash of the lie to exaggerate matters to make appear he knew more than most people and thus to be important in both parties, and invaluable alike to heathen and Christian. Whichever paid best, he for the time, gave most information to, and by his speaking and underhand manouvres, was believed in and thought honest and indispensable by both. By such means he largely increased his ordinary business as money-lender and for a period of years, through tact and lying, he duped the natives and the English.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

FROM the beginning, Oxford was a secular institution. It permitted the interference of no ecclesiastical authority over its internal government. Up to the first Reformation it lay in a remote corner of the diocese of Lincoln; but the bishop had no right within it. When Henry VIII. established the see of Oxford, he expressly prohibited his bishop from meddling with the Uni-

versity. Hence, till the time of tests, Oxford was the home of free thought, and from it proceeded most of those speculative novelties which preceded and greatly aided the English Reformation. It even protected Jews when they had no legal settlement elsewhere in England. At the Restoration, the Act of Uniformity was extended to the University and colleges, and Oxford and Cambridge were handed over to the Establishment; the former more completely than the latter. Thenceforward the two Universities were little more than a training place for the clergy. A few wealthy noblemen and gentlemen sent their sons to the Universities, but they seldom conferred any reputation on what was called the place of their education, or derived any benefit from it. The examinations were a farce, the degree a mere matter of time and money, and the general intellectual condition of the Universities was exceedingly low. Individuals occasionally emerged into eminence from and through this stagnation, as Locke, Addison, Butler, Adam Smith, Elmsley, and Gaisford in Oxford; Newton, Bentley, Paley, Porson, and others at Cambridge.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, Cambridge began the custom of publishing the names of the disputants in mathematics and physics, the ordinary material of the Cambridge degree, in order of merit. At the beginning of the present century, Oxford followed the example with its special study—classical literature. But at first, in each case, this test examination was voluntary. It was, and was supposed to be, a purely domestic examination, and for a time attracted no further notice. Gradually, however, and especially in relation to Oxford, the class began to be a certificate of merit, which was fully appreciated. The constant tradition in Oxford is, that this attention was paid to Oxford distinctions in consequence of the fact that the late Sir Robert Peel obtained a double-first class, and found the benefit of it in his official career. Shortly afterwards, the custom of founding University scholarships commenced. By winning these, a student became known as the first man of his year.

The endowments of the colleges were almost always limited to particular districts, families, or schools. In many cases, the election of a scholar gave the right of succession to a fellowship, however

little the subsequent career of the student may have shown that he deserved any distinction. In all cases, the retention of any endowment was coupled with the condition that the recipient was poor, or lacked means for his education. Thus the founder of All Souls, in the fifteenth century, excluded any person from his fellowships who had over *5l.*, about *6l.* in present value, of his own property. This rule was occasionally violated, but the violation was known to be an abuse and was looked on as a scandal. Sometimes the fellowship was terminated after a given period. Originally there was no freehold in a fellowship. But after the ill-advised expulsion of the Magdalen fellows by James II., an opinion grew that they were, if no statute prescribed the contrary, vested interests, terminable only by marriage, presentation to a benefice, and the possession of disqualifying private property. The founders of the older or pre-Reformation colleges did not as a rule compel their fellows to become priests. The first college founded for priests was Lincoln, in the beginning of the fifteenth century. This was intended to be a missionary college, whose activity should be devoted to the suppression of Lollardy. But no hindrance was to be put on the fellows becoming clergymen; and as the Church was the principal road to opulence and power before the Reformation, and almost the only provision for learning after the Reformation, the custom of taking orders became common among the foundation members of the University. By a statute of the University, framed almost in the existing generation, the obligation of orders was imposed on most fellows. The statutes frequently prescribed that the fellow should proceed to the first degree of Divinity. But till a recent date this did not require that the graduate should be a clergyman.

Such was the state of the Universities up to 1854. Some of the Oxford colleges, and also some at Cambridge, had contrived to elude restrictions, statutory or customary, on the free choice of scholars and fellows, and found their reward in the rapid eminence which they attained. This was especially the case with Oriel and Balliol. The fellows of Oriel during the first quarter of the present century contained the most distiguished Oxford graduates. The Ballilol scholarship soon became a coveted prize, and many well-known public men began their career with this distinction. But

the other colleges either could not or would not follow the example.

The University professors were very few, and except in some cases had nominal stipends. The Professors of Divinity and Hebrew were endowed with canonries, and took care, as all canons did, to appropriate the greatest part of the cathedral funds to themselves. When the Chapter of Christ Church was subjected, like other chapters, to reform, Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford, induced Peel to reserve two for new divinity professorships. It is worth while remarking here that up to the Act of Uniformity, in 1662, admission to orders was not, and had not been, even in pre-Reformation times, a condition precedent to holding deanery, canonry, dignity, or even rectory. The Act of Uniformity took capitular offices from the laity and gave them to the clergy. It is probable that no Act of Parliament was supposed capable at this time of limiting the prerogative of the Crown, or contracting its rights. But her Majesty the Queen is, as her predecessors have been, the holder of a prebendal stall in St. David's Cathedral, and is registered as a member of the chapter. The professors in Oxford received little and did nothing. Their fortunes are altered now, but their labours are little more onerous than before.

With few exceptions, the English grammar schools date from post-Reformation times. The principal pre-Reformation schools are Winchester and Eton, those schools being always mentioned with special honour and privileges in Acts of Parliament which are subsequent to their foundation. The monasteries were generally the schools of the middle ages, and in the better ages of the monasteries—i.e. from the beginning of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century—satisfied the duty of primary instruction fairly well. The entirely illiterate person was, I am convinced, far less common in the thirteenth than he was in the eighteenth century. The prohibition in the Constitutions of Clarendon that the sons of villeins shall not be sent to the schools or take orders without licence is very significant. There is no more common entry in the manor rolls, than a small payment made by a serf for licence to have his son educated, during the fourteenth century. I have read thousands of artisans' accounts—carpenters and bricklayers of the

fifteenth century—the English of which is phonetic, but intelligible.

All this machinery of public education came to an end before the middle of the sixteenth century, and the foundation of endowed schools commences. They were generally settled by private bills in Parliament. The journals of the Commons commence with the reign of Edward VI., and are full of bills for the endowment of schools. They were generally local day schools, and were incontestably established in order to meet some sudden void and want. With few exceptions they long remained local day schools. Twice over in the seventeenth century, the Lords appointed a committee to report on the best means for founding a school for the nobility. But the first great schoolmaster who extended the reputation of his school beyond its local limits was Busby, head of Westminster School for more than half a century, who died shortly after the close of the seventeenth century. Westminster, and subsequently Eton, supplied what the Lords Committee were in search of, but on which they do not appear to have reported during the eighteenth century. In the earlier part of the same century, Harrow, originally a small local school, was brought into prominence chiefly through the energy of Dr. Parr, who was a kind of copper Johnson in private life, but a staunch Whig. The revival of other schools and the decay of many is the experience of comparatively recent times. But half a century ago all the English public schools, with very rare exceptions, were in an utterly unsatisfactory condition, and gave next to no instruction whatever. The best education was found in a few private schools, to which boys were sent from very great distances. The old schools were finally stirred into activity by the success of one of their number, Rugby, but much more by the foundation of divers proprietary schools. The most active advocate of these new schemes was an excellent and enlightened clergyman, the first Dean of Manchester, Bowers, to whom the higher English education owes much.

The Act of 1854, reforming the Universities and colleges, though tentative, was a great step. Unfortunately the House of Commons knows very little of the higher education and still less of the existing condition of the Universities, in which tendencies are rapidly developed, and changes which require constant observation

incessantly occur. Before 1854, the government of the University was in the hands of the heads of colleges and halls, a body of men who were privileged and inert, owing their position generally to narrow and discreditable intrigues, and, perhaps as a consequence, were slothful and reactionary. The Act created an elective council which superseded the old boards, gave the franchise of election to a heterogenous body, the resident masters and a few others, introduced minority voting, but provided that one third should be still heads of colleges and halls, left another third open to the same officials, and as a head was not unfrequently a professor also, allowed him to be a candidate, in this third capacity, for the third contingent, that of professors. The Act also threw open nearly all the fellowships to unrestrained competition, and did the same by most of the scholarships. Some of the latter and a few of the former were still annexed to certain schools, owing mainly to the remonstrances of these schools. Local claims were almost entirely extinguished, apparently even the obligation of being a British subject was ignored, and those of descent from the founder were absolutely superseded. This most important parliamentary precedent of extinguishing an hereditary claim in a charity has not yet been followed, though it will doubtlessly be remembered when far less defensible charities are reformed. But the greatest and most serious change which the Commission, acting under the powers of the Act, made, was the abolition of those restrictions on endowment to such as had need of the benefaction. It was foreseen that the result of the change would be a considerable addition to the costs of school education; that the road to humble merit would be almost absolutely barred; that endowments intended for the poor would be poured into the lap of the rich; and that, in particular, one profession, that of the church, which is not well endowed, considering its numbers, would assuredly find, and at an early date, its graduate candidates for the ministry seriously lessened. Now there is no more serious peril that a society can run, than the influence of a poor and illiterate clergy. But the change was made.

The system of education in Oxford before the Act of 1854 was partly carried on by college tuition, partly by private enterprise. There was no public or professorial teaching, or, at least, none

worth speaking about. The tutor, as his name implies, was originally entrusted with the moral guidance of academical youth. In course of time, as the University began to exact distinct proof that the undergraduate had studied, tuition was held to imply instruction in such requirements as the public examinations defined. Hence it was generally only given for such subjects as were prescribed for the ordinary degree. There was hardly a college in which mathematics were taught, only a few in which the authorities pretended to supply instruction to such of their undergraduates as contemplated to taking honours. This exceptional object was generally obtained through private tuition, and it may be stated that whenever any real progress was made in traditional study the progress was due to the enterprise of private teachers. Even at Balliol College, where the instruction given was of a far higher order than that in any other society, classmen read with private tutors. The fees paid for tuition were generally low. Before the Act of 1854 the University resolved on enlarging the area of its prescribed studies, by dividing its honour examination in classics, and by founding new classes in history and physical science.

Soon after the Act of 1854 the college tutors began to undertake all the functions of instruction, and gradually succeeded in almost entirely extinguishing private enterprise. They increased their fees, and practically turned their offices into freeholds. In course of time they were allowed to marry and retain their fellowships and other offices. It is no wonder that the younger men did not take orders, and that those who had already taken orders would not take livings. Perhaps no career could be more attractive to a young man of five and twenty than the acquisition of an office worth from 600*l.* to 700*l.* a year, the duties of which, even when they were satisfied, were exceedingly light—some two or three hours a day—and were exigible for only twenty-four weeks in the year. It is true that the college tutor would be no better off at fifty than he was at twenty-five, but this was no matter of anxiety to young men, especially to such as were not enterprising. The college gave them good pay, and little to do. The chapter of accidents would provide for them. There were the new professorships and the old headships to canvass for, and all experience has proved that twenty men can be moved to speculate for one prize, even when the prize

is to be the reward of merit, while a very much larger number are led to intrigue for that the acquisition of which is no test of merit at all. A distinguished member of the University recommended a member of his college to become a candidate for a vacant professorship. 'But,' said the other, 'I know nothing whatever of the subject.' 'That is no objection,' was the reply; 'a man of ordinary intelligence can always keep a fortnight ahead of his pupils, if he gets any.' There is no doubt that the speaker expressed a very general opinion, and did not intend to be cynical. But there is nothing which more surely denotes a generally low moral tone than unconscious cynicism.

The monopoly of instruction given by college tutors was greatly assisted by their possessing a monopoly of examination, and the right of conferring distinctions in the class list. In other words, they audited, and audit, their own accounts. In the principal studies of the University—that is, the language and literature of Greece and Rome—for proficiency or reputed proficiency in which nearly all scholarships and fellowships are awarded, they took care to exclude as far as possible, and still take care to exclude, all independent judgment. It is very seldom that anyone except a college tutor is allowed to be an examiner. As a consequence, the gravest scandals have not infrequently arisen. It is a common saying in Oxford that the clever men are to be found in the third class, the dull and industrious in the second, the examiners' friends being put into the first. The statement is undoubtedly an exaggeration, but there is nothing to prevent it being a reality, and if it were a reality, there is not enough public conscience in Oxford to reprobate it. The Commissioners of 1878 have insisted on a change in this system.

Meanwhile the action of the Commissioners appointed to carry out the Act of 1854 had an immediate and highly stimulating effect on the old grammar schools. It has been stated before that most of these were local day schools, founded in order to meet local wants, created to fill the void made by the dissolution of the monasteries, and required to give instruction in such school learning as existed at the time, which was a fair amount of Latin, but little or no Greek, and very little else. Now, however, it became possible to

make the schoolmaster's calling a very lucrative one, by means of advertising success in winning college scholarships. A grammar school thus became a trainer's yard, or, as it is sometimes called, a crammer's shop, in which the most promising and diligent lads were selected and pushed forward, always in those subjects for which college prizes were given. New schools were founded for carrying on this business; old schools were reconstructed. As there were prizes to be won, the number of competitors was large, the price of education was greatly enhanced, and the local or other conditions were suppressed or evaded. The age at which school education ceased was greatly extended. Thirty years ago the majority of boys, even when intended for the university, left school at sixteen; now, the majority remain till nineteen.

The schoolmaster's office became a very lucrative calling. Everything was done to extend the popularity of the school, by athletic as well as by scholastic rivalries. Parents were to be consoled for failure in learning by success at cricket and football. Schoolboy matches were chronicled in the newspapers, and their academical successes advertised in the 'University News.' Incredible injury was, and is, done to the mind of youth by speculative cram. Lads of nineteen, prematurely gorged with indigested bookwork, were sent in for scholarships, won them, and, introduced to the new liberty of the University, broke down hopelessly, or refused to submit any longer to distasteful discipline. Nothing is more common in Oxford than to hear complaints as to the inexplicable failure of early promise. The fact is, the schoolmaster had crammed the boy into an incurable dyspepsia of the intelligence. He won his scholarship, but it was at the expense of his education. Nothing is rarer in an Oxford college than to find a young man whose intelligence is fresh and clear, who betakes himself to learning for learning's sake, who has a sound mind and a sound body, is not jaded by premature training, and not demoralised by pothunting after the endowments of school and college. The colleges, too, who were rivalling each other in the search after university distinctions, strove to attract promising youths by the offer of high stipends to scholarships. A boy of eighteen or ninteen was invited to compete for a prize of 100*l.* a year or more, and as it was frequently the case that such a lad came from his local school with an exhibition

of from 60*l.* to 80*l.*, he was put at once into an independent position, and when, as was sometimes the case, he was a poor man's son, he had for his private spending at Oxford during little more than five months in the year nearly as much as his whole family had to live on at home. There are, it is true, some scholarships at Oxford which are less in amount, but more attractive, in consequence of the reputation which the college has. This is particularly the case at Balliol, where the instruction is doubtlessly of a very high order, and the material is the best in the whole University. It would have been far better if Oxford had adopted the Cambridge plan, under which the scholar begins with a small stipend, to be increased as he shows diligence and capacity.

The college tutors have generally obtained permission to marry. It is almost superfluous to say that this concession quarters them permanently on the college, however unfit they may be found to be for the function of giving instruction. They also necessarily cease to fulfil the first duty of a tutor, that of looking after the undergraduates' conduct and progress. After two or three hours of routine work in the morning, the college married tutor is away at his villa. The discipline of the college is left to the very few resident fellows, and it is creditable to undergraduates in college that at the present time, with little supervision over them, riotous freaks are far rarer than they were a generation ago. But the undergraduate is a far more adult person at the present time than he used to be. The scandals of enormous debts contracted during an undergraduate's career, of wanton and noisy outbreaks, and of dissolute and ruinous extravagance, have well-nigh ceased. But undergraduates have learned better sense from each other, and not from the paternal discipline of the college tutor.

The trading element in the college has been largely developed, and at the expense of the just interests of the present and next generation. Oxford has nominally many more fellowships than Cambridge, but these fellowships have been anticipated and suspended in order to meet large debts which the colleges have contracted for buildings and decorations, sometimes to cover current expenses which any honest audit of the college accounts would have charged on income. When, some years ago, St. John's College,

Cambridge, built a new quadrangle, the expense was met by pledging the income of the existing fellows, and lowering their dividend. The fellows of the Oxford colleges, the canons and students of Christ Church, have built largely, but at the expense of those who are naturally and legally their successors. The official members of the colleges have added to their own incomes by finding rooms for undergraduates who pay them fees, have made no sacrifice whatever of their fixed incomes, and have anticipated the resources from which the existing generation should be endowed. Sometimes, having allowed the buildings on their estates to fall into decay, or having been negligent in requiring the due repairs of farm buildings held by their lessees, they have borrowed in order to make these repairs, and though it is clear that such an outlay should have come out of income, they have charged the cost to capital and have so wasted the estate of the college. It is true that they have borrowed on long terms, and are to make yearly repayments which will cover capital as well as interest, but they pay none of the charge themselves, get the benefit of the buildings and repairs, and put all the losses on those who have a moral and statutable right to be elected into college vacancies. Such tampering with the college estate should no doubt have been prevented, but the machinery for supervision is weak and incompetent, and Parliament, which ought to have an efficient control over the higher education of the country, is ill-informed or uninformed as to the facts. The result of this selfishness or slovenliness will be that the succession to fellowships will be very slow, that the tutorial element which the present holders of office will make every effort to retain, to exaggerate, and to aggrandise, will in course of time be represented by middle-aged men, who will possess a monopoly of instruction, and that the field of enterprise in the view of younger men will be yearly made narrower. Were education free—that is, were all persons who cared to teach in Oxford allowed a free field, and guarantees were taken that the examiner should not be a professional teacher, but be an independent judge of proficiency—the prospects of the teacher would be far better, the instruction of the pupil would be far more thorough, and the examinations would be free from that suspicion which justly attaches to them. There is not the slightest justification in endowing the vendor of a marketable commodity, such as is

a knowledge of the art of teaching Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Free teachers such as Mr. Wren and his colleagues or rivals, do very much better in the open market than college tutors do in the close, whether one considers their profits or their successes. All experience has shown that if the free teacher has a fair chance he can beat the endowed instructor. The unendowed schools, such as those of Cheltenham, Marlborough, and Clifton, have been successful rivals of Eton, Winchester, and Westminster; and the unendowed teacher in Oxford, if he were not forcibly eliminated by a narrow trade-union of college tutors, which has fortified itself by assuming a monopoly of the examinations, would be, on a fair field, competent to hold his own against the endowed tutor, who generally works for two or three hours a day for some twenty-four weeks in the year, is handsomely paid for his efforts, and is thoroughly exhausted by them.

The University professsor does nothing, as a rule, for his money. To some extent this is the result of the monopoly of teaching possessed by the college tutor. One professor, who occupies all the endowments given for the public teaching of medicine, has no one to teach, or will teach no one, for the medical school of Oxford, unlike that of Cambridge, is defunct. There are only two or three Oxford professors whose names are known, in connection with the subject which they profess, outside the limits of the University. The contribution of Oxford endowments to original research is almost nil. One can point to hardly any work by any Oxford professor which has added anything notable to the sum of human learning, which has indisputably contributed to the material of human thought. It is dangerous for any aspirant to the University endowments to know too much. His exceptional knowledge would be a reproach to the ignorant routine of the many, would offend vacuities. The reason is not far to seek. The patrons of University offices, whether they be the mob of country clergymen—the most inane body to which a public duty could be entrusted—or electoral boards, have never pretended to endow or reward learning. Crown appointments have been a little more respectable, though occasionally liable to very adverse criticism. The fact is, until endowments are made on behalf of those who have won distinction in certain subjects, and are not

given to subjects, and thereby made the occasion for electoral intrigues, there is no hope that justice will be done, or the higher learning be promoted.

As there is no reason for endowing any man who brings a marketable commodity for sale, whether it be groceries or learning, so there is no necessity for endowing the professor of a subject which everybody, or a notable number of students, are willing to pay a teacher for learning. There should be no necessity for endowing four teachers of Anglican theology in Oxford—each with 1,600*l.* a year and a fine house—when the episcopal authorities, as they probably do, demand a full acquaintance with Anglican theology from their candidates for ordination. The endowment is waste, and it might be expected that these ornamental professors do not justify their stipends. What has any Oxford professor of divinity done for Anglican theology? The Professor of Ecclesiastical History, since the period of first nomination to the office, has revolved perfunctorily round the Nicene period, and has never attempted to deal with what is of infinitely greater importance, the causes and the history of the Reformation. The Professor of Pastoral Theology has never handled the subject for which his office was founded—the ethics of Christianity and their relation to conduct—perhaps has never suspected what it was for which his professorship is in existence, but has conceived that it had something to do with training parochial clergy to be acceptable. If so, the choice of the first occupant was unfortunate, for it is said that when the late professor was about to preach in his own church, the parishioners fled from it, as though Canidia had handled the viands.

There is only one sound system on which a professoriate can be founded in a university. whether teaching be free in such a place, or be made a monopoly. Professors should be appointed, if they be appointed, for those branches of learning which are useful to society, but are not made marketable by demand. Thus, if Oxford were a school of geology or mineralogy, the students of which, being duly certified by a competent and unimpeachable board of examiners, got by such a certificate the immediate prospect of remunerative employment, there would be no reason for endowing

the teacher, since the demand for his services would ensure his remuneration. But if no such result is contemplated or effected, it is proper that he should be endowed, since he does a signal service to society by his labours, and there is no machinery by which he could be remunerated. It used to be said that the researches of the late Professor Phillips added many hundreds of square miles to the known coal-bearing strata of Great Britain. Such a discovery, or discoveries, can be compared to those of an invention which increases the efficiency of labour, or adds to the aggregate of wealth. Were it an invention of this kind, it would have been protected by a patent, and the discoverer would have enjoyed the benefit of his invention. As it is, the advantage of the discovery passes at once to those who can enjoy it or use it. Hence there should be some means found by which to stimulate and reward discoveries of this kind. In justice, those who get the benefit of the discovery should pay for it. But as this is too much to expect, the next best thing is to endow the discoverer with a professorship. The same facts apply to other kinds of learning which are of profound interest and utility to mankind, which cannot be prosecuted without great expense of time, labour, and money, but for which, as results, there is no market, because when they are promulgated they instantly become the property of others as fully as they were, before promulgation, the property of the discoverer only.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

(*To be continued.*)

PASSING.

PASSETH the glow of the sunrise,
  Passeth the gold of the west,
Passeth the dewdrop adorning
  The lily's immaculate breast.

Waneth the light of life's springtime.
  Paleth the sheen of the eyes,
Fadeth the bloom of the roses,
  Loveliness sickens and dies.

Falleth the honour of greatness,
  Vanisheth glory and fame,

Deafened Forgetfulness heeds not
The noise of historical name.

Changeth the newness of beauty,
Youthfulness comes but to go,
The delicate damask of twenty
Points but to Age and his snow.

Wearieth man of his sadness,
Turneth he gaily to joy;
Joy is not satisfied ever,
Pleasures like sorrows annoy.

Passing and changing and fading,
Perishing, hast'ning to death;
Thus on our planet is written
'All is a bubble—a breath.'

LORD BRAYE'S POEMS.

GENEROSITY WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

SIR,—It is a world-renowned fact that the big boys who compose the Debating Club entitled the Calcutta Municipality consider themselves to be superior road-makers, invaluable scavengers, and engineers and economists of the first water. Their name and their fame have extended far and wide, and every pretender to literature or to music has written vehement prose or sung peans on their manifold virtues. The public has, however, up to this moment had only a side view of the great powers of the members of this Debating Club. All their renown has hitherto been confined to material feats of skill. A novel aspect of their grand profile has however been obtained. Facts have turned up which mark the Club as first not only in road-making, but chief also in moral philosophy. At a meeting lately held by them the big boys passed a resolution to grant their *Guru Mohasoy* an allowance of Rs. 500 per mensem as house-rent, in addition to his salary, out of the money of the rate-payers of Calcutta entrusted to their care. The law, however, required the approval of Government to the resolution. They therefore solicited it. The Lieutenant-Governor directed

his Secretary to write to the big boys that His Honor is not aware of the grounds on which they have come to the conclusion that it is necessary to increase the salary of their *Guru Mohasoy* so soon after his appointment. Mr. Kisch, the Secretary, with joined hands informed His Honor that the Club consists of certain *Mondols* and agitators whose wrath will be the direful spring of woes unnumbered to Belvedere. Sir Ashley Eden, whose common sense is strong, thanked his Secretary for the information and instructed him to humour the big boys by adding the following :—" In Sir Ashley Eden's opinion the Chairman's (Guru Mohasoy's) Office, as head of the Municipality certainly does require that he occupy a house of such a character as shall enable him to maintain his representative position and on the understanding that the house allowance is to be used for this purpose and not as a mere increment of ordinary salary the Lieutenant-Governor will not withhold his consent."

This qualified sanction displeased some of the big boys who hurled their anathemas upon the head of the local Government and requested their *Guru* to convene a special meeting of their Club for discussing the propriety of forwarding a memorial to the Liberal Ministry for the recall of Sir Ashley Eden. But the *Guru*, who thought such a course would do him more harm than good, dissuaded them after a good deal of difficulty from holding the meeting.

The rate-payers of Calcutta are taking steps for presenting an address of gratitude to these lads of all-sufficient merit. Will you, Mr. Editor, allow a copy of this address to be kept at your office for signature?

A RATE-PAYER.

SABBATH THOUGHTS OF A HINDU.

I HEARD the minster bell
 Send forth its morning chime

It swelled—a breath of peace
Upon that quiet time.

I saw a smiling train
Of angels pass by me
Old men and children all
In blest communion free.

They went and long they sat
In holy silence round
In that abode of peace
The Lord's consecrate ground.

And long the anthem swelled
That speaks of rest above
And teaches mortal men
Heaven's eternal love.

Then I thought in my mind
If I that choir might join
And sing my heart and soul
In earnest mighty strain.

The morn was sweet and fair
And gently flew the wind
And 'midst the silence round
A charm enthralled my mind.

The spotless virgin grace
Of nature smiled on me
'Twas a message of love
And I was glad and free.

Good God! while all is sweet
Why does thy faith confound
And sever man from man
On thine own holy ground.

MOHINI MOHAN DATTA.

AMUSING.

DO we believe man sprang from the monkey? We do. At any rate, we saw a man at the circus the other day try to pull a monkey's tail, and the man sprang from the monkey twenty feet.

THE

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THE LOST CONTINENT.

By Mutti Lall Singh.

THE lost continent once occupied the greater part of the Indian Ocean. Madagascar on the extreme West, and Malacca on the East, are the remains of it. Although Madagascar is comparatively so near to Africa, the speech of its people is not allied to that of any African tribe. The points of resemblance with the languages of the existing Continent are few and trifling. Malagasy, the language of the great African Island, is not of African, but of Malayo-Polynesian origin. It belongs to that great family of languages of which Malay is the characteristic type at present. In Easter Island far away in the Pacific, we have the extreme eastern limit of this class of languages, so that at the Equator the Malayo-Polynesian tongues are spoken over an area embracing nearly half the circumference of the globe!

Is it not extraordinary then that people speaking languages the most nearly allied to Malagasy should be separated from Madagascar by an ocean more than three thousand miles across? And yet such is the fact, for the languages of Java, Borneo, Celebes, and the Philippine Islands are those that most resemble Malagasy. The Malay affinities of the Malagasy have been recognized by linguists for more than two hundred and fifty years. The latest scientific account of the matter in the Philological Society's Transactions gives a list of three hundred words identical in Malagasy and Malayan, and these too words of primary importance, such as numerals, relations, parts of the body, times and seasons, animals, plants, and useful articles—in fact the words that enter most ordinarily into common conversation. Again, the Malagasy is the language of the whole island, an island nearly a thousand miles in length, and two hundred and forty thousand square miles in extent. It is not simply a dialect, or the speech of a tribe. Now in Africa the people of neighboring districts and even of neighboring villages often speak not only varying dialects, but even totally distinct languages. Yet throughout the whole of this vast island, the various tribes, although separated from each other by deserts or mountains, speak the same language, and can all understand each other, their various dialects being different only in local characteristics.

The physical geography, the geology, the peculiar and specialized character of the fauna and flora, of Madagascar, all point to the same fact, that it is the last remains of a vanished continent that once stretched across the space now occupied by the Indian Ocean. Mr. Wallace agrees with Dr. Sclater in thinking that during the Tertiary Geological period, the Mascarene Islands, and the Seychelles, the Amirante and the Chagos Groups, the Maldives and Laccadives, all belonged to that continent, of which Madagascar is the last great surviving portion. Mr. Darwin's researches on the formation of coral reefs prove that such reefs are formed on sinking land only, and they are found in the vicinity of all these islands.

The remarkable deficiencies in the mammalia and birds of Madagascar as compared with Africa, the groups of Lemuridœ and Centetidœ found in the island so abundantly, and yet absent altogether from the Continent; the existence of such isolated and specialised forms as the Aye-aye, the Epyornis and other birds; the alliance of the reptiles and smaller land animals with those of Malacca and South-Eastern Asia; all these are circumstances that roused originally the attention of naturalists, and set them investigating a cause, and this cause has been stated by Dr. Sclater in the *Journal of Science* in the following words :—

"Madagascar has never been connected with Africa, as Africa exists at present. The absence of the antelope, hippopotamus, and lion from Madagascar prove this to demonstration. Besides this Madagascar and the Mascarene Islands, which are universally acknowledged to belong to the same category, must have remained for many ages separated from every other part of the world in order to have acquired the many peculiarities now exhibited in their mammal fauna, of which the lemurs, chiromys, and centetes are examples to be elaborated by the gradual modification of pre-existing forms. Again some land connexion must have existed between Madagascar and India, whereon the original stock flourished whence are descended equally the Lemuridœ of Madagascar and of India. Therefore we conclude that anterior to the existence of Africa, as it exists now, a great continent occupied a large portion of the Indian Ocean, and evidently was connected with India and the islands of South-Eastern Asia."

This continent appears to have been broken up into islands, of which some have been amalgamated with the present or existing continent of Africa, and some possibly with Asia. In Madagascar and the Mascarene Islands (Mauritius, Bourbon, Roderiguez, &c.) we have existing relics of this great continent. Dr. Hartlaub, a German naturalist, in writing of the birds of Madagascar, notices that they have affinities with those of

India, rather than with those of Africa, and arrives at the same conclusion from the study of the birds alone. Mr. Wallace too, in noticing the Geographical Distribution of Animals, almost entirely agrees with Dr. Sclater. Free from the incursions of destructive feline beasts of prey the dodo and other similar helpless birds flourished in Mauritius and Rodriguez, and the huge Epyornis, the fabled roc, that could carry an elephant into the air, in Madagascar, whilst the gigantic tortoises, now confined to Aldebra, an uninhabited island, were also left free to develop, both in size and numbers, isolated from their enemies in other regions. The nearest allied tortoises are those of the Galapagos Islands near the Equator, west of northern South America, similarly survivals doubtless from a state of things now passed away.

There are strange races of mankind still left in the recesses of Madagascar. Its vast size renders it by no means remarkable particularly when we remember that they have had so little communication with the rest of the world. Thus Count de Modave, Governor of Fort Dauphin in 1770, tells of the Kimos or Quimos, a dwarfish race, from three feet six to four feet in height. They are said to be lighter in colour than the other inhabitants of the island, their hair more woolly, and all bold in defending their country and possessions from hostile attack. Their arms are long in proportion to their height, and the Count says that there is little difference between the breasts of the men and women except when the latter are nursing. The Kimos live in the southern division of Madagascar, on the twenty second parallel of south latitude, about a hundred and eighty miles from Fort Dauphin. This is a part of the island never explored by Europeans. Count de Modave saw several specimens of the race, and had one woman, a slave, in his household. Commerson describes the Kimos as an aboriginal race, resembling the Bushmen of Southern Africa, and about the same size.

The Revd. W. E. Cousins, in 1875, gave a much more extraordinary account of a native race in the Annual published

at Antanarivo. He calls it the Kalio or Behosy tribe, and describes it as living a week's journey west of the capital, in a woody district extending from Mojanga, to Mahabo. They are black and jump from tree to tree like monkeys. They cannot easily be followed, as their country is rocky, precipitious and difficult. "They are extremely timid" says Mr. Cousins, "and if captured die of fright." I know that missionaries', like travellers', stories are not always to be depended upon. But as Mr. Cousins does not profess to have converted any of the Kalio tribe, I see no reason to doubt what he says. The name *Behosy*, he says, is derived from the network of cords manufactured by these people for the capture of their fellow-denizens in the forest, the lemurs and aye-ayes. The food of the Kalios is honey, eels, and lemurs. The last they catch in traps with their cord networks, and then fatten. The Kalios, we are told, resemble "the monkey-men" of Dourga Strait, New Guinea, described in Mr. Wood's "Natural History of Man," and, like the Kimos, appear also to be an aboriginal race.

Of the vegetable productions of Madagascar one of the most useful and beautiful is peculiar to the island and to the Malayan Peninsula. It is called by Europeans "the traveller's tree,"—the *Urania Speciosa* of botanists, and of the order *Musaceæ.* "It is the most striking and characteristic tree in Madagascar" says Mr. Ellis, and I think we may safely regard it as one of the most useful and curious vegetable productions of the lost continent. It has a graceful crown of broad and light-green plaintain-like leaves, arranged fan-shape at the summit of the stem. These leaves are twenty to thirty in number, and from eight to ten feet long by a foot and a half broad. On the plains near the coast of Madagascar the traveller's tree grows commonly fifteen to twenty feet high, but in the forest, where it has a crowd of rivals, it shoots up to eighty or ninety feet to overtop them. The trunk is from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, of a soft spongy texture. The tree itself is found, not only on the sandy plain near the

coast, but also on the elevated plateaus of the interior, two thousand feet above the sea-level.

What a blessing would not this tree be if planted on the sides of some of the hot, shadeless, and dusty roads of India, particularly those frequented by devotees! The Revd. James Sibree thus describes it. "I had never before seen the tree except where plenty of good water was easily procurable. But now on this parched and dusty plain with a blazing sun overhead, no water was procurable for miles on either side. On piercing the lower part of one of the leaf-stalks with a sharp pointed stick—the natives usually employ a spear for this purpose—a small stream of pure cool and refreshing water spurted out. There was ample from one tree to supply the necessities of three of our party. It is just where the leaf-stalks clasp one over the other that the aperture is made. On pulling one of the leaf-stalks forcibly down, we were able to fill several large cups with the water. A hollow channel runs all down the inner side of the stalk, and this appears to collect the water condensed from the atmosphere by the large cool leaf-surface. Travelling for hours along the shore in the heavy sand, with a burning hot sun over our heads, we were very glad indeed to draw occasionally from these numberless vegetable springs, and to thank with all our hearts the Giver of all Good who supplied these vegetable fountains in a thirsty land." Did not the Giver of all Good supply the "burning hot sun" and the sand and the "parched and dusty plain" as well?

The villagers, he found, constantly supply themselves with water from this tree, and use its leaves for thatching their houses, and its stems for their frame-work. The "traveller's fountain" is similarly described by Mr. Vincent, in his "Sights and Scenes in South Eastern Asia," evidently identical with the traveller's tree" of Madagascar, relics both of that lost continent, which presents for us so curious and interesting an object of study.

POLITICAL PROGRESS.

"THE progress of democracy" says M. DeMontalembert, "is the leading fact of modern society, but it is also its leading danger, and, from this danger, no country has as yet been able to escape." There can be no doubt that the various measures of Reform which are impending both in England and India, and which must, sooner or later, be carried out, have all a tendency, more or less marked, towards the increase of the people's power in the State. Was it not plain, for instance, in the late elections in England, that all parties, Liberals and Conservatives, with all their varying shades of difference, were obliged to conform in this, the promising of "progress." All were obliged to profess themselves in favor of "progress," knowing full well that the progress meant was an increase of popular power.

Is this, "the leading fact of modern society," in India as in England, fraught with danger to the State or not? This will depend entirely upon the way in which the progress clamored for is granted, and the kind of progress made. It is generally a safe rule, in political matters, that measures which can be carried without violence, are those for which the country is ripe and prepared. The wild visionaries who would carry anything by force in England or in India in these days, are in an inconsiderable minority. The good sense of the community represses them, crushes them, renders them harmless. Applying our rule then, and regarding all that will be carried, as certain to be obtained by peaceful, constitutional means, we may, I think, safely regard both countries as ready for measures of extended political enfranchisement and prepared, when granted, to use those measures with becoming moderation, and a loyal regard for established rights. Changes there no doubt will be when the popular voices speak with more firmness and greater weight in the deliberations of our ruling bodies, but these changes, if exising indications may be trusted as to their

probable nature, will be chiefly the eradication of abuses that have grown up with time, the infusion of more vigor into the executive, and the removal of all restrictions upon commerce. For vested and constituted rights, when not founded upon plain and undeniable wrongs, the people both of England and India, of every class, have undoubted respect. The more education is diffused the more unlikely it will be that any violent efforts will be made to overturn the existing state of things. True patriotism results, primarily, from respect for our ancestors, mingled with veneration for their customs, and pride in their glorious deeds, and these feelings even the halting instruction of Indian and English Government schools, intellectual only, to the ignoring of the moral, as it is, will yet instil.

Much, however, will depend upon the aristocracy of both countries during the next fifty years. If those aristocracies, unquestionably amongst the first in the world at present, are but true to their country, their country will be true to them. Not by lavish display, not by tinsel, or jewelled foppery, or selfish luxury, can the aristocracy hold its ground, but by exhibiting itself, as many of its members now do, in active warfare with distress, degradation, superstition and ignorance.

It is not fighting that is wanted. Fighting now-a-days, like every thing else, is a business, a profession. Our nobles have to turn warriors in campaigns of a different nature from those fought on the field of battle. If they isolate themselves from the people, their position will be very precarious when political power is almost entirely in the hands of the people. But if they buckle themselves to the conflict, and manfully and fearlessly enter upon it, a conflict against ignorance and prejudice, against want, misery and degradation under such leaders as the late Maharajah of Jeypore, the late Rajah Sir Radha Kant Deb, the Maharani Surnomoyi, and Sir Salar Jung, in this country, or Lords Shaftesbury, Aberdare, and Ashburton, Houghton, and Kinnaird in England—doing battle not with sword and buckler, not with rifle and cannon, but with voice and pen, and many-sided personal exertion, then, true

to their name India and England will follow them still as their best—an aristocracy in very deed as well as in name.

As long as such nobles are to be found, foremost in every good work that has for its object the improvement and amelioration of the poor, the relief of the wretched and the afflicted, the instruction and enlightenment of the ignorant—as long as this is the case no large body of enlightened men will be found to assist revolutionary brawlers in endeavoring to level all to their own littleness. All that is required is but to modify the old so as to make it suitable for our present necessities, and that process has been going on for the past hundred years.

Who are now admitted to the ranks of the aristocracy? Are they not those who have rendered themselves most famous by benevolence, philanthropy and intellectual endowments? Let but the older aristocracy be true to itself and all will be well. Let it sink as a class into selfish apathy and luxurious self-indulgence, thinking only of feasts and festivals, of operas and dancing girls, of balls, games, and horse-racing, and the end of such selfish apathy will soon come.

Improved agriculture is a subject which the aristocracy of this country might profitably take up with spirit. In Europe generally the best methods of cultivation are diligently studied, and laboriously, as well as perseveringly, carried out. Here unfortunately, on some of the best estates, both landlord and cultivators are content to work on year after year in the same narrow groove, without an attempt to apply the lessons taught by experience or science for agricultural amelioration. No pursuit is more healthful or more honorable, and, if rightly pursued, it can be made most profitable too. In this we want the initiative of the nobility. No improvements worthy of mention can be made until the noble landowners personally take an interest in the matter. But is this not derogatory? some of them may ask. Certainly not. The Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Granville in England, two of the wealthiest and proudest of noblemen are amongst the best living pralctica

agriculturists. Nay more the Duke of Argyll and the present Premier of England have both sons engaged in commerce. And the Duke of Argyll is of the proudest and oldest lineage, the head of the most powerful clan in Scotland, besides being a Duke, and father-in-law of one of the Queen's daughters.

The scions of the oldest and noblest families in Europe are proud to be considered successful agriculturists, nor is there any nobleman in England who takes a keener interest in the proceedings of the Royal Agricultural Society than His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

Now if it be true, as true it certainly is, that our educated fellow-countrymen pride themselves on adapting English habits of life and thought, then let them begin with casting aside prejudices that render them averse to commerce and to the practical details of agriculture, let them exert themselves vigorously to secure the intellectual and moral improvement of the agricultural classes, and let them labour diligently to remove misery, squallor, and degradation from their neighborhoods. Let them further inculcate on the people freedom from idle prejudice, self-reliance, contempt of difficulties, and perseverance, and then, when the political crisis comes, the aristocracy will be found in their natural place at the head of the party of political progress.

K.

COMPENSATION.

It was the time of Autumn,
When leaves are turning brown,—
Green to yellow and pied and black;
And some were tumbling down.

It was the time of autumn,
When fruits are gathered in,
Some for the press, some for the vat,
And some for the miller's bin.

Then poor men fell a-playing,
  For that their work was o'er;
And rich men fell a-sighing,
  That they could play no more.

For the Summer-time is a merry time,
  If a man have leisure to play;
But the summer-time is a weary time,
  To him who must work all day.

Then thanks to God the Giver,
  Who loves both great and small;
To every one He something gives,
  But to no man gives all.

The rich who careth for himself
  Finds, after pleasure, pain;
But the toiler whom God careth for
  Rests, and is glad again.

Spectator.

BESSEMER STEEL.

MR. FORD of Philadelphia, the well-known authority on Steel has invented a new process for determining the amount of manganese in Spiegels, Irons and Steels, a short and accurate method for ascertaining which is of the highest importance to Bessemer Works.

The steel, spiegel or iron is dissolved in nitric acid, after evaporation it is again dissolved in hydrochloric acid, again evaporated and re-dissolved in nitric acid, and while boiling Chlorate of Potash is added. After the whole of the manganese has oxydised the solution, to which more Chlorate of Potash is added, is filtered through asbestos. All the manganese will remain on the filter, which is then placed in a beaker.

Hydrochloric acid is added and the whole boiled till the bin-oxide of manganese is dissolved as chloride.

After this the solution is *nearly* neutralized with ammonia, and acetate of soda is added. The solution is then boiled, an excess of microscomic salt is added and the solution is boiled

till the precipitate assumes the silky appearance of phosphate of ammonia and manganese. This precipitate is allowed to settle, is filtered, dried, and ignited, and the residue weighed as pyrophosphate of manganese. From this the amount of manganese can easily and accurately be determined by calculation.

PATRICK McGUIRE.

THE NATIVE ARISTOCRACY AND GENTRY OF INDIA.*

THIS is an interesting publication and the first of its kind in this country. Baboo Lokenath Ghose has supplied a want which, with the progressive civilisation of the country, is just beginning to be felt and which erelong, but for the present undertaking, would have been a desideratum. History of the rise and fall of reigning and other distinguished families is always an interesting study. It has its attractions for every class of students, and persons given up to mere desultory readings would also find in it a diverting recreation. It is instructive as it is diverting and it furnishes subjects for gossip while it is also a storehouse for moral instructions. Youth and age alike find it to be no unprofitable study while it also is an useful *vade mecum* to the rulers of state and governors of families. The importance of such a history is therefore undoubted and the archives of nations, communities and families would be incomplete without it. Every civilised community has its histories of families preserved in some form or other which are available to the community at large. In India alone they are wanting, or if preserved they are preserved in forms hardly accessible to the public and if accessible, hardly intelligible. It is certainly so of the family histories of the native Princes and Chiefs. In respect to the history of the minor aristocracies, of the Zemindars and of

* By Baboo Lokenath Ghose,—Calcutta—1881.

the gentry, hardly any may be said to exist, except what may be found in traditions and in the *Karikas* of the Ghuttucks. Baboo Lokenath Ghose's may therefore be said to be the first attempt to reduce these unrecorded and imperfectly recorded histories into proper form. His work is divided into two parts : Part I. which was published two years ago comprised accounts of the Native States in India, and Part II., now before us, comprises those of ancient families, noblemen and eminent men. The work is of some pretension and though it falls short of the expectation that may have been justly formed of it as Baboo Lokenath Ghose himself will admit, it is nevertheless an elaborate work and represents an amount of industry and research that is highly creditable to him. The chief difficulty in the successful carrying out of a project of this kind lies in the collection of materials. As regards the native Princes and Chiefs, although this difficulty is considerably lessened by the numerous official publications which are now available and which treat of the subjects in more or less detail, the authenticity of these documents may well be doubted. They have been compiled mostly for official purposes and are not unlikely to have received their colourings from official prejudices and prepossessions. The writings of the London *Statesman* prove how little reliance could be placed upon the authenticity of official accounts of this sort. When the territory of Oudh was annexed to the British dominions in 1856, the existence of certain Treaties, the faithful observance of which on the part of the British Government was held to preclude annexation, was resolutely denied by the Government of Lord Dalhousie ; but when the opposition press produced some documents purporting to be copies of the Treaties in question Government took shelter under the plea that those Treaties had been thought of, but never executed and that it was owing to a mistake on the part of a clerk in the Foreign Office that they found their way into the Treaty Book. Whatever truth there might have been on either side of the question, the position of Government was a most awkward one and it was so

owing to the absence of records universally admitted to be authentic and available to the public at large. This circumstance led Mr. Aitchison to undertake his voluminous compilation! But the volumes produced by him after years of intense labour and close application, were accepted by the public at large with a great deal of hesitation although they were largely availed of by Government in the settlement of disputed questions. It is said that when they were originally published, they gave rise to considerable heartburnings among some of the Chiefs and Princes. Some accepted the accounts given of them in the volumes without demur, while others entered into correspondence with the Foreign Office with a view to set their respective positions to right. We do not guarantee the truth of the statement we have thus made. We do not insinuate aught against the Foreign Office which could not be explained as founded upon bare justice and approved principles. But whatever it might be, and although Mr. Aitchison's volumes do not command that unexceptional confidence to which they ought to be entitled, Baboo Lokenath Ghose must have found them to be of material assistance to him in his undertaking. As regards the lesser aristocracies, the Zemindars and others, his difficulties must have been very formidable. There were many persons who had proposed the task to themselves but the formidable nature of the difficulties which presented themselves at the threshold of the undertaking scared them off the field. Baboo Lokenath Ghose however boldly faced those difficulties and, proceeding to work with a strong determination and an amount of energy and perseverance which, in England or in any other country where labours such as his are appreciated at their true worth, would have undoubtedly earned for him the esteem and admiration of the community, has given to the world what may be held to vie with the achievements of Burke and Debrett. As we have said above, Baboo Lokenath Ghose had to educe order and system out of chaos and confusion. To say nothing of the accounts which traditions hand down to us, the *Karikas* of the Ghuttucks

are the most unreliable documents of the kind. They undergo revisions at the biddings of the families represented in them and are painted in colours in which the families themselves would wish most to be represented. They receive their colourings too, or it would be appropriate to say, discolourings, at the biddings of rival families, and money not unoften, whether tendered by the families themselves or by their rivals, influences the colours the most. It is not unoften too the practice of the Ghuttucks, in order to meet the wishes of families of doubtful origin just emerging from obscurity and ambitious of the honour which attaches itself to the antiquity of respectable descent, to engraft them to the stalks of families which are extinct and long since forgotten. Numerous such stalks of extinct families are to be found in the records of the Ghuttucks and are available for sale, to those who may be found willing to pay for them. Such being the character of the materials at the disposal of Baboo Lokenath Ghose, the difficulties he had to contend with in bringing out his book could be very easily imagined, and knowing full well the difficulties of his position we are not sure that his book furnishes strictly accurate accounts of the families represented in them. We have no doubt, however, that as his plan developes itself, the accounts would be less inaccurate and in course of time would come to be valued as the only accounts that could be depended upon as authentic.

G.

LAST OF THE DACOITS.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE fakir, after his prophecy to Parbatee, made his way back to the town, directing his steps along the by ways to a dilapidated temple, the rendezvous of the dacoits in the

city. He entered and threw off his disguise, presenting to our gaze a tall, well-made man of about twenty six summers, with handsome features, though his hair and beard were closely cropped. The expression of his face was frank and generous; he looked one that could be trusted, and equal to any emergency. His mien was stately and haughty, without the least trace of affectation, denoting high birth; and a certain reserve in his deportment shewed the depth and magnanimity of his thoughts.

Once within the precincts of his hiding place, he no longer appeared the decrepit octogenarian we saw conversing with Parbatee, but a man with grand physique and handsome profile —a very Alcibiades—one whom a sculptor would have given his all to have had as a model, to have been able to strike to life from inanimate and shapeless stone the godlike form and celestial beauty of his noble frame—one whom an artist would have raved about, had he but been able to call to life from canvas such proportions and symmetry; to extract from colours his dignified bearing; to conjure up with a small brush and a drop of point the beatitude depicted on his exquisite countenance: Had sculptor or artist had this man for model, and had they been equal to the task of transmitting to marble or canvas his form and beauty, they would have made the world their debtor, they would have left an imperishable monument of manly grace and beauty; and would have themselves sat on the exalted pedestal of renown, and been decked with undying wreaths, the never fading laurels of universal homage. This man was Biglie, the dacoit chief. Stalwart and strong as he was, he was as nimble as an athlete. A clear intellect and indomitable will, a lofty mind and a generous heart, lent him their aid in the appreciation of all that was grand, good and noble, and now that he had seen and conversed with Parbatee, had more than suspected her forlorn position, he was resolved to rescue her, cost what it might; he would 'do or die'. He had met with his ideal of loveliness and the die was cast.

The chief was greatly respected and loved by his followers and by all those with whom he had come in contact, and to whom he had revealed his true nature. The poor of the country had had repeated experiences of his kindness and humanity; many a time had he succoured them in their hour of need, and wherever he went he endeared himself by his substantial aid and neverfailing benevolence, to the hearts of the suffering poor, who regarded him as the herald of peace and plenty, and repaid him with the only coin the poor have to pay—gratitude.

He related to his comrades the result of the evening's reconnoitre. He had seen the beauty, and had succeeded in conversing with her; he felt quite sure that she was discontented. How the expression of her face had varied during his parley; how keen was her discernment of right and wrong, justice and cruelty. Could she really be the daughter of the Hindoo? She so fair, so lovely, not affectedly bashful, yet with sufficient modesty and maidenly coyness! Hindoo maids are generally ignorant and endeavour to avoid men from custom, rather than from the conviction of doing wrong; but she? Why she stood and listened to him wrapt in attention, spoke to him. O how sweet was that voice to him! Yet she addressed him and even interrogated him about the dacoits. How her eyes flashed fire when he spoke of there being a secret in each of our lives! There must be some mystery about her; and it seemed to him an inexplicable fact, how and why such a creature was in such a house. Nothing that his astute penetration could pierce, seemed enough to account for her presence there. However he had come to certain conclusions in his own mind; she was not of native origin, whatever her relation to the household may be; she was dejected and unless he was very much mistaken, she longed to escape.

The fakir had watched Parbatee for several days. At times he had caught a glimpse of her only, at others he had been able to see and observe her better; but it was not till that evening that he had anything like an opportunity of really

judging of her mental and physical beauties. He had always observed a sad look about her, yet not without the charm of innocence and intelligence, which her features always expressed, no matter what her mood. He had once heard her sing, in a low plaintive tone, as if her very soul was pining and panting for freedom. Having arrived at his conclusions and convincing his followers, he determined upon effecting her escape, by adopting a course with which he was but too familiar. The nurse on beating a retreat from Parbatee's presence, steered her course straight to Thakoor Das, and told him that the girl was suspicious of her past, and disconsolate about her present; that he should try and hasten her marriage or some day she would bring them to trouble; and most emphatically insisted on a *hakim** being sent for to try and discover the cause of her malady and if need be to exorcise the evil spirit away.

Thakoor Das was alarmed at the news, for he had lately heard several such complaints, but never had there been any suspicion of the past before. He would therefore ascertain for himself the real extent of her knowledge, and how far it helped to making her rebellious. He had done his utmost to disassociate her past from her present, and was annoyed to find not only how small a result had been obtained, but what was all this, that the nurse had been telling him. But it might after all only be some random shot of hers by which the nurse had been scared and frightened into exaggeration.

He proceeded to her apartment and paused outside her half open door. On returning to her room, after the miraculous and sudden disappearance of the fakir, Parbatee had lost herself in thought at the strange, mysterious apostrophisings of the beggar. Who could he be; what could have induced him to have been so vehement in his denunciations against mankind? Still there was a good deal of truth in what he had said. How harmless he looked, yet how serene and earnest was his face.

* Native doctor.

She scarcely liked to own that he had fascinated her and that though she had been free yet had not assayed to move, but had stood listening to the old man, thrilled by his magic voice. She blushed as she acknowledged this and a flush mantled her cheeks. She dwelt on each part of his conversation, which seemed not to have lost any of its potency by being quietly distilled through her mental sieve; and a thousand different thoughts rose in her mind. One assertion of his she seemed to hug more closely than the rest, and it was his prophecy, 'we shall meet again.' She felt sure he had spoken the truth; for, in spite of his age and infirmity, was not there about him that which expressed clearly that he could not lie; that to his true self deceit and falsehood were aliens! Thus thinking, her pent up soul gave vent to her thoughts, in a song. Her voice was soft and sweet as the *bulbul's*,* and was just loud enough to be heard outside her door, as she sang.

'Then come my darling come away,
And leave me not alone to stay;
Alone for freedom here I pine,
Shall I ever, ever be thine.'

This was what had arrested Thakoor Das' steps, and as the last note fluttered on the air, he raised the curtain and discovered Parbatee seated on a low stool, by the open window, gazing out into the starlit night, with her hair blown back by the cool gentle breeze that came across the river.

'Daughter,' he said, 'it is not becoming in a maiden to be discontented as your song implies; you should devote your time to carrying water to the temple and assist in the worship, instead of sitting by the open window at night, singing love ditties, and letting in the foul spirits that float about in the night air. Then with smirks and smiles, 'come tell me what you repine for, what you want, and I shall give you a silk *sarie*† and a new guitar.

* Indian nightingale.

† A woman's dress.

'I want nothing,' she replied resolutely, 'but to be left alone, if I can't be permitted to enjoy the freedom I crave. I have often told you that I cannot see the force of this restraint put on my actions; I can't go anywhere, I am not allowed to see any one; while other women have liberty to do what they please. I will not carry water for the priests, nor will I attend the worship of idols.'' 'Beware how you speak,' returned Thakoor Das in an ominous tone, his real nature endeavouring to break through his simulated kindness, but with a mighty effort, he controlled himself and thought to convert her by the exposition of Hindoo doctrines. 'Do you know,' he went on, 'the penalty of disobedience to the wish of our gods, and particularly of *Saini** ?'

She disdained to answer, but the curling of her upper lip betokened her contempt of Hindoo mythology.

Thakoor Das went on, not receiving a reply, 'when *Vishnu*† made man, he made nine planets to rule his destinies. Saini, during his term of office, proposed to Brahma to put himself under his subjection for the twelve years of his reign. Brahma referred him to Vishnu, and the latter not wishing to be under the baleful influence of Saini deferred his answer to the next day. Vishnu to avoid Saini when he would call, transformed himself into a mountain. On Saini's return, Vishnu could not be found, but after a little search he discovered the mountain. Thereupon he became a worm and for twelve years kept burrowing into the mountain, thus inflicting a severe punishment on Vishnu for his bad manners and disobedience!

The girl raised her head; her teeth were set, her lips compressed, and her eyes shone dangerously. At length she hissed out: 'I don't believe it. The God that made the world holds our destinies in his hands, but still has left us free volition. Does he require to be worshipped as you worship him, and repre-

* Saturn.

† The Preserver.

sented as you represent him—by idols? No, he requires no temples. The universe is scarce large enough a temple for him. Look at the beauties of his creation, look at his handiwork!' she said kindling up and pointing heavenward. 'Hear the music in the soft, still, night air, rising up in adoration to the mighty Creator. Observe the beauty of a single flower you cast so carelessly before your monsters, and pluck with so ruthless a hand, and can your idols make one of these or even appreciate its loveliness? Can the orgies you revel in be acceptable to the architect of such wonderous works? No, he requires no forms nor ceremonies, no priestly cant nor hideous incantations to propitiate him. Study him through his works—the least part of him—and from the deepest recess of your heart let your prayer of praise and thanksgiving rise in mute adoration.'

Thakoor Das was paralysed; he stood staring horror-stricken; his superstitious nature was terrified at such impious thoughts; 'Ram, Ram!' he exclaimed, 'are there not the stones from the mountains with twenty-one holes in them, corresponding with the number on Vishnu's body, to prove its truth? But you are possessed, and I shall bathe myself and perform poojah to guard myself from the evil effects of your ideas.' Having given vent to his religious and righteous indignation, his cowardly nature asserted itself; his brow darkened and his face assumed the fiendish aspect of an infuriated fanatic. 'Listen,' he said, 'ere I go let me tell you for the last time, that if ever again I hear such words from you, if again you breathe what you told your nurse, I shall have you burnt alive, or offered as sacrifice to Juggernauth. One of my house to talk thus, and I a respectable, pious Hindoo, who offer sacrifice every day and send presents annually to Juggernauth. And what would people say if they heard you talk thus; who would transact business with me?' This last was the real cause of his rage, lest people should excommunicate him for his heretic daughter.

The father withdrew muttering spells to himself and the girl sat late into the night pondering over the incidents that had crowded into her quiet existence within the last twenty four hours. Rising at length and uttering a short yet fervent prayer to the God she had been taught to revere she threw herself on her bed and was soon in the happy land of dreams. During her father's storm of threats she had sat dumb, with tears of rage and indignation coursing down her soft cheeks, but once she released herself from thought, exhausted nature asserted her claims.

A FEW MINUTES WITH THE MARQUIS OF SEEB-PORE, BARON DEHREE.

WE expected him to be terrible, but we were agreeably disappointed, for he is merry, blue-eyed old gentleman, with as jolly face as it has been our luck to come across. He evidently feels the heat, and has his coat off, while a peculiar punkah, which we afterwards find out is his own idea, works away furiously while His Lordship is deep in plans and estimates. On our being announced however he dismisses the various clerks &c. round him, shakes us warmly by the hand, pushes us into a seat, elevates his spectacles into his hair, rests himself on his elbows and in a genial tone enquires "And how are you"? Then follow a string of self-answered questions. "Very warm—*punkah tannoh*"—"Fine steamer that coming up"—"*punkah tannoh*"—and so on till we come to our business which is quickly finished and the conversation becomes general. We see a wooden model and are curious about it. A tender point is touched. It is one of his greatest ideas. Up he jumps and right away dives into the subject. It is a peculiar lock or something of that sort, in use on one of the up-country canals. "Do you know," said he, "I got the idea in a single night." It is indeed a good idea and so simple, and it brought on the inventer a perfect shower of medals and diplomas. Patent

Dredgers &c. are gone into—but goodness! it is nearly two now and the tide has turned and we must be off, so after a hearty shake hands as we go towards our boat we can't help thinking what a fine old gentleman he is and if there is any one has been most unjustly abused, it is Charles Fouracres, Marquis of Seebpore, and Baron of Dehree.

"INDIA'S DUTY TO ENGLAND."

THE subject treated of in Mr. J. B. Knight's article on "India's Duty to England," in the pages of the August number of the *Journal of the National Indian Association*, has been widely discussed and variously commented on by the Indian Press; and the writer, who is eminently qualified for the task, has displayed much tact and judgment in dealing with it. The question of "India's Duty to India," is a broad one as the writer himself admits: but it is to be regretted that he contented himself with merely recapitulating the oft-told tale of the "Sibpore Mutiny." Mr. Knight has very well re-counted the many acts of humanity on the part of the British Government, for which the natives of India are deeply indebted. But his citing the "Mutiny" of the Sibpore students as an example of the way in which the natives of India return these humane acts, has not been, strictly speaking, very fair. Moreover, Mr. Knight lived long enough in India to know that the Bengalis, far from being a formidable body, are but a harmless fraction of the great Indian Nation, and nothing can justify his citing the Sibpore affair, and insinuating that the *Indians* have not done their duty to England. He does not say so in so many words. But that is, unmistakably, what he does mean to imply. Every Englishman knows that the Bengalis are physically "weak even to effeminacy;" and it is no less true that they are, by reason of the indulgence allowed to them by their rulers, highly sensitive and conceited. It is also to be

conceded that in making too much of so small a matter, and assailing the Government with the journalistic quill, the native editors have involuntarily given to the world generally and to England in particular, a fresh instance of the feminine, sensitive nature of the abject race to which they belong. But how is Mr. Knight justified in taking up the question and arriving at the conclusion that the *people of India* have failed in their duty to England? Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the "Sibpore Mutiny" had anything serious about it (which, we emphatically deny, it had not) it remains for us now simply to assure the able writer that the agitation, if such a thing ever existed, was confined to within a few yards of the Sibpore College premises, and that there was no Nana Sahib at all to foment a rebellion. However that may be, one cannot help being struck with Mr. Croft's extraordinary defence of the Work-shop Superintendent, Mr. Charles Fouracres, which has apparently met with the writer's approval. It was but quite natural that the Superintendent should sympathise with and befriend his own co-religionists. But why make a false attempt to shield him from blame on this score? We believe, the maltreatment experienced by an individual student, could not have been a sufficient cause of the out-break of the "Mutiny." Where there was smoke there must have been fire. When interrogated by Mr. Croft whether he was in the habit of calling the native boys—"pigs," "jackals," "dogs" and——, Mr. Fouracres, who was known for *his notorious kindness of heart in the management and training of workmen, and especially of native students,** indignantly denied the charge. Subsequently, however, he ingeniously confessed having used these very complimentary terms, with, of course, no bad intention on his part. He said he never called them "pigs," but had upon occasions remarked to them that their rooms looked like *pig sties.* He never called them "jackals," but had occasion to warn them not to howl "like a pack of jackals." He never

* *Vide* letter from the Government of Bengal to the Director—*Calcutta Gazette*, June 22nd, 1881.

called them "dogs" but some irregularity on their part "reminded him of the story of the dog in the manger." All this, indeed, is very ingenious. But who is so dull as not to perceive in these very evasions, an involuntary admission of the charge? Mr. Croft's defence was quite uncalled for; inasmuch as there was no necessity of his demonstrating the purity of the Superintendent's character. It would have been enough for him to punish the boys for insubordination. Mr. Knight questions the possibility of Mr. Fouracres' treating a European lad, guilty of Srish Chandra's offence, otherwise. Well, we have that gentleman's own testimony on this point. And does he not say (*Vide* Supplement to the *Calcutta Gazette*, 22nd June) that if the boy had been a European he would have "thrashed" him. Why should he be so unreasonably hard on the European? Surely, this is no fair play.

One word more remains now to be said. The present tendency of the so-called educated natives of India to find fault with everything English is an inevitable concomitant of their imperfect culture. They have as yet confined their attention only to book-learning, and know nothing of the world abroad. Had the native students of the Sibpore College the manliness to cope with their Christian compeers in their field sports and out-door recreations, the most cordial relations would surely have existed between them.

S. HALDAR.

THE HINDI CHARACTERS AND DIALECTS.

BY TRIPURACHARAN BANERJEE.

LONG has the incubus of Urdu, written in hieroglyphics through which none but the adepts could grope their way, weighed oppressingly upon the people of Behar, so the worth of the relief brought to them by the Government Order, dated the 13th April 1880, directing the exclusive use of Nagri (or

Kaithi) in the courts of Behar, can scarcely fail to be truly appreciated. And, how strongly the people felt on the subject, nothing could prove more clearly than the unanimous approval they have accorded to the measure. Very great results are anticipated from this wise reform. Be that as it may, it must be confessed that the measure redresses a glaring injustice, hitherto suffered to continue to the prejudice of the bulk of the people of Behar in the interest of their quondam conquerors, the handful of Mahomedans, who settled in the province. It marks an epoch in the history of the British administration in Behar. This one act of grace will ever endear Sir Ashley Eden's name to all the Beharies. It would be a very enduring monument of his reign over Bengal.

However it is not the first occasion that the need for such a step has been perceived. The many-sided intellect of Sir George Campbell long ago discovered it and a minute too was written by him to confer upon the Beharies the boon of being allowed to approach the place of justice with their grievances *stated in their own tongue*, but for the want of sufficient firmness on the part of the then Government in enforcing its own orders, as pointed out by the Government resolution above referred to, it became a dead letter. And it was left for the practical and common sense administration of Sir Ashley to mature the plan and establish Hindi in the law courts of Behar on such a footing as it can never be 'ignored' by the heads of the districts with impunity. It is scarcely likely that Government will any more allow itself to be baulked in its noble aim by the caprices of its officers. Matters having come to this stage, it is time that the subject of the Hindi language and the nature of the characters to be employed for its representation should be thoroughly investigated. And since it has been promulgated that the brand should be removed off the brow of outcast Hindi, what sort of Hindi,—whether some one of the local dialects or the Sanscritized language of the *Premsagar*—and what sort of characters—whether the well-formed Devnagri

or the deficient and deformed Kaithi—should receive the support of the Government, has opened up great discussion. These questions are in fact the burning topics of Behar. And as upon the decision arrived at on each of these points, depends much of the future of the Hindi language, I take the liberty of offering a few remarks for the consideration of the Government before they are finally settled.

During the Mahomedan supremacy over Behar, Hindi stood in the same relation to Urdu as the Anglo-Saxon to the Norman-French in England under her Norman usurpers. Like the Norman-French, Urdu was the only language used by the Nababs, nobles, and their courtiers, and by the whole aristocracy, and in all the law-courts and legal proceedings. But in spite of all these external helps, it could not strike deep root and, an exotic, as it is, it ever remained so. The stain of being an intruder all along attached to it. On the whole Hindu population save the few Government servants and the denationalized *Lalas* and other residents of the towns, its influence was almost nil. Outside the precincts of the towns Urdu was scarcely heard, the people conversed, carried on correspondence and transacted all the business of life in Hindi only. And with the downfal of the Mahomedans Urdu would have long been swept away from among the Hindu population of Behar, had not the English, what with political motives and what with ignorance of the state of the newly acquired provinces, shrunk from interdicting the use of it in their courts. Thus protected it has been able to maintain its unpopular sway over Behar for about a century since the extinction of the Mahomedan power on the abolition of the 'double Government' by Warren Hastings.

Though Hindi, at such a discount, could maintain its hold upon an overwhelming majority of the people, but, confined generally to the plebeians and exiled from the circle of the learned and the polite, it has come to be looked upon as the language of the vulgar and illiterate. Its degradation has

reached such a climax that among the Behari townsfolk a merely-Hindi-knowing man is often considered a boor, and none is a man of culture, in their estimation, unless his tongue is drilled by the peculiarities in the pronunciation of (*kāf*) (kāf).

This blight of a Urdu has eaten Hindi to its core and it would require years of fostering care before it regains its proper shape and size. Under the revivifying order of the present Lieutenant Governor it is just entering into the initial stage of regeneration and it demands a very delicate handling. Government should think once, twice, thrice, before they set their *seal* on a particular policy with reference to it. They should guard against jeopardising the natural growth and development of the language by premature meddling. Non-interference is the best course, I hold, for the Government to pursue in the matter. Those who advocate the elevation of one of the local dialects to the *status* of official language as well as those who urge to foist the pedantic and artificial language of the *Premsagar* upon the Beharies, to whom it is as unintelligible as the Sanscrit itself, seem alike to lose sight of the well established fact that language is a growth and not a mechanism that can be superposed cut and dry from without. It is as much subject to the law of the 'survival of the fittest' as any other organic evolution and it is not to follow the biddings of any individual or individuals. With no ordinary emphasis Professor Maxmüller delivers himself on the question : " Neither of the causes which produce the growth or according to others, the history of language is under the control of man."* "These various influences, under which language everywhere grows and changes.........are by no means the result of mere accident or the production of lawless and uncontrolled agencies."† " The attempts of single grammarians and purists to improve

* 'Lectures on the Science of language' Vol I., P. 71.

† *Ibid* Vol. I., P. 80.

language are perfectly bootless."* "Dialectic growth again is still more beyond the control of individuals."† And the well-wishers of Hindi would do well to ponder over this truth.

By the same philologist it has also been proved beyond all doubt that the classics of a language do not *precede* but *follow* the rough dialects and that the latter are the crude materials which are moulded into smooth and rhythmatic literary language. "It is a mistake" says the Professor "to imagine that dialects are everywhere corruptions of the literary language. Even in England, the local patois have many forms which are more primitive than the language of Shakespear...............Dialects have always been the feeders rather than the channels of a literary language; anyhow they are parallel streams which existed long before the time when one of them was raised to that temporary eminence which is the result of literary cultivation."‡ In fine the natural order of the evolution of language is first the dialects and then the literary language. The collection of ores must precede the melting of them into refined gold. This being granted, it needs not much argument to show that Government interference with Hindi at the time when it is but struggling for higher life, cannot but exert injurious influence upon it. Let Government patronise some form of it, and the normal development of its dialects will be arrested and thus the nucleus of a really literary Hindi will be prevented from forming.

A survey of the life and growth of the known languages forces upon us the inference that Hindi must pass through the same process through which others passed, previous to its attaining maturity. The bar of legal incompetence being taken off its path, it would regain its social position and its progress would follow as a matter of course. Confronted with new facts and

* 'Lectures on the Science of language' Vol. I., P. 72.

† *Ibid* Vol. I., P. 73.

‡ *Ibid* Vol. I., P. 55.

ideas, the accurate expression of which is a matter of life and death to the users of them, it would under the pressure of necessity be compelled to develop its resources. To assimilate the ideas imported anew, whether it should borrow the appropriate terms and phrases from its parent Sanscrit or its former master Urdu or its present intimate associate English it is for the people to decide. Here considerations of economy would play the most important part. The people will s---ly go to the cheapest possible market accessible and however much they might deviate from the right path in this first trial, ultimately they would discover the line of least resistance. No conclave of Pandits is required to advise them, as to whether the Sanscrit words or Persian or Urdu terms are preferable. All such exertions would be so much labor thrown away, since the acceptance or non-acceptance of a word or grammatical form does not depend upon the fiat of any committee, however strong. When the people have strongly felt the want of a particular word, they will of themselves supply it and that too, economically, without the help of any counsel whatever. The English language, when it emerged out of the mixed Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman, never required any professional advisers to direct as to from what quarters it should borrow, from the French, Latin or Greek or from all. And what is there exceptional in Hindi that such a dictation would be considered necessary?

Exception might however be taken against my proposal of letting alone the dialects on the score that it would retard the ready unification of them into a literary Hindi. Retard it would indeed for a time the unification, but, by enriching the dialects by this segregation, it would prove a valuable auxiliary to the formation of a literary Hindi, for in "the growth of a language it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the constant undergrowth of dialects."* If the dialects, which are

* 'Lectures on the Science of language' Vol. I., P. 63.

the feeders of a language, are weak, it must itself be poor. So first of all we should aim at strengthening the dialects. They place 'unbounded resources' at the command of a literary language. "When the literary languages have stereotyped one general term, their dialects will supply fifty, though each with its own special shade of meaning. If new combinations of thought are evolved in the progress of society, dialects will readily supply the required names from the so-called superfluous words."* Now when the vigorous dialects are obtained, the extraction of a literary Hindi from them would be affected by a very little effort. Whichever of them will be fortunate enough to bring forth the greatest number of poets and authors of 'towering genius,' essayists, orators, religious, political or social reformers, will be in the van of others and be the standard for others to imitate. The process is indeed slow, but there is ample recompense in the genuineness of the product. And any short cut would but create confusion and give only sham.

Enpassant it must be observed here that Mr. Grierson's proposal of elevating a particular dialect of Hindi to the rank of Literary language to a certain extent affects the natural mode of linguistic evolution out of distinct dialects. But I regret to have to confess that the same remarks are not applicable to the rival scheme of Babu Radhikaprasanna Mukherjee, to wit, the holding up of the antiquated and artificial Hindi of Tulsidas and of the *Premsagar*, not understood by '90 per cent of the people,' as model Hindi. Many are the instances of the failure of such artificial languages to win popular favor and we should take warning from them not to repeat the same mistake in the case of Hindi. It is within our experience how the overwrought Bengalee of '*Kadambori*' and '*Charupatha*' part III like the prose of Milton—has fallen into discredit. Their Bengalee or uninflected Sanskrit has become the abomination of all the Bengalies of good taste. And with their fate before our eyes, should we still try the experiment of forcing

* 'Lectures on the Science of language' Vol. I., P 68.

the cumbrous Hindi of the Premsagar on the people? The very genius of this emphatically ultitarian age is against such unbusinesslike vernacular. A cursory perusal of the *Premsagar* will convince any unbiassed person of the preponderance of learned Sanskrit words in it and also how it vastly differs from the current Hindi of the day.

To return from the digression. Indeed it would be convenient if there can be had a *perfectly* uniform language for the whole Behar province, and, I believe, the solicitude for it has much to do with the advocacy of the diverse plans for a ready made unification by some means or other. But of the tolerable uniformity, that is wanted for the ordinary purposes of the courts, there already exists so much, that we can afford not to be greatly concerned for it. A year is about to elapse since the introduction of Hindi into the courts of this province; and each district court has been, in absence of a standard Hindi, obliged to adopt the current local dialect. But up to date we have heard no complaints as to the unintelligibility of the Hindi of the court-proceedings of one district, by the people of another Behar district. And the reason of this is not far to seek. It is impossible, for these kindred districts, to remain altogether isolated from each other. The people of one district have not unfrequently to contract marriages, mix in national festivals and social gatherings, and carry on communication, with those of another; and all these serve as causes to soften the dialectic variations and minimize the difficulties in the way of understanding each other.

However, after making due allowance for all possible softening influences, whether these local divergences of terms and phrases will ever totally disappear from the records of the courts, so long as the people are permitted, as they should be, to state their grievances in their own language or depose in their own words, is a matter of doubt. Long has Bengalee been blessed with a literary language, but are the complaints drawn out or depositions given, in vernacular that is free from

local colorings? Do we not find in the records of the Cutcharies of the Eastern districts of Bengal such words as কাপর (Kápár) ভারা (Vara) ঘাটলা (Ghátlá) কালসি (Kálsi) ধলা (Dhalá) ক্যান্ (Kyan) ঠাকুরদাদা (Thákurdádá) ছিম (Chkim) পাচকারি (Pachkari) খাইচস্ (Kháchas) পোলাপান্ (Póla-pán) বয়লা (Bayla) থোয়া (Thoa) আখা (Akha)? And has the occurrence of those local words caused such inconvenience as to call for any remedial measures from Government? Are not those records understood by the people of Western Bengal though their equivalents of the above words are কাপড়, (Kapar) ভাড়া (Vara) ঘাট (Ghat) তাবিজ (Tabij) সাদা (Sáda) ক্যানো (Kyáno) দাদা (Dádá) শিম্ (Shim) পাঁচকড়ি (Panchkari) খেয়েছ (Kheyecha) ছেলেপুলে (Chhele-Pale) বালা (Bá'á) রাখা (Rákhá) উনুন্ (Unun), respectively. Considering this, it appears to us as paying a very poor compliment to the Beharies to assume that they do not mutually understand local variations.

Let us now address ourselves to the second division of our subject of discussion. The whole issue here hinges on the decision of the question whether there should be two sets of characters, one for printing and another for running-hand, or only one for both. All precedents are for the perpetuation of two. As far as the languages of the civilized world are concerned, we see there exist two sets of characters in every one of them. And for obvious reasons it cannot be otherwise. However much may we guard against it, the book-letters when imitated in writing are sure to degenerate into the imperfections of a cursive-hand. The hard necessities of life do not always afford us leisure to indulge in the luxury of reproducing the sharply-marked angles and rounded shape of the printing letters in the running hand. The whirl of daily business imposes upon us the necessity of writing expeditiously and thus gradually leads us to simplify them so as to secure economy of time and labor and ease in writing. How stringent soever be the order to the contrary, this love of ease will undoubtedly at the end work out a body of simpler characters

from the finery of printing-letters. So the merging of the two into one set of characters can by no means be effected. And as an antidote are we to annihilate the well-formed and handsome types and get the books printed in the deformities of the running-hand? And this is exactly the thing proposed for Hindi, since the contemplated excommunication of Devnagri is nothing short of the substitution of the cursive hand characters for both printing and writing. This is indeed reform with vengeance.

Before I proceed further, however, it must be observed that the Kaithi characters are but the simplified running-hand-form of the Devnagri. By comparing the two no body can deny that the former are but the distinct reflections of the latter? The kaithi ka, ga, gha, chha, ta, tha, da, dha, ta, tha, da, dha, na, pa, ba, bha, ma, sa, ha, a, á, i, u, au, âu do not differ more from their original of Nagri than the modifications of the English characters from their archetype, the Roman letters?

When once it is conceded that Kaithi and Nagri are related to each other as the running-hand characters to those of printing, the Nagri-Kaithi controversy is brought within the range of satisfactory settlement. Between the two extreme schools, exclusive Nagri and exclusive Kaithi, I would propose a *via media.* It will combine all the advantages of the two systems but be free from the shortcomings of both. And it is this; that the books as usual should be printed in Nagri types, while writing should be conducted in Kaithi. Thus the object for which the *Hindoo Patriot* declares itself in favor of Nagri viz. the knitting together of the people of Behar and the North-Western provinces by the bond of common characters and thus facilitating mutual intercommunication would be secured by the books printed in uniform Nagri characters. While the objection of the Kaithi school that 'Nagri cannot be written with so much facility as Kaithi' is totally got rid of by removing it from the pale of running-hand and allowing the continuance of the simplified Kaithi for the purpose.

True, the boys will have double labor to undergo, in mastering two sets of characters, but Hindi is not the solitary exception in this respect. No doubt the boys will have to read Nagri and Kaithi. But this labor to learn the Nagri characters, as very properly urged by the 'Patriot,' 'will be amply repaid by the key that will be placed in their hands of reading the poems of Suradas and Tulsidas and the whole range of Hindi literature composing upwards of a thousand works, which are preserved in Nagri character, as also the learned lore of the Sanskrit authors.'

By the partial system of Kaithi Government will have a great uphill work to do. 'Kaithi has no indigenous literature whatever,' so they will have to republish a great portion of the Hindi literature comprising upwards of a thousand works in it. And this would indeed entail great trouble and expenditure upon them, particularily as there are no Kaithi types, and the preliminary of casting which will surely necessitate the outlay of a large sum. But by the mixed system advocated here they will have not to incur this responsibility unnecessarily.

Further, however sufficient may have the Kaithi characters been found for the ordinary transactions of life hitherto they will surely fail to meet the requirements of a growing literary Hindi, which is sure to appear in time and we should therefore make provision for them. So to banish Dev Nagri altogether would be suicidal. Cripple Kaithi by insulating it from its parent Nagri, and it will be unable to keep pace with the exigencies of the growing Hindi. Already it is found wanting; it has to represent the sound of the dental *s* (which is perhaps a recent importation into current Hindi) by the palatal *s*, which alone it possesses. If however Kaithi and Nagri are made to go together all such anomalies would not only be removed but future ones would also be anticipated.

It might be objected however that Proteus-like Kaithi changes shape in different districts and unless it is bound

down in any of its metamorphoses, it would create confusion. Against this charge, I have twofold considerations to offer, which will show that there cannot be any great inconvenience, if each district is permitted to use its own Kaithi. (1) As has already been stated, the Biharies of different districts do actually at present carry on correspondence in extensive scale amongst themselves in Kaithi prevalent in their respective districts and still they do not misunderstand each other. (2) Those, who look at it from a distance, havé generally great misconception about the variation that obtains between the various kinds of Kaithi in use. As a matter of fact, however, the difference is far less marked than that between the several cursive hands of Bengalee. It has rather been magnified out of proportion.

The courts of Behar have already adopted the mixed system I am pleading for. All the forms in use there are printed in Nágri, while the blank portions, filled up in running-hand, are in Kaithi. And the people are getting accustomed to it and it has been working very smoothly. From the success of its analogue in Bengal proper, we are sanguine that it would be equally satisfactory to all the parties here. Hence I see no reason why should Government alter the existing arrangement and take up a scheme which is liable to grave objections.

The Government officers of the several departments have always to deal with cursive hands, so they should be practised in the art of reading them. And the order of the Lieutenant Governor as to their examination in Hindi is just as it should be. The order runs as follows :—"The Lieutenant Governor desires that after 1st January 1881, lithographed papers for candidates in the districts, referred to in the resolution., shall be in Kaithi character." Indeed it may be argued with great show of truth, that; unless there be uniformity in Kaithi characters, the mastery of the running-hand of one district will not enable the officers to decipher completely those of other districts, but this cannot be made a special ground of impeachment of Kaithi only, for it is a draw-

back of the running-hands of all languages. And how do the officers, who pass their examination in one form of the cursive hand of Bengalee, understand the other forms of it?

LA MISSION DU THIBET.*

We have been favoured with a copy of this work by M. l'abbe Desgoudins. Father Desgoudins is a priest attached to the Thibetian Mission and the work is a record of his travels and experiences from 1855 to 1872.

Considering how very little we know about the Western frontier of China this work opens to us a mine of information regarding the habits, manners, laws, and geography of this almost unknown land. It is a great pity that the work is in French and so is inaccessible to the general reader. A very clear and well defined map of Thibet is attached. The work is published by M. Desgoudins the Abbe's brother, who belongs to the French Forest Department. A new edition is we hear in the Press and will be brought down to date.

POEMS IN BENGALI ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

This is a collection of poems on different subjects published by Baboo Julodhi Chunder Mookerjee of Puturiaghatta, in Calcutta. The poems are not entirely devoid of merits. There are some fine touches and the imageries at places are equally good. The versifications also are appropriate and not stilted, and the compositions on the whole are free from those prurient ideas which so generally disfigure the writings of the kind and render them injurious to society. The author is evidently a young man of parts and promises in course of time to be a no unsuccessful votary of the Muses.

* La Mission Du Thibet par M. l'abbe Desgoudins——Paris. M. Desgoudins.

THE STUDENT'S MAGAZINE.

WE have received the first number, volume 2nd, of *The Student's Magazine*, a monthly periodical published at Surat and edited by Mr. L. G. Mehta. It contains, among other interesting matter, two Oriental tales, a dialogue between a Teacher and a Student and an epitome of news. The following extract from the dialogue will no doubt be interesting to our juvenile readers :—

T.—Can you, my boy, tell me how the Subject is distinguished from the Nominative?

S.—No, Sir, that I cannot.

T.—I will tell you that myself. The Nominative of a Verb must always be a Noun, a Pronoun, or some such words in the Nominative case. Take a simple illustration. *That you intend going up for the Matriculation Examination* is highly satisfactory. Here the Nominative of the Verb *intend* is, as you know, *you*; but the Subject of the Verb is the whole Noun sentence *that you intend...........Examination.* As a rule, you are to remember that a Subject can be a Nominative, but a Nominative can never, as in above example, become the Subject of the Verb. It is, again, a great beauty of the English language to make Intransitive verbs Transitive by the insertion of Prepositions after them, as he *laughs at* (mocks) you; the wolf *fell upon* (attacked) the sheep and killed many of them; you have *imposed upon* (cheated) me.

We recommend this useful publication to the students of our Schools and Colleges.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

TO those interested in observing the habits of animals we would recommend a visit to the Zoological Gardens to see a remarkable bird.

The Widgeon which has annually visited these gardens for the last four cold seasons has again returned; it having been observed

for the first time this year on the 7th of November, one week earlier than the date of its arrival last year. As usual, it has taken up its abode in the Rhinoceros enclosure, to which it was doubtless originally attracted by the quiet and seclusion of the spot, perhaps also by the plentiful supply of food. Considering how remarkably timid wild ducks generally are, flying off at once on the slightest alarm, it is surprising that this male bird has from the very first been distinguished by the absence of timidity, and it has evinced this character more and more every year.

The other morning, the arrival of this annual visitor to the Zoo having been duly notified to the Honorary Committee of Management, a few of its Members adjourned to the enclosure to welcome their old friend. The bird was found standing on the brick slope leading to the tank, and when a keeper was sent in with a vessel filled with moistened paddy to place near it, the Widgeon showed no fear, but merely took quietly to the water, swimming off a little way as the man approached and returning leisurely as he withdrew. However, before it had reached the 'gumlah' some of the deer now inhabiting the enclosure since the Rhino's decease, had gone and sniffed at its contents, but this in no way scared the bird; rather their presence and acts of investigation seemed to give it confidence, and after one or two cautious glances at the food, it inserted its bill and enjoyed the provided repast.

The peculiarity of the periodical visits to the Zoo of this solitary Widgeon will be best brought out by the mention of one or two facts regarding the species—*Mareca Penelope,* to which it belongs. The leading characteristics are these, viz. that it is not a native of India; that it is a migratory bird; and that its habits are known to be gregarious.

In spring, summer, and autumn its home is probably on the banks of one of the lakes of Central Asia, or among the reedy marshes of Lob-nor in Eastern Turkestan; localities from which it only departs on the advent of snow, winging its way to more genial and sunnier lands in the South, returning again by February to its loved swamps in the north, which it generally reaches even before winter has given place to spring. Eight or nine months of its life are thus spent in these northern regions where its fellows

pair and rear their young, but the unsocial habits of our Calcutta visitor towards his own kind incline us to credit him with confirmed bachelorhood. If he has left a mate behind him at Lob-nor, it might be a satisfaction to her to know that as a grass-widower in Calcutta his conduct is *sans reproche.*

When the instinct of migration comes upon him, he suddenly leaves our Zoo, generally departing early in February, and long, tedious and dangerous must his flight be towards the north. Prejevalsky, who visited Lob-nor, tells us that he observed the first widgeons arrive on the 6th of February, and that "all the flocks without exception came from W. S. W., occasionally from S. W. and W. Not a bird flew direct from the south over the Altyn-tagh mountains, this proving that migratory birds, or at all events water-fowl, will not venture to cross the lofty and cold Tibetan highlands in their passage from the trans-Himalayan countries, but pass over this difficult country at its narrowest point. In all probability the feathered kind follow the Indian valleys to the neighbourhood of Khoten, and then take the direction of the Tarim and Lob-nor across the warmer and less elevated districts. This explains the reason of their following a W. S. W. and not S. course to Lob-nor. And we were told by the inhabitants that in autumn they depart in the same direction.

The journey of our Widgeon must thus extend over thousands of miles, but how long he takes to accomplish the wonderful voyage we have no means of knowing accurately, though it probably does not extend over many days.

It is the habit of widgeons to fly in flocks, although not very numerous, and very few are known to come as far south as Calcutta; but whether or not our friend joins himself in his perilous flight to a flock of his companions, he always arrives and departs alone.—*The Englishman.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON

THE ORIENTAL MISCELLANY.

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* * * The *Oriental Miscellany*, a monthly magazine, may favorably compare with some of our more pretentious monthlies in London.—*Contemporary Review* for December 1880.

* * * Literary efforts of this description ought to receive the support and encouragement of the native community. * * * .—*The Statesman and Friend of India.*

If any of our readers desire to know what the people of India think of us, in our relations to themselves, of their own great men, and of ours we commend to them this magazine. * * * * *The (Plymouth) Western Daily Mercury.*

* * * * Altogether the *Oriental Miscellany* has a calm, conscious vitality of its own, which indicates that it will go on and prosper. * * * * * * * *The Indian Spectator.*

* * * * The *Miscellany* is really free from many solecisms which we often find in Bengali writers, and we have not found any Baboo English in it. * * * *Indo-European Correspondence.*

We have received the last number of the *Oriental Miscellany*. Its contents are varied, interesting, and readable.—*Lucknow Times.*

The *Oriental Miscellany* * * * for this month, is a *repertoire* of very interesting and instructive facts. It contains ten articles, all of them worth attention, but to the "Appointment of Natives to High Offices" will, we imagine, most thought be turned. * * * * *The Madras Times.*

The present number of the *Oriental Miscellany* is exceedingly interesting. The matter is so varied as to suit the taste of all readers. * * * *The Hindu.*

This little Magazine maintains its reputation. The last number for March has several readable articles, and quite a variety of contents. Something, in fact, to please the taste of most readers. * * * * *Indian Daily News.*

This month's number of the *Oriental Miscellany* contains several readable articles. A writer in the *Miscellany* has successfully endeavoured to meet the cry raised by some officials that the Bengalis are not fit for the Public Service. * * * * * * *Indu Prakash*, June 14.

We have received the June number of the *Oriental Miscellany*. The number is unusually interesting. There is a capital article on the Bengalis in Afghanistan, in which the writer replies to some of the charges brought against our countrymen by Mr. Harrison of the Muir College * * * * * * *The Bengalee*, June 5.

The *Oriental Miscellany* for December is characterised by a pleasant variety of readable matter. The account of Hurry Mohun Tagore in the present number, gives one a fair glimpse into the state of Calcutta society during the time when the subject of the sketch lived. We hope the Editor would continue to make the biography of Bengal celebrities a regular

nature of this publication. The views of the writer of the communication "Female Emancipation" are, for the most part, sensible, but we doubt very much if they would accord with those of the "out-and-out" reformers of the day. The "Notes on the topics of the day" form an interesting addition to the programme of subjects treated in the *Miscellany*, and invariably furnish interesting reading.—*Indian Mirror*, Decr. 18.

We have received the last number of the *Oriental Miscellany*. Its punctuality is very creditable to its conductors. The contents of the number as usual are varied and interesting. The fugitive pieces are by far the most readable.—*Hindoo Patriot*, *February 7th* 1881.

The last number of the *Oriental Miscellany* contains a large stock of short but entertaining articles. The papers headed "The three Ghost-seers" and "Strange Japan" will be found interesting by many. * * * * * *Indian Mirror*, April 7th.

This interesting monthly, the May number of which is now before us, contains fifteen articles on a variety of subjects to suit every taste. * * * * *Bombay Native Opinion*, May 15.

The September number of the *Oriental Miscellany* * * * * is replete with matter both interesting and instructive. The article headed "The Price of our Civilization" by a Hindustani, breathes a spirit of generous patriotism and simplicity in marked contrast with the tall talk and false gossip, and strained language and strained thoughts, we see often quoted in the public press as good English and good logic and good thought * * * * *The Behar Herald*, September 6.

Motilal Sing's paper on "The Zoological Gardens" and that of a Hindustani on "The Price of our Civilization" published in the last number of the *Oriental Miscellany*, are thoughtful and readable. An interesting article on "Truant School and Juvenile Offenders" has been reproduced from the *Good Words*. The paper deserves the attention of the Indian parents and school authorities.—*The Indian Mirror*, September 14.

Mati Lal Singh's paper on "The Zoological Gardens" in the last number of the *Oriental Miscellany* furnishes a good deal of humourous reading. The writer of the article on "Hindu Holidays in Government Offices" has, we see, given a pretty clean bit of his mind with regard to this irritating subject. The paper on "Durga" by a "Bereaved Mother" has been well conceived. M. L. Singh has written another paper, entitled "Our Antipathies," wherein the dislikes of some great men to some particular objects have been noticed. The idea of a compilation like this is due to *Chamber's Journal*, which often times publishes entertaining papers of this nature.—*Indian Mirror*, October 27.